

T H E
W O R K S

O F T H E

Right Reverend, Learned and Pious

Thomas Ken, D.D.

Late Lord Bishop of
Bath and Wells.

V O L. III.

C O N T A I N I N G

Hymnotheo : or, The Penitent :

A N D

Anodynes, or Alleviations of Pain.

L O N D O N :

Printed for JOHN WYAT, at the *Rose* in
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WORKS



Walker Fund

Thomas, C. D.

Late Lord Bishop of
Bath and Wells

VOL. III

CONTAINING

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Printed for John W. ...

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Heb.
Teach
Hym
My Son
Lora
Thy lov



Who w
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Prone to receive them from the English Wives

To which Temptation daily both expose;

And with a Cord not infinitely low

All the more to draw me to the Love, with Love

Help me to sing thy Love, with Love

And the loss I over by thy Love reclaim'd

There is a Gift, which I fear by Nature made

Till I learn the way to thee, O Lord

On whose sacred, holy, precious, pure

All Eyes, dimm'd by sin, are made to see

To which the Waves of the Sea

Pay their Tribute, and then return again

Whole terr'd, and then return again

With Temptation, and with Tribes is spread

Heb. ii. 12. *Ἐν ψαλμοῖς καὶ ὕμνοις*

Teaching and admonishing one another in Psalms, and

Hymns, and spiritual Songs, Col. iii. 16

My Song shall be always of the loving Kindness of the

Lord, Pf. lxxxix. 1.

Thy loving Kindness is ever before mine Eyes, Pf. xxvi. 3.

And wait on by truth or twin of

Where Christ's blood leaves her Virgin Bed

(distress'd,

Sing the Soul, by hellish Powers

By Jesus pity'd, fought, reduc'd

and bless'd.

O thou Arch-Shepherd, now

enthron'd on high,

Who for thy Flock wouldst

suffer Pain, and die;

Who with immortal Food thy Sheep dost feed,

Proportioning thy Aids to every Need:

A 2 Prone



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Hymnotheo : Or,

Prone to retrieve them from the endless Woes,
 To which Temptation daily doth expose ;
 And with a Conduct infinitely sweet,
 All the returning Wanderers to treat.
 Help me to sing thy Love, with Love inflam'd,
 And the lost Lover by thy Love reclaim'd.
 There is a Gulf, which seems by Nature made
 To challenge the Monopoly of Trade ;
 On whose capacious, hospitable Shore,
 All *Europe* disembogues her wealthy Store :
 To which the Waves of the *Aegean* Main
 Pay their Salutes, and then retreat again.
 Whose fertile semicirculating Head,
 With Temples and with Palaces is spread :
 From whence the sailing Castles Men surveigh,
 See the Whales fight, and the kind Dolphins play ;
 Where to divert them scaly Shoals combine
 In sporting on the Theatre Marine ;
 Where the wild Fowl the finny Race outvie,
 And wantonly by turns, or swim or fly ;
 Where Christal *Moles* leaves her Virgin Bed,
 And her sweet Streams the briney Ocean wed :
 There beauteous *Smyrna* stands, for Empire fram'd,
 And over all the lesser *Asia* fam'd,
 Assuming to her self the high Renown,
 To be the Prince of Poets native Town.
 The *Smyrneots*, t' appropriate their proud Claim,
 Erected a fair Temple to his Name :
 There *Homer* in Effigie they enthron'd,
 And for a tutelary Numen own'd.

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The Penitent.

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They sang his Verse, they stamp'd him on their Coin,
Kept his Feast sacred; paid him Rights Divine.

But *Smyrneots* a far greater Honour gain'd,
When they the lov'd Disciple entertain'd.

There he oft times abode; a Church there form'd,
Which by malicious Hell was daily storm'd:

And to withstand each fierce infernal Shock,
Plac'd *Bucolo* for Pastor of the Flock.

The most enlightn'd Convert *John* could chuse,
Salvifick Truth o're *Smyrna* to diffuse:

The Saint there fix'd a soft Paternal Eye
On a young Catechumen standing by,

Whom he to *Bucolo's* strict Care resign'd,
To rectifie and cultivate his Mind.

Great God! His Person seem'd to signalize,
By graceful Mein, shape lovely, spritely Eyes;

By piercing Wit, and Intellectuals clear,
And all Attractives which could Man endear,

And to decree a noble Soul to dwell
In such a beauteous amiable Shell.

Bless'd *John* foresaw, by his prophetick Sight,
He of the Church would prove a glorious Light.

He Poetry and Musick nicely skill'd,
By them Affections various he instill'd.

With Song, and Voice, and Lyre, all Hearts he
(charm'd,

Cheer'd Grief, fir'd Love, calm'd Fear, and Rage
(disarm'd.

The *Smyrneots* his loud Fame began to spread,
Boasting they had a Second *Homer* bred.

Bucolo treated Fatherlike the Youth,
 And fully taught him Evangelick Truth.
 Out of his Sight would never him endure,
 Till of his Vertue he was grown secure.
 To read the Holy Book he took Delight,
 And seem'd to gain Illuminations bright.
 The Saint, like *Paul*, travell'd with him in Pain,
 Till form'd for Baptism he was born again.
 And to devote to God his Genius fam'd
 For Poetry, *Hymnotheo* he was nam'd.
 Soon as he was with the Bless'd Spirit grac'd,
 He begg'd of the immortal Food to tast.
Bucolo, his Devotion to foment,
 Explain'd the Mystery, and gave Consent.
 Full of that Love he in the Action seem'd,
 Enflaming Saints by Blood of God redeem'd.
 He, while he at the Heav'nly Feast was Guest,
 Saw the good Shepherd on the Cup impress'd:
 Pleas'd with the Emblem, and with what he read
 Of Saints in Holy Writ, who Flocks had fed,
 Reflecting how himself from Heav'n had stray'd,
 And was the Sheep on *JESUS* Shoulders laid;
 He melted into Love, and humble Tear,
 Wont from that Moment Shepherds to revere,
 As *JESUS* Emblems, and frequent the Plain,
 Discourse with Shepherds, there to entertain
 Christ Vot'ries; then sang Psalms in Shop or Field,
 The Subject of their Hymns was Truth reveal'd;
 And

The Penitent.

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And Providential Goodness him inclin'd
Tow'rd's Shepherds Songs, which best could form
(his Mind.



INCURIO and DOCILIO.

Inc.  Dear *Docilio*, daily passing by,
Observe you on that Ant-Hill fix
(your Eye:

You are in Love, or Melancholick seem,
Or of some hidden Treasure fondly dream.

Doc. Nor Melancholy, Friend, or buried Gold,
Move me this Hill thus fix'dly to behold.

Inc. Why then 'tis Love; yet Love it cannot be,
For what of Love can you in Ants-Hills see;
Unless you the Intrigues can nicely skill
Of am'rous Ants, inhabiting the Hill?

Doc. 'Tis Love, *Inturio*, which here fix'd my
(Thought,
The more I look, the faster I am caught.

Inc. What strange Amusement has disturb'd
(your Mind,
Can you a Mistress in an Ant-Hill find?

Doc. My Passion you by your own Passion rate,
My Love is serious, constant, and sedate:

My Mistress on this very Ant-Hill dwells,
She all the Beauties of the Plain excels.

Inc. You dote, *Docilio*, I perceive, for I
Nothing but Ants about this Hill descry.
Of Ants you have a whole Seraglio here;
Which of these little Creatures is your Dear?

Doc. You mock, *Incurio*, and my Love mistake,
These Insects to my Love I Envoys make:
They for my Love purvey when out they roam,
Return full freighted with Love Cargoes Home.

Inc. Who and where is this Beauty you admire,
Sure some Familiar kindles this strange Fire;
Or Apparition has your Brain possess'd,
Or Fancy vain, Idea's vain impress'd;
Or am'rous Fairy haunts this verdent Green,
To every Eye but to your own unseen.

Doc. My Love, with whom I sweet Converse
(maintain,
True Beauty is, not Phantome of the Brain.

Inc. If she is real, shew her to my View,
I then perhaps may love as much as you.

Doc. Love her and welcome, I'll not jealous be,

Inc. Not jealous! let me then the fair one see:
I never knew a Lover but was shy
To trust his Mistress to a Rival Eye.

Doc. I joy the more, the more my Rivals are,
I wish that all Mankind my Rivals were.

Inc. Of such strange Love no Lover ever heard,
Nothing in Love is more than Rivals fear'd:

The Penitent.

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But since in Love you covet Rival Flame,
Docilio, tell what is the fair one's Name.

Doc. 'Tis bright *Sophia*, who my Heart o're-rules,
She lov'd, she courted is, by all but Fools:
No Fools her amiable Graces prize,
She teaches both to love and to be wise:
I of her here have Intellectual Sight,
And she imparts Celestial Love and Light.

Inc. I have heard Swains in soft harmonious Lays,
The charming Graces of *Sophia* praise;
But I her Beauty never durst behold,
I would not wiser grow till I grow old:
By long Experience Wisdom is best taught,
I'll stay till that has my Conversion wrought.

Doc. Is Folly so desirable a Guide,
That in her Conduct you should thus confide?
Or can you hope in Love for happy Days,
When fond Affection, and not Wisdom, sways?
Have you both Life and Reason in your Pow'r,
To make them wait at your appointed Hour?

Inc. I shall as happy as the rest abide,
Few Shepherds have in Love a better Guide:
You greater Folly far than I commit,
To think *Sophia* on that Hill should sit;
Who is it tells such Legendary Tales,
Who thus on your Credulity prevails?

Doc. It good *Melindo* was, a Swain well known,
All his Veracity and Wisdom own.

Inc. His Exemplary Virtues I revere,
And what *Melindo* taught you, long to hear.

Doc.

Doc. With your Desire, I gladly will comply,
 You'll his Disciple turn as much as I:
 Before we pitch our Folds upon the Plain,
 Your Ear I'll with *Melindo* entertain.

Just as the Sun, rob'd in Ætherial Gold,
 Brake out, my Sheep I going to unfold,
 Observ'd *Melindo* to a Bush repair,
 While I, conceal'd, beheld him at his Pray'r.
 He of the Bush a pleasant Arbour made,
 In Storms, a Shelter; in the Heat, a Shade;
 It for his Oratory was design'd,
 Where he to Heaven unladed his full Mind.
 Like to the Bush bright with unscorching Flame,
 In which an Angel once to *Moses* came,
 When *Jethro's* Sheep he near to *Horeb* kept,
 And from his Flock, to see the Wonder stept;
 While from the flaming unburnt Bush God spoke,
 And sent him to free *Israel* from their Yoke.
 God to this Swain thus in his Bush appear'd,
 And with propitious Rays his Spirit cheer'd;
 Sweet Honey-Suckles round the Branches twin'd,
 Thick with their od'rous Locks the Bow'r was
 (lin'd:

Soon as his Prayer was done, his Sheep he told,
 Sent them a Grazing, and remov'd his Fold;
 And that perform'd, he to the Bush retires,
 To sing sweet Hymns to his melodious Wires:
 The Birds, who on the Bush were wont to nest,
 Whom no rude Hand he suffered to molest,

Would

Would warble to his Voice, and harp their Party
And strive by Nature to outdo his Art.
The Hymn once clos'd, he to an Ant-Hill went,
And a whole Hour in Contemplation spent,
I thought him vainly idle at first Sight,
Till he thus mildly strove to set me right.

The wisest King whoever sat enthron'd,
These little Insects for his Counsel own'd;
And took due Care all Mortals to advise,
To learn from their Examples to be wise.
I, who with Zeal his sage Advice pursue,
Invite your Thought to their attentive View:
They have nor Guide nor Ruler in their Sphere,
But by divine Instinct their Motions steer;
They never idle, no one Hour mispend,
But gladly on their daily Tasks attend:
See how they come and go in straitest Lines,
As they begin or perfect their Designs;
In Multitudes they march, yet Order just,
No adverse Files each other stop or thrust:
They have Presensions of the Change in Air,
And never work Abroad but when 'tis fair:
They take Advantage of the Lunar Light,
And only at full Moons they work by Night.
Before the Sickle reaps the loaded Ears,
The Six-legg'd Nation in the Fields appears:
Of Wheat sagaciously they choose the Prime,
And up the Stalk the sprightly Insects climb;
They nip the Grain, while they who watch below,
With the fall'n Cargoes to their Cavens go;
They

They gage the Seeds, and to their different Weights,
 Proportion the just Number of their Mates;
 The various Loads they carry or protrude,
 Till in their Barn the Harvest they include.
 Extremities they nibble, lest it grow
 When hous'd in their Repository low.
 When sudden Show'rs surprize them by the Way,
 At the Approach of a warm Sunny Day;
 Lest it should must, they bring it out again,
 In the Meridian Sun to dry the Grain:
 Beyond their Annual Food, foreseeing Dearth,
 Biennial Stores they treasure under Earth;
 The Hill, which tow'rs the Bottom is cut round,
 I'll open lay, to shew them under Ground.

Filth they abhor, their Dwellings all lie neat,
 They, as they enter, ever clean their Feet:
 That Bastion at the Avenue prevents
 The sudden Inundation of their Tents:
 View well with what inimitable Art
 'Tis wall'd, and arch'd, and form'd in ev'ry Part:
 Along the Middle runs a Street direct,
 Which Ways transverse, and equal intersect;
 Within those Walks the Busie People meet,
 Of their Affairs there amicably treat:
 No Discords there, no Frauds were ever known,
 No Int'rest but the common Good they own!
 View well the Regions which the Swarm divide,
 With what Oeconomy themselves they guide:
 That Square they for their Cemetery keep,
 Where with dead Parents their dead Children sleep.

The

The Penitent.

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The teeming Females in this Space remain,
And there the Youth they up to Labour train.
Here live the Ants of Business and Intrigue,
Join'd in a strict inviolable League:
The Granary is there, where, Day by Day,
The People their due Portions fetch away:
They all content with their allotted Store,
Their Competence well know, and seek no more.
Here Avarice, Lust, and Envy never haunt,
To sowre the Life of the thrice happy Ant:
Here Truth and Wisdom shine without Disguise,
Learn of the Ants, *Docilio*, to be wise,
While you in this short, wretched Life abide,
For Life and Bliss supernal to provide.

This said, the Hill the good *Melindo* clos'd,
And left my Soul for Wisdom well dispos'd:
Since that, I often on these Insects muse,
And they true Wisdom quicken or infuse:
View then the Ants, *Incurio*, every Day,
They all for your Instructions will purvey;
They'll teach you to improve the present Time,
For Joys which are in an Eternal Prime.

Hymnotheo thank'd the Swains, and with a Load
Of serious Thought return'd to his Abode:
The Shepherds, as his heedful Ear they charm'd,
His Mind against Incogitancy arm'd;
He thought the little Way he walk'd too long,
Till he his Mind disburthen'd in a Song.

In vain, proud *Athens*, lying Fame
For Learning celebrates your Name;

Read

Read your Philosophers sublime,
Of Ancient, or of Modern Time;
The *Stagyrites* capacious Brain,
And *Plato's* Academy drein.

Let *Stoicks*, who, in their own Eyes,
Great *Jove* in Wisdom equalize;
Let *Epicure*, to make the Odds,
Summon his intermundian Gods,
Who both Celestial Truth revil'd,
And Heav'n-taught *Paul* a Babblers styl'd.

The Wisdoms of all Sects unite,
Extract their quintessential Might:
Sail to the *Alexandrian* Shore,
To fill your Intellectual Store;
Till swell'd with Philosophick Pride,
You all, but your wise selves, deride.

When you have all your Force combin'd,
You are the Babblers of Mankind;
In nothing you so much agree,
As endless Disputacity:
What is true Bliss you never knew,
Nor could what was unknown pursue.

Cast on the Ant confid'rate Eye,
Which oft regardless you pass by;
Give that small Insect you contemn,
The Chair in Porch or Academ:
He'll Lectures of true Wisdom read,
Which all your Authors shall exceed.

He keeps the End in heedful Mind,
For which his Maker him design'd;

No Vanities turn him aside
His Choice to flatter Fool divide:
He to his sole true Bliss aspires,
In that concentrers his Desires.

He proper Mediums still employs,
Which never fail to gain his Joys:
He Dangers at a Distance eyes,
And guards himself against Surprise;
Provides in this for future Years,
By God's sole Law his Conduct steers.

Shew me in all your Schools a Sage,
Who with such Wisdom spends his Age.
You Reason have, yet rarely think,
Below the Ants you thoughtless sink;
From the wise, stiddy Ant, may I
My Intellectuals refine.

Lord! if that Insect we despise,
Can thus instruct the wordly-wise:
Should we with Omnipresent Thought
Search all the Wonders thou hast wrought,
Treasures of Wisdom we should heap,
And learn from each thy Law to keep.

If from each Creature thou hast made,
Our Souls we may with Wisdom lade;
We infinitely more shall gain,
From thy wise providential Reign.
Each of thy Attributes displays
Awful, and amiable Rays.

But when of JESUS Loves we muse,
They boundless Light and Love infuse:
They

They teach us Wisdom to attend,
Our sole Example, Means, and End:
Example *JESUS* means our Love,
Our End, Eternal Bliss above.

Whene're on these we fix our Thought,
Our Souls are up to Rapture wrought:
Our Meditation thence supplies,
A Source for Hymn which never dries:
May I of *JESUS* live possess'd,
And I from Hymns shall never rest.

With Love of Hymn, *Hymnotheo's* Genius fir'd,
He by all Saints grew valued and admir'd;
And, or in Town, or on *Smyranean* Plains,
The faithful Pleasure took to sing his Strains:
The Aged Saint, mean while, by Death's Arrest,
Up to his Mansion flew among the Bless'd.
And when the Youth, left from that Hour alone,
Was under no Inspection but his own;
Saints by Degrees something in him deserv'd,
The Bane of Virtue, 'twas spiritual Pride:
For common Saints he had a low Esteem,
Of Raptures talk'd, and visionary Dream;
The Tempter never ceasing to suggest
Self-Admiration to his list'ning Breast.

E're since the Youth was at the Font refin'd,
Phylacter for his Guardian God assign'd;
And for his Soul allotted gracious Aid,
Which still was re-enforc'd whene're he pray'd;
And whensoe're the Angel from him flown,
At God's Command left him a while alone;

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When call'd with Heav'nly Convoys to ascend,
 Who, arm'd through Air, departed Saints attend:
 Or at a Guardian Muster to appear,
 Some Orders newly sent from Heav'n to hear:
 Or, call'd a sick or dying Saint to aid,
 Or one entrapp'd in Satan's Ambuscade:
 Or with detach'd Battalions, through the Sky,
 On some great Saint's Deliverance to fly:
 Or to support a Martyr at the Stake:
 Or sweet Vacation in high Heav'n to take:
 Or with the Angels Jubilee to keep,
 At the Recov'ry of a straying Sheep;
 In ev'ry short Recess he him enjoyn'd,
 To live in Pray'r, with Heav'n-erected Mind.
 The Youth gave to the Warning little Heed,
 He self-secure thought he should neither need.
 Satan, who had Permission from on high,
Hymniothea's Virtue to assault and try;
 Who envied the instructive Hymns he Sung,
 And to lewd Sonnets vow'd to form his Tongue;
 Whene're he cold in his Devotion grew,
 Or kept not God in reverential View,
 Or suffer'd Heav'nly Love to grow remiss,
 Or most presum'd himself decreed to bliss,
 He watch'd those Opportunities of Ill,
 Into his Soul Contagion to instil:
 Great Saint, God's Darling, were the Terms he
 (us'd,
 By which he Pestilential Pride infus'd:

Pride, the first Sin which our first Parents band,
 By which curs'd Satan his first Victory gain'd;
 Which ever since he for his Engine chose,
 To God's just Hate their Offspring to expose:
 Great Saint, said he, I humbly you salute,
 Among the Saints above of chief Repute;
 When I discharg'd the Trust which JESUS gave,
 E're I ingulf'd in the Ætherial Wave,
 I first to visit your *Phylacter* flew,
 I made him my Pretence to wait on you;
Phylacter is I find reflown on high,
 And I rejoyce that you have bless'd my Eye:
 By God he is recall'd, and I presume
 You'll have some great Arch-Angel in his Room;
 A common Angel is too mean for one,
 Who is on Earth God's best-beloved Son.
 You who of Sanctity have gain'd the Height,
 To guard your self have Arch-angelick Might;
 And should a high Arch-angel on you wait,
 'Twill only argue you a Saint of State;
 You skill the Way full well to Heav'nly Bliss,
 And Arch-angelick Guardians may dismiss:
 The very Seraphims your Hymns admire,
 We daily sing them in our Heav'nly Quire:
 Permit my humble Wings to steer your Flight,
 Where you shall gain a while the blissful Sight,
 And in the Book of Life your Name shall read,
 For Glory irrespectively decreed.
 The great Arch-Lyer thus disguis'd his Spite,
 And on *Hymnotheo* fix'd his pois'nous Bite;

O're

O're all his Soul strong Venom it diffus'd,
He was too proud to see he was abus'd.
Curs'd Satan Men successfully betrays,
When he for Snare Predestination lays:
Of destin'd Bliss he boldly them assures,
And to all Ills by that Perswasion lures;
Into the World Infernal Discord flings,
Makes Saints with a good Conscience murder
(Kings!

Raise curs'd Rebellions, ruin Church and State,
And by their Crimes their Sanctity to rate.

Phylacter, who for a short Time was flown,
On some high Errand sent him from the Throne;
Supposing him at Pray'r; at length reslew;
Hymnotheo well his Guardian's Motion knew,
And bad him some fresh Vacancy supply;
Or up to his Celestial Stall resfly;
Himself he boasts would his own Guardian be,
Thank'd him for his past Care, and set him free:
Phylacter, who the Youth with Horror ey'd,
Abominating his Infernal Pride,
In sacred Rage from Guardian-ship withdrew,
And back to Heav'n, by God's Permission, flew;
The Fiend exulting he had chac'd away
The Guardian, and should on his Pupil prey.

Up Air to Lucifer curs'd Satan soars,
And his Confed'rate Malice there implores;
Proud Lucifer abets the dire Design,
And all his Legions in the Mischief joyn:

Six Fiends, who o're the rest Precedence claim;
 For Hatred of *JEHOVAH* most in Fame;
 Each arm'd with Meteour, Sword, and Spear,
 (and Shield,
 The proper Arms which Ghosts aerial wield.
 He sends with Charge some Angel to way-lay,
 By Fraud his Flight in the Expanse to stay;
 That two of them should him in Parley hold,
 And two in muddy Air should take his Mold;
 The other two should Rainbow Colours fix,
 On' Cloudy Pallets, and together mix,
 Till they the Shape and the Complexion took,
 Both of his radiant Vehicle and Look;
 And that with Feathers from some Bird of Prey,
 Whose Wings to wing themselves they tore away:
 Dip'd in those mingled Lights they should contest,
 Who to the Life could paint the Angel best:
 The Six fall'n Cherubs in short Time reflex,
 They made the Mold, and lively Figure drew;
 Wile God permitting, they their Art unite,
 To counterfeit an Angel of pure Light;
 Thus vehicled, the Fourbe insulting flies,
 With his Six Feinds, *Hymnotheo* to surprize.

As horn'd *Cerastes* wont to have Abode,
 And watch for Mischief in a beaten Road;
 One while keeps Ambuscadoe in the Rout,
 And quick on Men approaching fallies out:
 Or in the Sand close Sandy-colour'd lies,
 Oft undistinguish'd by the transient Eyes;

While

While the soft spinal Gristle of his Back,
 He turns and winds, and plies to ev'ry Track
 And his invet'rate Malice to conceal,
 Makes no Assault before, but bites the Heel;
 And by his Bite, a Poison strong inspires,
 Which kindles in the Veins outrageous Fires;
 Thus aping Angels of Celestial Light,
 The Fiend flies down to cheat *Hymnotheo's* Sight,
 Good Angels meeting Satan as he flew,
 Were ready to salute him at first View;
 But in his Shape Deformities they spy,
 And with Abhorrence pass the Traitor by;
 By Satan's Orders the Six airy Ghosts,
 Whom he detach'd from the Apostate Hosts,
 Their Six round Shields into a Chariot clos'd,
 One for the Roof plac'd on Four Spears dispos'd,
 One for the Bottom, Four for Wheels design'd,
 Which to two Spears for Axle-trees were join'd;
 And their Six Meteour Belts their Traces were,
 By which they whirl'd the Chariot through
 (the Air.

Satan *Hymnotheo* to the Chariot lures,
 And of Celestial Prospects him assures;
 The thoughtless Youth, with Self-Complaisance
 (rides,
 While Satan in expanse the Engine guides,
 At the same Mount to which he *JESUS* drew,
 When he the World presented to his View;
 The Chariot stopping, the vain Youth alights,
 And Satan fools him with enchanting Sights;

With all Inflammatives to kindle Lust,
And thus infills Concupiscential Gust:

On all the Glories of this World reflect,
They all Created were for Souls Elect;
God's Children of this Earth are rightful Heirs,
They are most blest'd, who have the greatest
(Shares,

Dominion and Propriety in Grace,
Are founded for God's sole beloved Race;
What in the Wicked is rapacious Might,
In Saints is only seizing of their Right;
The *Jews* might justly on *Egyptians* prey,
These rather must be styl'd the Thieves than they;
The Reprobates are Dogs, and should be fed
With refuse Scraps, not with the Childrens Bread.
Saints to both Lives who have Eternal Claim,
Should make the Sweets of both their constant
(Aim.

Terrestrial Kings to Favourites dispence,
Wealth, Honour, all Delights which please the
(Sense :

But God unboundedly all Kings transcends,
In his Communications to his Friends;
Kings from their Fav'rites may themselves estrange,
God's everlasting Love can never change;
Firm are all God's Decrees, you cannot miss
Of Heav'n, since God destin'd you to Bliss;
You shall be sav'd, whether you will or no,
Take then your Fill of Pleasures here below;

You'll

You'll learn by them your future Joys to rate,
 When God to Heav'n his Darling shall translate:
 All Sins are venial the Elect commit,
 Which God's Decrees Eternal pre-acquit;
 Whene'er Ideal Wisdom you behold,
 In her left Hand you'll Honour see and Gold;
 You justly to high Honour may aspire,
 You justly may a boundless Wealth desire,
 Both are God's Blessings, and the wisest Saints,
 Would all God's Blessings have without Restraints:
 To every Appetite its Due assign,
 Court Beauty, eat high Dainties, drink rich Wine;
 Your Hymns for Youth have a too solemn Air,
 Sing rather of the Grape, and of the Fair;
 Your Nature to its utmost Height sublime,
 Live at full Stretch of Pleasure in your Prime:
 The faster you this mortal Life shall spend,
 The sooner you'll to destin'd Joys ascend.
 Satan and Youth the Chariot mount and fly,
 O're vast and various Regions in the Sky;
 Till they of Syria reach'd the Sovereign Town,
 And there the Tempter set *Hymnos* down:
 This City, said the Fiend, you know by Fame,
 'Tis *Antioch*, happy for the Christian Name
 There first imposed: I take it in our Way,
 Where for a while you'll with high Pleasure stay:
 In *Daphne*, that sweet Grove your Entrance make,
 You'll of the Joys of God's Elect partake;
 I'll with the Chariot your Return await,
 While all your youthful Appetites you sate,

Soon as he entred the enchanting Place,
 He lost all Sense of Evangelick Grace,
 To gratifie all Lusts was his sole Aim,
 To silence Conscience, and extinguish Shame;
 The full Delight of ev'ry Vice he try'd,
 Yet something wanting in each Vice descry'd;
 Often he ran the same polluting Round,
 In Hope full Satisfaction might be found:
 But sensual Joys defective are at Height,
 They starve the Soul, while they the Flesh delight,
 And that Delight is Surfeit more than Feast,
 Degrading God-like Souls below the Beast:
 Kind Heav'n from Lusts unnatural him restrain'd,
 Lest he should irrecoverably be ban'd.

Satan, who saw *Hymnotheo's* Heav'nly Light,
 In *Daphne* damp'd with Eyes which sparkled Spite;
 Sank down with Speed to the Infernal Shade,
 The Devils who lay idle to upbraid.

Is this a Time, ye Damn'd, ye Passive Drones,
 Amidst these Flames to vent unpitied Groans;
 Hear ye not the Success which *JESUS* gains,
 How Man he saves, and greatens Devils Pains:
 O're all the *East*, at *Salem*, *Rome*, and *Greece*,
 Glad Tidings sound to Man of Heav'nly Peace;
 While we abandon'd are to Tortures dire,
 And must despair to quench this raging Fire:
 Rouse, Rouse for Shame, if Shame you still retain,
 And fall courageous, or victorious reign;
 You Spirits, who on Earthly Empires wait,
 Sute Plots to ev'ry Exigence of State;

You

You Spirits, who o're Nations domineer,
Must act like Devils in your proper Sphere.

Near to great *Antioch*, I a Grove have fram'd,
To Vice devoted, and 'tis *Daphne* nam'd;
'Tis spacious, and all Souls whom I enslave,
May fit Retreats from Checks of Conscience have;
There Woods of Laurel, and of Cypress grow,
There Fountains play, and Chrystal Rivers flow:
There gaudy feather'd Birds in Consorts vye,
Angels not more harmonious are on high.
There choicest Fruits bow down to ev'ry Hand,
The Air perfum'd, restorative and bland;
There ev'ry Sense is baited with Delight,
On Beds of Roses they repose at Night;
Which if with *Sharon's* Roses you compare,
You'll say that *Daphne's* are more sweet and fair.
The Turf is spread with od'rous, lovely Flow'rs,
There Lovers shelter in delicious Bow'rs,
Fed with Provocatives, with Garlands crown'd,
They who excel in Vice are most renown'd:
There wanton Poets am'rous Sonnets sing,
Beneath the Trees, or by a warbling Spring;
There Tunes lascivious vain Musicians play,
There, in Feast, Dance, and Wine, they spend
(the Day:
Beauties are common there, like Flow'rs or Fruit,
Men may their Dames appropriate or commute:
There is no Law to curb free Souls ordain'd,
There no one Sense, no Passion is restrain'd:

Nothing

You

Nothing is there a Crime, or seems unjust,
 But to set Bounds to an unbridled Lust:
 There is a perfect Heav'n of sensual Joys,
 Free from Consideration, Care, or Noise.

The Levite and the Tent-maker I heard
 'At *Antioch*, to work our Bane appear'd
 By Miracles, though what they taught was grac'd,
 'Twould by one Walk in *Daphne* be effac'd:
 The Love divine in Saints will grow stark Cold,
 Soon as they *Daphne's* Paradise behold.
 If *JESUS* here and there a Soul should glean,
 Post at that Soul one of the Fiends unclean,
 Out of the Dragon's Mouth but newly spew'd,
 Best able to instil Suggestions lewd;
 Spirits unclean Man's native Lust allure,
 And most oppose their *JESUS* fam'd for pure:
 The lov'd Disciple's Saint I thither brought,
 Who never more shall think one serious Thought:
 O! with what Exultation I remind
 How I *John's* Vot'ry to my Will inclin'd;
 He prophesied that Satan should be bound,
 Yet I am free his Darling to confound;
 His Hearers he assur'd, that by God's Son,
 My Works should be destroyed, and I undone;
 My Work was his own Vot'ry to beguile,
 Judge whether him or me you'll Liar style:
 There either Sex, to take their sensual Fills,
 And out of Zeal to me to act all Ills;
 Have free Access their Nature to pollute,
 If they go Human in, they come out Brute;

Hymn

The Penitent. 27

Hymn was of late *Hymnotheo's* sole Delight,
Now he can only filthy Songs endite.

Apollo's Temple, God of Wisdom styl'd,
There stands, that all the Mortals there deil'd
May deem their Actions, though unnatural, wise,
And Lust an acceptable Sacrifice:
I scoff at *JESUS* Vot'ries vain Designs,
To think to fix the Cross by *Daphne's* Lines:
Whene're we Saints by Persecution try'd,
We to our Sorrow found they multiply'd:
Error, which into Saints may Lies infil,
Ne're till enforc'd by Lust absorbs the Will;
I, since our Fall, have by Experience found,
That we by Lust gain most and surest Ground,
Plant num'rous *Daphne's*, and as *JESUS* Hell
Once dispossest'd, we *JESUS* shall expel.

This said, of Feinds unclean an odious Crowd,
Their utmost Malice to tempt Christians vow'd;
And ever since, our holy Church has ru'd
The Devastations made by Spirits lewd.
But though Infernal Rebels hourly try,
For Conquest with Incarnate God to vye;
None conquer'd are till they themselves betray,
'Tis self Dedition renders them a Prey;
Bless'd *Paul* and *Barnabas* the Victory got
O're *Daphne*, Satan's most successful Spot:
It soon was an Abomination grown,
And Christian Purity possess'd the Throne.
O may that Grace in holy Church still reign,
That Hell may open keep its Gates in vain.

The

The Youth mean while with sensual Pleasures
 (cloy'd,
 Perceiv'd his Purse of what sustain'd him void;
 Pitied by none, he wander'd to and fro,
 Tempted by violent Death to end his Woe;
 But Satan for more Ill the Youth reprov'd,
 Yet fearing serious Thought might be retriev'd,
 Once more he to his Chariot him invites,
 Assures him of Supplies, and fresh Delights;
 And as they wander'd up and down in Air,
 Satan watch'd where he might him best ensnare;
 At last a Mountain he near *Smyrna* spy'd,
 Where in a Cavern Thieves were wont to hide;
 Thither he with *Hymnotheo* took his Way,
 That he might share with them in Guilt and Prey:
 The Thieves receiv'd with Joy their youthful
 (Guest,
 And having for Command had long Contest;
 Impuls'd by Satan by the general Voice,
 Of him they for their Captain made their Choice.

JESUS his lov'd Disciple's Love to try,
 Decreed he should be martyr'd, and not die;
 And *Rome's* proud Tyrant wont to take Delight,
 On Flies to practise persecuting Spite,
 Permitted was to bring him bound to *Rome*,
 To die in boiling Oil was there his Doom;
 Satan, like License once for *Job* receiv'd,
 Restrain'd from murdering; while the Saint he
 (griev'd;

The

The Lover in the Caldron humbly pray'd,
 And JESUS Love the Raging Heat allay'd;
 The Oil his chill'd Limbs suppl'd, thaw'd, and
 (cheer'd)
 JESUS and John the more were to-endear'd;
 The Tyrant foaming, dooms him to Exile,
 To Patmos, an uncomfortable Me;
 There with high Raptures JESUS him adorns,
 Raptures which needed no debasing Thorns:
 His Love exalted still, more humble grew,
 And from Love infinite its Distance knew;
 And ever since proud Men essay in vain,
 His humble lofty Visions to explain;
 Of whose Completion none can skill the Time,
 But John like Lovers humble and sublime.

Soon as the Bloody Tyrant sank below
 The Populace of Hell to deeper Woe;
 Mild Nerva, who was chosen to succeed,
 The Saints from cruel Persecution freed;
 John then to his dear Ephesus retir'd,
 And with fresh Ardours his Disciples fir'd,
 Jeremy-like, from Fountains in his Head,
 He Rivers there of Tears Paternal shed;
 Calling to Mind the blest'd Timothea's Fate,
 Who there fell Victim to Internal Hate;
 Their impious foul Idolatries he blam'd,
 Pagans by the Arch-murderer inflam'd,
 The God-like Saint with pond'rous Clubs fell'd
 (down,
 Damning themselves to mount him to his Crown;
 For

For Pagan Guilt the Saints who made their Moan;
Congratulate with Joy the Martyr's Throne.

On *Smyrna* next *John's* Bowels softly yearn'd;
Whose Destitution he from Vot'ries learn'd;
Thither he came his Converts to review,
And their primeval Fervours to renew;
There when arriv'd, he took a tender Care,
To raise a Lover to the Past'ral Chair;
'Twas *Polycarp*, a Saint whom all rever'd;
Next to lov'd *John*, to *JESUS* most endear'd;
Among the Faithful, whom he bless'd and kiss'd;
With solemn Kiss of Peace one Soul he miss'd;
Now styl'd *Hymnotheo*, absent from his Eye,
Him he demands; none daring to reply,
Till *Polycarp*, whose bright Example shed
Rays influential, cries, The Youth is dead:
To Goodness dead, the Faithful he forsook,
And the broad Way to his Perdition took;
When *Bucolo*, with Past'ral Labours spent,
To endless Rest began his glad Ascent;
And in the Interval, while you detain'd
By Suff'rings, Pastorless the Flock remain'd,
Satan Advantage took to lay his Train,
To work your Sorrow, and your Convert's Bane;
He was the Darling of this ghostly Fold;
We thought him in the Book of Life enroll'd;
But his Apostacy from Pride took Rise,
He now has run through ev'ry Stage of Vice;
He's in Impiety obdurate grown,
And to the Mountain is from Justice flown;

The Penitent.

31

Of Villains there he leads a lawless Band,
Infesting with their Rapines all the Land.

Bless'd *John* withdrawing, to the Chappel goes,
Himself he prostrate on the Pavement throws;
With Sighs and Tears he to lov'd *JESUS* cry'd,
With ardent Zeal, which would not be deny'd,
That on *Hymnotheo* he would Pity take,
And not the Youth in his Revolt forsake:
As *Abraham*, when he fell upon his Face,
And the glad Promise heard to *Isaac's* Race,
For his Son *Ishmael* Supplication made,
May my Son *Ishmael* live before thee, pray'd;
Great God the fervent Pray'r benignly heard,
And his Friend *Abraham* with that Blessing cheer'd:
Thus *JESUS* at his lov'd Disciple's Cry,
Cast on his Lover an accepting Eye;
All-Gracious God, who persecuting *Saul*
Chang'd to Apostle, by a Heav'nly Call,
That his so exemplary Pardon might
The Profligate to Penitence excite,
Had in *Hymnotheo's* Change a like Intent,
To move the greatest Sinners to repent.

Rising from Pray'r, bless'd *John* was all on Flame,
The Fugitive to seek, and to reclaim;
He a whole Cent'ry ready to compleat,
Had feeble Knees, faint was his vital Heat;
He long had languish'd for the Joys Above,
Had nothing vig'rous in him but his Love;
Nor Age, nor Chill, nor Weakness him restrains,
Love warms his Blood to circle in his Veins;

AN

All h's Decays he feels by Love supply'd,
 To *Polycarp* he calls for Horse and Guide:
 And thus equipp'd, the Mountain he ascends,
 His Course directly tow'rd's the Villains bends;
 Their Centries stop the aged Saints Career,
 Wond'ring he durst within their Range appear;
 The Saint for their Commander then enquires,
 And Audience with an awful Look desires:
 With that they brought him to their Captain's
 (View,
 Who late debauching with his Savage Crew;
 At his Approach, their Cymiters they draw:
 The Captain seiz'd with a confounding Awe,
 Soon as the aged, naked Saint he spies,
 With Fear and Trembling swiftly from him flies;
 The Villains stood astonish'd at the Sight,
 And wondred what their valiant Chief should
 (fright.

John rode full Speed the Wretch to overtake;
 And mildly the Apostate thus bespake:
 Return into my Arms; Return, my Son,
 Ah! can you thus from your kind Father run?
 Can you a feeble aged Father fear,
 Who comes unarm'd unless with tender Tear?
 My Sighs, my Cries, shall with your Flight keep
 (pace,
 My Love shall you in all Concealments trace:
 Dear Son, I still retain that tender Name,
 Though you have chang'd, your Father is the
 (same.

The Penitent.

33

I come to save you from the Wrath divine,
And God to re-adopt you to incline;
My own Heart Blood I should account well spent,
To move your Spirit timely to repent:
Repent, for yet, dear Child, 'tis not too late,
Your Soul may yet recover its lost State;
With gracious God for you I'll interceed,
Bless'd JESUS boundless Love for you I'll plead:
Return; dear Son, God's Call no more neglect,
Lest he denies that Grace which you reject;
Regard my Age thus feeble, thus fatigu'd,
With this vile Herd, O live no longer leagu'd:
Return into my Arms, I'll lodge you there,
Till God gives wish'd for Answer to my Pray'r:
Return, dear Child, in vain from me you flie,
While over-look'd by God's all-seeing Eye.

Elijah, when beginning to complain
Of *Israel*, grown obdurately profane;
On *Horeb*, where he stood, great God descends,
Strong Wind strait rushing out, the Mountain
(rends;
Imprison'd Vapours then Explosions make,
The Earth's Foundations to the Center quake;
Down from high Heav'n devouring Fire appears,
The Universe a flaming Deluge fears;
Nor Wind, Fire, Earthquake, yet God's Will
(displays,
Which in a still, small Voice, great God conveys:
Thus the flagitious Youth, whom all the Store
Of Heav'ns Artillery could not move before;
Vol.III. C Melted

Melted by *John*'s soft Voice, began to mourn;
 His rocky Heart was into Pieces torn:
 The stubborn, insolent, proud, lawless Thief,
 Full of Confusion, Horror, Shame and Grief,
 For his past Sins, in humble Silence stands,
 His Sword, Shield, Spear, drop from his trem-

(bling Hands;
 He nor to Heav'n, nor *John*, durst lift his Eyes,
 O'rewhelm'd with inexpressible Surprize;
John tenderly repos'd him on his Breast,
 And on his Lips a Kiss of Peace impress'd;
 Be of good Comfort, my dear Child, he cry'd,
 These Rivers will by *JESUS* Blood be dry'd:
 And while he rebaptiz'd himself in Tears,
 Mild *John* his breaking Heart with Cordials cheers.

Soon as the Youth had giv'n his Passion vent,
 And up to Heav'n strong *miserere's* sent;
 To his Companions he himself address'd,
 And like Compassion for their Souls express'd,
 As the Apostle shew'd for him before,
 Beseeching them their Lewdness to deplore:
 Bless'd *John*, all that *Hymnotheo* said, enforc'd,
 And of God's Wrath, which they provok'd,
 (discours'd:

Some both the Saint and Youth delirous stil'd,
 Some stood confounded, others both revil'd;
 Some would the Youth for Cowardise upbraid,
 And *John* for using Diabolick Aid:
 Some cursing both, God impiously blasphem'd;
John, since they all incorrigible seem'd,

With

With his dear Charge withdrew; for Fear they
(might,
On the dear Youth wreak their revengeful Spite,
Who daily for the future them bewail'd,
And ne're to pray for their Conversion fail'd.

As they withdrew, an Angel with spread Wings,
From *Ephesus*, a sudden Message brings,
That Hell and the Magicians brake Restraint,
Outragious grown in Absence of the Saint;
Satan conceal'd impuls'd them, from his Guide
The Youth for his Perversion to divide:

All in *Diana's* Temple met, decreed
The Ruin of the Church, and both agreed;
Those by Possessions, these by potent Charms,
To work the faithful Flock destructive Harms:
The Catechumens they with Ease surpriz'd,
But Entrance got in none who were baptiz'd;
Some with Suggestions foul they strove to stain,
Others they ply'd with Doubts, and Thoughts
Curs'd Infidelity to re-instil, (profane,

Unfix the Mind, and unconfine the Will:
The Church to Heav'n with Ardency had pray'd,
But wanted holy *John's* prevailing Aid;
And now dispatch'd their Angel to implore,
His pow'rful Pray'rs their Safety to restore:
Upon his Flock *John's* tender Bowels yearn'd,
Soon as their Ghostly Danger he had learn'd,
Intending for *Hymnotheo* to provide,
In whose new Change he durst not yet confide.

There dwelt an aged Saint below the Hill,
Eusebio styl'd, in a small neighbouring Ville,
 Thither the careful Saint his Convert brought,
 To spend his Hours in penitential Thought;
 His Penitent he strictly there enjoyn'd,
 To good *Eusebio's* View to be confin'd,
 To live in Perpetuity of Pray'r,
 Left in his Absence Hell should him ensnare;
 This said, his Wings the Angel to him lends,
 And swimming the Expanse his Flight attends.



BOOK II.



ATAN with Looks, which extro-
 (mitted Spite,
 Exults in his projecting the Saint's
 (Flight,
 And various Ways his baneful Thoughts contrive,
 The Saint of his dear Convert to deprive,
 Concluding he with Ease might him invade,
 Abandon'd by blest'd *John* and Guardian Aid;
 On Wings rent from a Dragon through the Skies,
 He with full Speed to *Taprobana* flies;
 Where viewing all the Tortoises Marine,
 He chose the largest for his dire Design,
 Turning it up upon the Sandy Shoar,
 He from its Shell the trembling Creature tore;
 'Twas

The Penitent.

37

'Twas in Diameter a Fathom wide,
Mother of Pearl wall'd it on either Side;
With Trees of Coral pillar'd, and the Head
Was with their Branches intermix'd o'respread;
Two wing'd Sea-Monsters by his Charms dismay'd,
Swam with obsequious Terror to his Aid;
Whip-Harness Reins he form'd of Ocean Weeds,
To govern or chastise his scaly Steeds;
The Seats of downy Moss compounded were,
And thus equip'd he drives it through the Air:
On the smooth waving Clouds it swifter glides,
Than on the Snow a Sledge *Laplandian* slides;
Himself he in ap'd Regal Robe attires, (Fires;
Scepter'd and Crown'd with glittering Meteour
Swiftly he mov'd, and all the Voyage flings
The humid Air upon the Monster's Wings;
Still frighted with the thought, that should they dry,
The Chariot would fall headlong from the Sky:
Soon as he entred where the Youth took Rest,
Himself at Midnight thus to him address'd:

Hymnotheo, God high Honour you intends,
Who an Arch-Angel for your Convoy sends,
I lead a Legion in the Heav'nly Host,
Among Arch-Angels have the highest Post;
'Tis God's Command I should that Post forsake,
An Arch-Angelick Care of you to take;
God your Revolt and Satan's Force has weigh'd,
That pardon'd is, this shall be over-sway'd,
God from your Fall your Spirit has retriev'd,
For which you meritoriously have griev'd,

You now the full Assurance have regain'd,
 Of Bliss eternally for you ordain'd;
 Bless'd *John*, whom my Vicegerent *JESUS* made,
 Who will at *Ephesus* be long delay'd,
 Lives in perpetual Languor for your Sight,
 Begg'd I to you would take a speedy Flight;
 I, to make Speed, would not to Heav'n repair,
 To choose out of God's Stores a Chariot there,
 But to the Angel of the Waters stept,
 Who the adjoining Sea *Icarian* kept;
 Who for quick Flight this Chariot to me gave,
 Which swims as fast on Air as on the Wave;
 Rise then, *Hymnotheo*, from your Stupor rise,
 And with your dear Arch-Angel pass the Skies;
 Before his early Lauds the Saint shall close,
 I'll waft you in his Bosom to repose.

Hymnotheo wak'd, and in a sudden Fright,
 Beheld the glitt'ring, but fallacious Light,
 Full of Amusement and of Doubt, he rose,
 The Fiend into his Mind strong Poyson throws,
 Striving in various Forms to re-suggest
 That Ghostly Pride, which *John* before suppress'd;
 He suck'd it in, and weak Resistance made,
 Unwilling to suspect, and faintly pray'd,
 Till Satan him into the Chariot drew.
 And, lest he should reflect, away it flew:
Eusebio rising to his wonted Lauds,
 Missing *Hymnotheo*, Diabolick Frauds
 Instantly guess'd, fell on his Knees and wept,
 And solemn Fast for his Deliv'rance kept;

John

The Penitent.

39

John Pray'r incessant for *Hymnotheo* made,
That he might all the Tempter's Snares evade;
God heard, for Lovers never pray in vain,
Yet would not the Fiend hinder, but restrain,
Permitting the Success of Satan's Cheat,
To teach the Youth the Tempter to defeat.

Fair *Smyrna's* Angel in his Flight descry'd,
Upon the smooth Expanse the Chariot glide,
And swiftly to *John's* Guardian flies to tell,
The dire Attempt made on the Youth by Hell.
John, who the Angel heard from his Repose,
Into his hallow'd Oratory goes;
There prostrate on the Ground himself he laid,
With Sighs and Tears he for *Hymnotheo* pray'd:
God heard, and bad *Phylacter* fly with Speed,
Unseen to his abandon'd Charge in need:
Satan, who lest the Youth should Fraud detect,
And from his Pow'r to Penitence deflect,
Swore he would ruin him, and Heav'n outbrave,
And tow'rd curs'd *Corah's* Gulf the Chariot drave,
Which by Explosion of pent Air he tore,
It gap'd as for the Murmerers heretofore;
There he design'd to throw him into Hell,
That kept in Chains he might no more rebel;
But he the Chariot drave he knew not where,
Infatuated by Providential Care,
His Intellect his Spirit quite forsook,
To *Dives* Gulf the ready Way he took;
The Fiend his Force to plunge him there applies,
When, sent by Heav'n, *Phylacter* to him flies;

And soon as he approach'd the Chariot Side,
 The Fishes Wings were by his Ardours dry'd;
 The Chariot overthrown, the Monsters fell
 With Satan down the horrid Gulf to Hell,
 Where the damn'd Populace against him rose,
 And his Defeat chafis'd with trebled Woes:
Phylacter caught the Youth in soft Embrace,
 And posits him in the vast unfathom'd Space;
 There he remain'd, high Heav'n and Hell betwixt,
 Unmoveable while in the Center fix'd:
 There no Magnetick Force his Weight could draw,
 There pois'd both Regions he of *Hades* saw:
 In *Equilibrium* there he was detain'd,
 Till *John's* Devotion a full Conquest gain'd.

Uranio, who of *John* had Guardian Care,
 His Eagle brought and Chariot through the Air,
 Which *JESUS* sent the aged Saint to ease,
 When wearied by long Praying on his Knees;
 He *JESUS* prais'd for his supporting Grace,
 And swiftly drave through the aerial Space;
Uranio flew just at the Chariot's Stern,
 With watchful Eyes all Dangers to discern;
 The pliant Bird flew swift along the Sphere,
 Till to *Hymnotheo's* Station drawing near,
John from his Angel's Wings the Youth receiv'd,
 With deep Remorse for his Seduction griev'd;
John with a sweet Reproof his Soul endears,
 Then seated by his Side allays his Fears,
 And seeing the thick Mist which Satan threw
 Before his Eyes, to darken Ghostly View,

Thus

Thus spake ; As the blind Man restor'd to Sight,
Saw Men as Trees by his first glimmering Light ;
Till JESUS touch'd his feeble Eyes again,
Then he discern'd minuteſt Objects plain ;
Your Eyes thus dimly will Things heav'nly ſee,
Till they from ſenſual Cataracts are free ;
'Tis JESUS only can your Sight retrieve,
I with this Baſam will your Eyes relieve ;
Then from a Golden Box, which o're the vaſt
Perfume, refreshing, odorif'rous Taſt,
Like humble Mary's coſtly Spikenard ſweet,
Which ſhe diſfus'd on our Redeemer's Feet,
He with Eye-Salve anointed either Eye,
That both might Objects in true Forms deſcry.

There is a Gulf 'twixt Heav'n and Tophet ſpread,
Dividing the two Regions of the dead ;
The upper Mansions, where the Good reſoſe ;
The lower Dungeons, which the Bad incloſe ;
Where God to their Alotments Souls confines,
And ne're permits to paſs the Barrier Lines ;
Through which curs'd Dives, who bleſs'd Lazarus
In vain for one cool Drop of Water ſu'd ; (view'd,
Good and bad Angels there fly to and fro,
To waſt the Saints to Blifs, the Damn'd to Woe :
John in the Center ſtopp'd his Eagle's Flight,
To give his Charge of both a moving Sight.

On the Infernal vaſt's ſuperiour Brim,
They Death diſcover, ghafily, tall, and grim,
The Skeleton was cloath'd with ragged Skin,
Through which his Bones might numbred be within,

On

On a pale Horse, lean as himself, he rood,
 Swift as a Whirlwind, with soft Feathers shod;
 By which unheard and unperceiv'd he flies,
 The careless in a Moment to surprize;
 By God's Command he roves the World about,
 And murders all in his determin'd Rout;
 His Carcase with a winding Sheet he vails,
 Three Furlongs it behind the Monster trails;
 Which with fresh Drops of humane Gore is fill'd,
 One for each Mortal he has that Day kill'd;
 An empty Quiver o're his Shoulder hung,
 Whose Darts that Day at humane Race were flung,
 Each Morning it replenish'd is again
 With Darts for all appointed to be slain;
 With steady Eye he aims at ev'ry Heart,
 And ne're in vain trajects a single Dart;
 Ears he has none, inexorable flies,
 Is mov'd by no Intenerating Cries;
 A long wreath'd Tail he has, with deadly Sting,
 Which through a guilty Conscience he can fling,
 Which with the Pangs of Guilt afflict it more,
 Than all his other Terrors could before;
 Both good and bad his Summons must obey,
 Death keeps with Sin co-universal Sway,
 Yet his invenom'd Sting can enter none,
 Who God with penitential Tears atone.

Death's Messengers attend in num'rous Swarms,
 Fate follows in ten thousand various Forms,
 Deliriums, Pains, Diseases him surround,
 And all the Engines which may Life confound;

Abaddon

Abaddon for his Second he deposes;
To seize curs'd Souls, at whom he Arrows shoots;
Abaddon, King of the Infernal Clan,
Who with their Stings, to Hell goad wicked Man,
His Fiends attend his Spite, detach'd from Hell,
Like Screech-Owles they a Stink, cadav'rous Smell;
They haunt Sick-Beds, and when a Mortal spent,
Amidst his dying Pangs the Wretch torment;
They curse, revile, and with Impatience rave,
Till they asunder tare him to his Grave;
At his last Gasp their fierce Assaults revive,
They glory when they Souls to Torture drive.

The Saints when on their Beds they gasping roll,
JESUS is wont their Death-pangs to condole,
And his propitious Angel *Gabriel* sends, (mends;
To whose bright Squadrons he their Care com-
Their Od'rous Plumes encircle Saints about,
They sweetly call their lingring Spirits out;
They to Eternal Bliss their Souls invite,
Raise them from Dolours to immense Delight;
Till sick of Life, they long to be dissolv'd,
And in God's everlasting Arms involv'd:
The Cherubs, when a Saint tow'rs Glory springs,
Lend him their supernumerary Wings;
As Birds, who have escap'd the Fowler's Snare,
With Pleasure wander in the spacious Air;
Thus Souls from Matter free like Angels fly,
And far above the Sun their Vigour try;
Sin, Darknes, Error, vanish then away,
And Reason reassumes its native Sway;

The

The Soul in true Idea's Things conceives,
 The lovely Image of Great God retrieves;
 No Passion feels, but boundless Joy and Love,
 And hasts to its Inheritance Above:
 Bright *Gabriel* new-departed Souls collects,
 And to supernal Bliss their Flight directs;
 Guided by *JESUS*, who their State reveals,
 He Saints with the Triunal Signet seals;
 And when *Abaddon* his Approaches makes,
 His disappointed Ray those Souls forsakes:
 But when no Seal he on the dying spies,
 He on that Soul with Hellish Fury flies:
 In the unfathom'd Gulf, 'twixt Woe and Bliss,
 Where the Roads part their Way, Souls cannot
 (miss.

Foul Guilt, pure Innocence themselves will guide,
 The Weights of Conscience their just Lots decide.

But here a mournful Sight afflicts their Eye,
 Their Ears were wounded with a dol'rous Cry,
 The curst Fiends came driving num'rous Shoals
 Of new departed, miserable Souls; (Groans
 Strange Dread and Anguish in their Looks and
 Deep pierce *Hymnotheo*, who their State bemoans:
 Ah bless'd Apostle, who are they, he cry'd?
 The Damn'd, said he, who since the Morning dy'd.
Hymnotheo of a Soul his Voice could reach,
 Besought to be admitted to the Speech;
John gave Consent, *Hymnotheo* calls a Soul
 Out of the Drove, his Sorrows to condole;

Unhappy

Unhappy Wretch, said he, to me relate,
 The sad Occasion of your dol'rous Fate:
 No Words, reply'd the Spirit, can express
 The least Ingredient of my dire Distress;
 'Tis but seven Minutes since I breath'd my last,
 And to the State of sep'rate Spirits past:
 My Soul was in Amazement at the Change,
 All that I saw was terrible and strange;
 The Martyrs when alive by Tyrants fled,
 Did not their Skins on their raw Muscles need,
 More than methought I my own Body miss'd,
 Wondring how I thus naked could exist:
 One fatal Moment, Life, Fame, Wealth, and Joys,
 And all my Hopes of endless Bliss destroys;
 Soon as in Separation I appear'd,
 My Intellect was to my Sorrow clear'd;
 My Unbelief was in that Moment cur'd,
 Of Heav'n and Hell I fully was assur'd;
 Of righteous God I had afflicting Awe,
 Against my Will I then rever'd his Law;
 Of Sin I had a just, but horrid View,
 Despairing Anguish pierc'd me through and
 Ah! I of *JESUS* have a lively Sense, (through;
 And Anguors for his outrag'd Love intense;
 Death's dreadful Messengers my Life assail'd,
 My Soul they rudely from my Body hal'd,
 Till the dread Judgments Doom to undergo
 Of lower *Hades*, the initial Woe:
 Yet curs'd *Abaddon's* Diabolick Crew,
 Death's Terrors unconceivably outdo;

They

They spitefully congratulate my Pain,
 While I provoke their Malice with Disdain;
 They tauntingly my Loss of Heav'n upbraid;
 O! I am hurried to the dismal Shade;
 I sink, I sink, ah me! my Respite's spent,
 O Youth take Warning, and in Time repent:
 The Youth the Warning heard, and heedful
 (weigh'd,
 Which in his Spirit deep Impressions made.

Death to *Abaddon* leaves the new damn'd Ghosts;
 And to his horrid Habitation posts;
Hymnotheo humbly then the Saint desir'd,
 To shew him to what Region Death retir'd:
 The tender Saint, Conviction to compleat,
 From his high Chariot points out Death's Retreat,
 A vast unmeasurable Vale he shew'd,
 With humane Bones and splintred Coffins strew'd;
 With Graves ten thousand Stories high wall'd

(round,
 Streaming Corruption on the noisome Ground;
 As Men, who tow'rds the Center dig, behold
 The Layers all the Way of different Mold;
 Thus of each Age since Death began its Reign,
 The *Strata* there of Graves distinct remain;
 There humane Ashes mix'd together lie,
 None can a Beggar's from a King's descry;
 Both mortal view with equal Horrors strike,
 Both are devour'd, both rot and stink alike:
 Un-numberd Shoals of Worms insult the dead,
 And die themselves when to a Surfeit fed;

There

There nothing lives but what's design'd for ill,
And has just Life and Light enough to kill;
'Tis darkned with a constant, dismal Shade,
Which the Sun's Rays could never yet invade:
That Pile of humane Bones and Skulls was rear'd
After the Flood, just as dry Land appear'd;
When all Mankind for impious Deeds lay drown'd,
And vail'd with stinking Carcases the Ground;
Of Skeletons Death then full Harvest reap'd,
And from their Limbs that frightful Building
Innumerable Chambers fill the Square, (heap'd;
Where his Attendants various Deaths prepare;
Untimely Fates, Diseases, and strong Pains,
For ev'ry Nation which the World contains;
The Gates are Pieces of dead rotten Trees,
An Angel styl'd *Kleiduchus* keeps the Keys:
'Tis *JESUS* Will that Angel to ordain,
The Tyrant to licentiate or refrain:
See Death returning to his dark Abode,
His empty Quiver with fresh Darts to load;
His daily March, when ended round the Globe,
In the dead Sea is wash'd his Bloody Robe;
Death like curs'd Sin unwearied takes no Rest,
They Day and Night laps'd humane Race infest;
Subdue curs'd Sin, and Death you may despise,
'Tis Sin which Death with Sting and Dart supplies:
The Youth near lower *Hades* sees a Gate,
At which a watchful Angel seem'd to wait;
What is that Gate, said he, of massy Gold,
Which glitt'ring in that Darkness I behold?

'Tis

'Tis *Mammon's* Gate, beloved *John* replies;
 Who in a gaudy Cave imprison'd lies;
 The Angel *Chrystophil* the Entrance keeps,
 And strict Account of all his wealthy Heaps:
 God's Name and Adoration he invades,
 And earthly Minds to worship him perswades;
 Mountainous Offers he to Vot'rys makes,
 Those who most serve him, soonest he forsakes:
 His Gold flies to and fro on treach'rous Wings,
 And only for their Bane to Misers clings:
 Vain Man, who cannot, or who will not see,
 Of Gold 'tis God, not *Mammon*, keeps the Key;
 Gold which wise God was pleas'd to bury deep,
 At utmost Distance from high Heav'n to keep;
 Gold which promiscuously here ebbs and flows,
 Which God for Trial more than Love bestows;
 Gold which God oft in Mercy takes away,
 Lest it should on our ghostly Vitals prey;
 Gold doom'd for its Malignity to dwell
 In the dark Confiners of near neighbouring Hell;
 Gold which innocuous slep'd, till, to their Bane,
 Men rais'd the Fiend, they ne' could lay again;
 Gold only to the Charitable bless'd;
 Gold which a Curse entails on all the rest.

Now raise, said *John*, your View, an Host
 (appears,
 Which brightens and perfumes the upper Spheres,
 All rob'd in Vehicles of Splendour bright,
 A venerable, lovely, radiant Sight:

Who

Who
 The
 Each
 With
 Each
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 But
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 John
 He
 Down
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 Tow'r
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 Fetch
 From
 Vol. III

Who, gracious *John*, *Hymnotheo* said, are they?
The faithful Souls, said he, new stripp'd of Clay:
Each has his Guardian waiting by his Side,
With Wings obsequious to support and guide;
Each comes from hov'ring o're his native Shell,
Till Resurrection bidding it farewell;
High *Gabriel* and his Squadrons guard the March,
Till they ascend the Empyrean Arch.

Ah! Father, said the Youth, may mortal Sight
Trace to their Journey's End that glorious Flight?
Material Wings, the blessed *John* replies,
Can never to supernal Regions rise;
Swift as their Pray'rs, they speed to Glory make,
No six-wing'd Seraph them can overtake;
But I'll, by God's Permission, to you show,
All that of future Heav'n by Faith we know;
John then to his *Uranio* gave the Sign,
He took the Thought, flew from the Central Line,
Down to the dusky Air, to gather Cloud,
Which in its Globar Form should them enshroud;
Tow'rds Heav'n he made a hallow with his Spear,
No bigger than the Stars below appear;
And on the adverse Side spread his white Vest,
Of Linen made, in which the Saints are dress'd;
The hollow He adjusted to enfold,
A Convex Circle of transparent Gold;
It was the Radiant Cover which lay o're
The od'rous Box *John* opened just before;
Fetch'd from the same super-celestial Mine,
From which God built *Jerusalem* divine;
Vol. III.

John tow'rd's the Linen turn'd *Hymnotheo*'s Eyes,
 Who gazing late with ravishing Surprize;
 For as blest'd *Hades* Gates were open laid,
 While the ascending Saints their Entrance made,
 The Youth had on the Veil in Picture bright,
 Of the Saint's previous Joys a rapt'rous Sight.

O Happiness which cannot be express'd,
 In which, said *John*, Saints from their Labours rest;
 Above all Sin and Sorrow they are plac'd,
 And with the Sight of God incarnate grac'd;
 In outward Courts at present they reside,
 And at a Distance from the Throne abide;
 There longing for Re-union to their Dust,
 For the full Congregation of the Just,
 To hear the Awful Trump to Judgment sound,
 To be eternally absolv'd and crown'd;
 With Bodies glorify'd to be array'd,
 Inhabitants of the bright Temple made;
 To a Seraphick Pitch their Souls to tune,
 And for the glorious Sight of God Triune:
 Their Morning Bliss no Thought can comprehend,
 Which their Meridian Beams shall far transcend.

Mean while *Phylacter* stood not idle by,
 But from the Refuse of the dusky Sky,
Uranio left a Tube of Cloud contriv'd,
 By which the Sounds from *Hades* were deriv'd;
 The Youth through that up turn'd with ravish'd
 (Ears,

Melodious Airs, and Harps, and Voices hears;

With

The Penitent.

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With what sweet mutual Transports Saints con-

(verse,

And all God's Favours to their Souls rehearse ;

What high ecstasick Hymns they there endite,

With Harmony, Devotion to excite.

(Cloud,

Then tow'rd's the World was turn'd the hollow

A Voice came through it dolorous and loud ;

The Youth's Regard was by *John's* Order lead,

Till fixing on a dying Man's sick Bed ;

This World, said *John*, to Fools may tempting seem ;

'Tis to the thoughtful a delusive Dream ;

Eye that sick Man, and listen to his Groans,

How the poor Worldling his sad Fate bemoans,

Stripp'd of Disguise the World to him appears,

Now he recalls his irreligious Years :

O my vain Hopes, he cries, my transient Joys,

Intemperance brutish, which my Soul destroys ;

Desires frustraneous, disappointed Aim,

Ambition once my Glory, now my Shame :

O Lusts impure, I blush to think of you,

I now too late your foul Enchantments rue ;

My lewd Companions, bitter is your Mirth,

My Idol Wealth, you nail'd me to this Earth :

O my past Madness, Sins on Sins to heap,

Dull Stupour which my Conscience laid asleep :

O the Vexations, Follies, Dangers, Cheats,

Which in the World a heedless Sinner meets :

O sensual Pleasures, Satan's common Bait,

You in Fruition all evaporate ;

Ye worldly Comforts, which me Captive led,
 In my Distress, O whither are you fled?
 If you approach me, 'tis not to condole,
 But only to insult my flitting Soul:
 You crowd into my Heart, pollute my Pray'r,
 You tempt me to take Refuge in Despair:
 Ah! if you would, ye cannot me relieve,
 Or from invading Death my Soul reprieve;
 You in my dol'rous Pangs can give no Ease;
 But your Remembrance heightens my Disease;
 Into Hell Flames when these pale Limbs are flung,
 You cannot lave one Drop to cool my Tongue;
 See how the Devils snatch me, O curs'd World,
 Into dread Horrors you my Spirit hurl'd:
 Such is the World whene'er it rivals God;
 Which under Feet the Saints triumphant trod;
 Live then to ev'ry Vice perpetual Foe,
 In Heav'n at Home, a Stranger here below;
 In our probationary earthly State,
 God to Mens Choice commits their future Fate;
 Sinners, whose Option is eternal Pain, (plain
 When damn'd, shall of themselves, not God, com-
 God of both States indulges you the Sight,
 Your Resolution fix, and choose the right.

High Praise *Hymnotheo* to great God express'd,
 Who such a Wretch had with such Prospects bless'd;
 Religious Hope and Fear the Youth imbib'd,
 While *John* both Regions to his Soul describ'd;
 Resolv'd his Guilt with Horror to review,
 His solemn Vow Baptifmal to renew;

Inte curs'd wilful Sin no more to fall,
His lively Visions daily to recal;
And earnestly pray'd *John* his Course to steer,
Where he might best devote his Life to Tear:
John by endearing Truth reform'd his Mind,
And sweetly to God's Law his Will inclin'd;
He from the Gulf then gave the Eagle Rein,
Who swiftly shot through the aerial Main,
Till he on *Liban* stopp'd, his Wings to ease,
Where the Youth walk'd beneath the shady Trees;
The Mount with Aromatick Plants is spread,
By Chrystal Streams from pleasant Fountains fed;
Warm Summer and cold Winter there unite,
Here 'tis a verdant Green, there snowy white;
There range wild Beasts, and there black Lions

(roar,

Who *John*'s Abode, aw'd by kind Heav'n, forbore;
There grovelling Thistles creep, yet swell'd with
To the tall Cedars sought to be ally'd, (Pride,
Till a Beast trod the proud one to the Ground,
The Aims of the Ambitious to confound;
There od'rous Groves of lofty Cedars rise, (Skies;
Pointing their Leaves and Fruits up tow'rd the
From Time, Storm, Worm, they no Corruption

(fear,

Still more aspiring tow'rd the happy Sphere;
Emblems of Saints, whose Graces heav'n-ward
(grow,
Rais'd far above the short-liv'd Joys below:

God's Spouse her Beams from *Liban* Cedars chose,
 To roof her Chambers where she took Repose ;
 Wife *Solomon* from thence tall Cedars brought,
 Which Artists for the stately Temple wrought :
 There he his Forest-House of Pleasure plac'd,
 With Cedar Walls, and Beams and Pillars grac'd ;
John, who the Fervours of young Converts knew,
 And how they oft fatigu'd and languid grew,
 The Youth entirely from false Joys to wean,
 To perfect his Conviction rais'd a Scene ;
 On *Liban* Palace standing on the Site,
 By Virtue of his Apostolick Might,
 He sent *Uranio* to and fro to fly,
 Over its whole Circumference in the Sky ;
 And to collect all the *Effluvia* there
 Of *Solomon*, still floating in the Air ;
 Which when dispos'd by his mirac'lous Aid,
 All *Solomon's* Magnificence display'd.

Hymnotheo on the beauteous Landskip gaz'd,
 And felt himself transportingly amaz'd :
 There all the Joys which fascinate Mankind,
 For which they Heav'n forsake, he saw combin'd,
 Next to the Scene, the Fiend for *JESUS* drew,
 None of the World e're had a fuller View :
 There Wealth and Honour at their utmost Height,
 There all Things which could ev'ry Sense delight,
 There humane Wisdom and Imperial Sway,
 Delicious Gardens, and a Palace gay,
 Health, Youth, unbridled Lust, continual Feast,
 All the Perfumes, Gems, Dainties of the *East* ;

There

There of the Globe all quintessential Sweets,
Vastly transcending *Daphne's* mean Retreats;
In boundless Plenty the Youth pictur'd saw,
But lest they should his sudden Liking draw,
John shew'd on each the Supercription grav'd,
Which *Solomon* experienc'd, while deprav'd,
Vanity and Vexation there he read,
And from the Life himself in *Daphne* lead,
His own Experience with that King's compar'd,
And vow'd by Lust ne're more to be ensnar'd.

John, while the Bird fed on balsamick Air,
Was rapp'd in Meditation, Praise and Pray'r;
Hymnotheo walk'd on the *Libanick* Plains,
John fearing nothing from the harmless Swains;
A lonely Shepherd, as he walk'd along
He saw, who tun'd his Harp to sing this Song:

(Shade,

Thrice happy Man, lodg'd in sweet private
Which nor Contempt nor Envy e're invade;
Who has great God his Father and his Friend,
Who Heav'n proposes for his Journey's End;
Wont to his God his Troubles to disclose,
And from his Promise to derive Repose;
Whose Pray'rs ascend to Heav'n with vig'rous

(Flight,

Who keeps God always in his awful Sight;
Ejaculating Praise in ev'ry Place,
Who to his Work, as to his Meat, says Grace;
To whose Repentance God a Pardon seals,
Who the reviving Rays of Pardon feels;

D 4

Whose

Whose Zeal is for God's Glory ever warm,
 Who would his Life, not ancient Faith, reform;
 Who in all Dangers on his God depends,
 Whose Safety an Angelick Host defends;
 Who persecuted Duty ne're declines,
 Whose Spirit, Trouble breaks not, but refines;
 Who daily sacred Writ devoutly reads,
 And with fresh Subjects Meditation feeds;
 Whose inoffensive Conscience, at full Rest,
 Creates habitual Joy within his Breast;
 In simple Truth whose Wisdom only lies,
 And never feels Embroilments of Disguise;
 Who all Affronts with Patience entertains,
 And Ground by Meekness, not Abjection, gains;
 Who by Converse his Neighbour ne're defiles,
 Who none despises, injures, or reviles;
 Whose Charity, like God, is unconfin'd,
 And would be Benefactor to Mankind;
 Whose little Flock by lib'ral Alms is blest'd,
 Who oft makes *JESUS* in the Poor his Guest;
 Whose Virtue's uniform, and Heart sincere,
 To others easie, to himself severe;
 Who well-mean'd Error with Compassion treats,
 Fir'd by no Party with Excentrick Heats;
 Whose soft Reproofs have an obliging Force;
 Who with a Relish can of Heav'n discourse;
 Who by Example more than Counsel sways,
 Who Ills with over-plus of Good repays;
 Who others Wrongs, as God his Sins forgives,
 Of his own Heart in jealous Caution lives;

His ghostly Watch and Weapons daily plies,
 Ne're thinks his Spirit safe from a Surprise;
 His tenderest Concerns with God can trust,
 And rather would be needy than unjust;
 Who acquiesces in plain Truths reveal'd,
 Pries into no Abstrusities conceal'd;
 Primeval Saintship rev'rendly esteems,
 In his Religion owns no modern Schemes;
 Whom no one fashionable Vice can taint,
 Who in a *Sodom* can continue Saint;
 Who in the World, makes from the World

(Retreat,

Stills studies to be rather good than great;
 In a mean pleasant Cottage dwells secure,
 Wondring how Men can Wealth and Pomp endure;
 Resolves Town Noise, Stink, *Philtres* to avoid,
 Still on his Field, or on a Book employ'd;
 Of Temper even, of a constant Mind,
 Whom no strong Passion can enslave or blind;
 Whose Duty lies in a proportion'd Sphere,
 Has Competence his Station to endear;
 Would be himself, and nothing else requires,
 No Disappointment feels, since no Desires;
 Chooses plain, wholesome, cleanly Food to eat,
 Rising refresh'd, not glutted, from his Meat;
 Free from the Anguish of a Life miss'd,
 And previous Horrors which the Impious dread;
 Who from God's Blessings severs the Abuse,
 Has no Fruition of the World but Use;

Whose

Whose Care is for the present Manna spent,
 Who with his daily Omer lives content ;
 Who takes in Revolutions the right Side,
 And makes the Law, not Multitude, his Guide ;
 Who still remembers Death before he sleeps,
 His last Accounts adjusted daily keeps ;
 Who publick Sins with secret Tears bewails,
 And for Arrest of Judgment oft prevails ;
 Who when great God for Vengeance arm'd ap-
 (pears,
 Has midst a Show'r of Thunderbolts no Fears ;
 No Bolts at his innocuous Head are aim'd,
 Who all the Sins which drew them down disclaim'd ;
 Who is the mighty Thund'rer's constant Care,
 And stops his ireful Hand by fervent Pray'r ;
 His Will to God strives wholly to resign,
 Who has no Will himself, but the Divine ;
 Prepar'd to undergo a Martyr's Doom,
 Yet dares not to seek Martyrdom presume ;
 Who daily grows of Blifs more humbly sure,
 More like to *JESUS*, more for Heav'n mature ;
 Sings his own *Nunc Dimittis* when he dies,
 And on his Angel's Wings to Glory flies.

O happy Life, *Hymnotheo* cry'd, well spent,
 Bless'd with what rarely great ones know, Content ;
 He feels more real Pleasure ev'ry Day,
 Than I the two lost Years I went astray ;
 Hymn, the Imployment of the happy Sphere,
 He makes his daily Recreation here.

His

His last Accounts for Judgment are but few,
Death cannot fright him who keeps Heav'n in
(View.

God's sweet preventing Love, each Vot'ry's Guide,
Hymnothes drew by kind impulse aside;
Where he two Shepherds saw, an old and young,
And wondred that the old one only sung;
And as with greedy Ears he drew them nigh,
He heard the one to th' other thus apply:



ANNOSO and NOVITIO.

No.  Ather *Annofo*, as I pass'd along
I stopp'd, delighted with your
(Strings and Song;
Methought the youngest Shepherd of the Plain,
Ne're play'd, ne're sang a more harmonious Strain;
We with our Pipes prompt all the Ecchoes round,
The Instrument you touch has sweeter Sound.

An. The Instrument, *Novitio*, you admire,
Was once the *Bethlemetick* Shepherd's Lyre;
The sweetest Singer *Israel* ever bred,
Who from a Shepherd rose to a crown'd Head;
While his Sheep graz'd in open Plain or Shade,
He to his Harp sang the sweet Psalms he made.

No.

No. David you mean. *An.* Novitio, you guess
(right.

No. I oft have read his Story with Delight :
He slew, when young, a Lion and a Bear,
Which came with hungry Rage his Sheep to tare;
Out of his Sling he sent a well-aim'd Stone,
Which made *Goliath* fetch his dying Groan ;
He on the Ground the proud Blasphemer laid,
Cut off his Head with his own pond'rous Blade ;
He struck the Pagan Host with ghastly Fright,
And as victorious he return'd from Fight ;
The Air with Song all *Israel's* Daughters fill'd,
Saul, thousands ; *David*, his ten thousands kill'd :
O wondrous Youth, who in his tender Age
Dar'd in such dreadful Conflicts to engage.

An. Ah dear *Novitio*, little do you know,
That you must Fights more dang'rous undergo.

No. What are those dang'rous Fights, good
(Father, say.

An. The same which you engage in ev'ry Day.

No. Sure you mistake, the Sun begins to set,
And I this Day have no one Danger met.

An. You have, *Novitio*, but Youth takes no
(Heed,

Loves Danger, and desires not to be freed.

No. Love Danger, Am I a Madman or Fool ?
Would an old Swain a young one ridicule ?

An. O no, I am in earnest, and speak Truth,
And what my self experienc'd from my Youth.

No.

The Penitent.

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No. I know not how you spent your youthful

(Heat,

Will you all Swains by your own Measure mete?

An. All more or less the like Encounters feel,
Against such Risks I would your Spirit steel.

No. Tell what they are? *An.* Look into your

(own Breast,

You'll feel the Foes which *Adam's* Race infest;
The flatt'ring World, Temptations forg'd in Hell,
Foul Passions, which against the Mind rebel;

These Furies Youth of either Sex assail,
And our false Hearts assist them to prevail:

These to our Souls more formidable are,

Than a *Goliath*, Lion, or a Bear:

These may a mortal Life destroy, but they
On vital Grace and Life immortal prey:

I, who their Force long felt, invok'd God's Aid,
And Strength receiv'd those Dangers to evade:

Since that, I make it chiefest of my Cares,
To warn all Youth of those tremendous Snares.

No. Although I am but young, confess I must
The Force of Hell, the World, and youthful Lust;

Fain would I learn those Dangers to avoid,

By which I see so many Youths destroy'd:

Proceed, good Father, I'll attentive hear,

Yet you my Heart more strongly would endear,

If with your Words your Strings might Move-

(ment keep,

They'd then sink down indelible and deep.

An. If Musick more affects you, your Desire

I'll strive to gratifie with Song and Lyre: *Eula-*

Eulabio, a good Swain as er'e broke Bread,
 Who had the Poor with daily Portions fed;
 With whom *Fidelia* had co-equal Shares (Prayers;
 In Love, Joys, Griefs, Alms, Labours, Hymns and
 On a rich Plain had their sweet dwelling-Place,
 True Children both of faithful Shepherds Race.
 Heav'n with two Sons, the pious Parents blest'd,
 The Cares, the Comforts of their tender Breast:
 The elder was *Philotheo*, grave and mild,
 The younger airy, was *Philedon* styl'd.
 They both alike were train'd to sacred Law,
 That learn'd by Inclination, this by Awe;
 That from his Youth the World could never taint,
 This daily grew impatient of Restraint:
 That was of steady, and well temper'd Mind,
 This eager, and unstable as the Wind;
 That was from ill, by Industry secur'd,
 This to Temptations Idleness allur'd;
 That his dear Parents honour'd and obey'd,
 This never their Paternal Counsels weigh'd;
 That had of God a reverential Fear,
 This neither God nor Conscience would revere;
 That by base Servants would not be beguil'd,
 This would be call'd young Master from a Child.
Philedon er'e his third sabbatick Year
 Was spent, thus importun'd his Father's Ear.

O Father, Since this Age I have attain'd,
 And manly Knowledge of things worldly gain'd;
 Your Blessing and my Portion I implore,
 I'll in some foreign Land improve my Store;

At

The Penitent.

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At my Return, you shall your Son behold,
Full freighted with Experience and with Gold :
'Tis ling'ring Death to a free gen'rous Mind,
To languish here at Home, and be confin'd.
Ah Son! with trickling Eyes, the Father said,
Youth in the World with Dangers is way-laid ;
You are in Safety while you stay at Home,
And Vice will seize you, when abroad you roame :
Say what you want, and it shall be supply'd ;
No harmless Pleasure here shall be deny'd.
The Mother's Tears kept with the Father's pace,
Both yearning held their Child in soft embrace.

O Parents, he rejoyn'd, those Tears forbear,
I of my self am able to take care ;
To know my self and World I have been bred,
A Man of Sense will scorn to be misled.
I what to follow skill, and what to shun,
And in the World resolve my Course to run.
His Parents saw no Tears would melt his Heart,
Grant him with sighs a younger Brother's part.
The proud Self-Confident all things provides,
Begg both their Blessings, and away he rides ;
His Parents Signs of much more Sorrow gave,
Than if they had interr'd him in his Grave.

To the great Town the heedless Youth made haste,
His Conscience, Credit, Time, Purse, Health to
Lewd Company there Vice familiarize, (waste ;
By impious Talk his Spirit atheize :
He of a Beau much courted the Esteem,
And thought it Wit and Breeding to blaspheme.

Foul,

Foul, lep'rous Quanes, as Bafilisks, by View,
 Their pois'nous Breath out in their Kisses threw;
 Straight Troops of Fourbs and Bravoës him sur-
 (round,
 Those him with Cheats, with Menace these con-
 (found;
 He from lewd Songs sucks Lewdness with Delight,
 Soon learns himself lewd Sonnets to endite;
 His Conversation wholly was impure,
 And no chaste Ear his Presence could endure;
 Fond of gay Cloaths and Feathers grew the Ass,
 Consulted forty Times a Day his Glass;
 The Dancing-Schools his Academies were,
 Walking he mov'd with a *Couranto* Air;
 Ambitious to feed high, and guzzle Wine,
 And like a Plague, Reflection to decline;
 Base flatt'ers blew the Bubble up with Pride,
 Whom when his Back was turn'd, they would
 (deride;
 The cunning Gamesters made the Fool their Prey,
 Sent him with empty Pockets still away;
 Dice, Tavern, Stews, Balls, Evening Tour and Stage,
 He thought the Business of the youthful Age;
 For ev'ry Vice he learn'd a harmless Name,
 His Conscience to disarm, and baffle Shame;
 Pride, was a sprightly Ardour to excel
 Debauchery, Mirth, Gluttony, eating well;
 Revenge was only Reparation just,
 Ease was for Sloth, Amour was put for Lust;

And Atheism was but Liberty of Thought,
Thus to young Fops outrageous Vice was taught ;
All who approach'd him in his Bane combin'd,
While to his Cure the wilful Wretch was blind ;
Resolv'd Experiments in Vice to try,
And dearly a too late Repentance buy.

In a short Time, soon as his Wealth was spent,
All his false Friends seem to afflict him bent ;
His Cloaths he by Degrees had sold for Meat,
Went helpless and half-naked through the Street :
The Sot all scorn'd, insulted and decry'd,
Bread, Harbour, Rags, they in his Need deny'd ;
He casts up his Accounts, and sighing sees,
His Gains were Shame, Want, Horror, and Disease.
The Wretch with Hunger, who began to pine,
Flew to a Farmer, begg'd to keep his Swine ;
And with the Swine he kept, he daily fed,
Had only a few Husks allow'd for Bread ;
And of those Husks his Fill he ne're attain'd,
Which sadly he revolving thus complain'd :

Ah Wretch, into what Miseries have I run,
What Hast my Folly made to be undone ;
My Parents Tears and Counsels I despis'd,
And for my Pride am justly now chastis'd ;
My Father's Slaves have in Abundance Meat,
I the Swine's Husks am here deny'd to eat ;
I'll rise, and to my tender Father go,
He to my Tears and Wants may Pity shew ;
He went. Far off his Father sees his Child,
And with Compassion, soft, endearing, mild,

Runs tow'rds him, fast in his Embraces keeps,
Falls on his Neck, kisses him, joys, and weeps;
Fast as the Son's full Heart, the Father's bleeds,
While thus the Youth for Shelter interceeds :

Ah Father, I have outrag'd Heav'n and thee,
To be call'd Child I ne're can worthy be;
To be thy meanest Servant me admit,
The Name of Son I must in Justice quit :
His Sire sent Slaves the richest Robe to bring,
Shoes for his Feet, and for his Hand a Ring ;
Kill the fat Calf, he said, we'll drink and eat,
We'll make a joyful, Eucharistick Treat ;
My lost Son's found, my dead Son is alive,
At which *Fidelia's* Heart and mine revive :
Thus is good God, when by our Tears pleas'd,
With the Success of his own Mercy pleas'd.

The elder Son, in rural Toil employ'd,
Returning, found how all within were joy'd;
He heard loud various Musick, Song and Dance,
And all Things which might Jollity advance :
The unexpected Mirth at first he blam'd,
Till told 'twas for his Brother now reclaim'd;
Joy then was Duty, since kind Heav'n restor'd
Philedon safe, whose Death they had deplor'd.

Hymnotheo to the Song gave solemn Heed,
Saw Heav'n had for his Sake that Song decreed ;
Annofo to the Life his Picture drew,
Set his lewd Life in *Daphne* in his View ;
The Prodigal he still retain'd in Mind,
And from his Father his Reception kind :

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That penitential Grief, Fear, Shame reviv'd,
From this, Sweet Hope of Pardon he deriv'd;
And prais'd God's Goodness, who throughout
(our Lives,
All Things to center in our Good contrives;



BOOK III.

F O H N and Hymnotheo then for Flight
(prepare,
The Wheels kiss'd lightly the un-
(furrow'd Air,
Till on a sudden the Saint made a Stop,
Where both alighted on a Mountain's Top;
There JESUS's Lover, with an Awe profound,
Fell prostrate, pray'd, and wept, and kiss'd the
(Ground.

John, who a while in silent Rapt remain'd,
Brake out devoutly when he Speech regain'd;
O my Love crucify'd, I thee adore,
I love, O stretch my Pow'rs to love thee more:
Ah Son, said he, when to this Place you came,
Felt you no rapturous, no heav'nly Flame?
Upon this Mount God-Man was crucify'd,
Here the Cross stood, here JESUS for you dy'd:
O Love, which all God's other Loves exceeds,
Offended God for the Offender bleeds;

Great God aton'd for that dear Off'ring's Sake,
 Was pleas'd soft Pity on your Soul to take:
 O Guilt immense, never enough bemoan'd,
 For which nought but the Blood of God aton'd:
 Ah Son, of JESUS agonizing think,
 The bitter Cup whose Dregs he was to drink;
 His ardent Pray'rs, the dol'rous Tears he shed,
 His Body with his bloody Sweat bespread;
 The Spittle, Scorn, and Mock'ry he sustain'd,
 How he betray'd, was drag'd, accus'd, arraign'd;
 How to afflict him, Hell and Jews combin'd,
 How to their Rage his Father him resign'd;
 How his Cross on his tender Shoulders lay,
 How spent, his Spirit fainted in the Way;
 How scourg'd with Rods, bruis'd with insulting
 (Blows;
 How crown'd with Thorns, to multiply his Woes;
 How here he to the dol'rous Cross was nail'd;
 How with blasphemous Taunts he was assail'd;
 How Vinegar and Gall he thirsty took;
 How Godhead in his Pangs his Soul forsook;
 How he of Wrath divine the Wine-press trod,
 God to appease, offer'd for Victim God;
 And on the Cross breathing his painful last,
 To his propitiated great Father pass'd;
 How midst his Pangs, he turn'd a gracious Eye
 Tow'rd the repenting Thief, and heard his Cry;
 Then spake his *requiem* with Assurance sweet,
 That both that Day in Paradise should meet:

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The Penitent.

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OF *JESUS*'s Love think with Reflection deep,
And you will hope, repent, love much, and weep.

Could you offend that God would for you die?
Could you that God of Love re-crucify?

Ah can you penitential Tears refrain,
For thus renewing *JESUS* dying Pain?

Can you to love that boundless Love forbear,
Whose Love would his Re-crucifyer spare?

Who lov'd your Soul, when you deserv'd his Hate,
And deign'd for your Amendment long to wait;

Whose mighty Love, though outrag'd first, relents,
Whose sweet Attraction all your Love prevents;

To Pardon and to gracious Aids invites,

To an eternal Confluence of Delights:

Ah Son, let not sweet *JESUS* love in vain,
Immensely thus first lov'd, O love again.

As *Saul*, when mad with persecuting Ire,
Against the Saints breath'd Threats and Curses
And travelling the Faithful to confound, (dire;

By soft propitious Light was struck to Ground;

Then heard a Voice, but could no Person see,

Ah why this Persecution aim'd at me;

And when abus'd, a Second to him flew,

I *JESUS* am, whom you with Rage pursue;

His Heart was softned at that gracious Name,

He chang'd his fierce, to penitential Flame;

And from that Moment he began to feel,

The Meltings of a Christ enamour'd Zeal:

Thus the Youth's Heart, while *John* with him con-

Was with kind penitential Sorrow pierc'd; (vers'd,

70

Hymnotheo : Or,

He prostrate fell at the Apostle's Feet,
 While JESUS view'd him with an Aspect sweet,
 Like that with which he guilty *Peter* ey'd,
 When his dear suff'ring Master he deny'd:
 A Confluence of Passions on him seiz'd,
 Too stormy on a sudden to be eas'd; (within,
 His Heart broke, pray'd, sigh'd, wept, groan'd, bled
 Felt Shame, Hate, Horror, Dread, Disdain for Sin;
 The blessed Thief's Remembrance cheer'd his Mind,
 And gave him Hope he might like Mercy find:
 Long Time his Tongue was by his Passions stop'd,
 Till this Ejaculation from him drop'd;
 Sweet JESUS Mercy, Mercy on me shed,
 For thy own boundless Love which for me bled;
 Thou the repenting Thief didst hear and blest,
 Shew me like Pity in a like Distress:
 When of the Cross the Youth thus felt the Force
 Of penitential Love, the native Source,
John from the Ground his mournful Convert rear'd,
 And to compleat his Change the Chariot steer'd.

There is a Vale of Tears which Mountains bound,
 And from terrestrial Prospect wall it round,
 Where only Heav'n is open to the Sight, (Flight;
 Where happy Souls to Bliss commence their
 There in a Land, to the loose World unknown,
 The awful House of Mourning stands alone;
Phylbreno, Angel of Repentance styl'd,
 Of Aspect gracious, and of Language mild,
 Stands at the Gates, and with obliging Air,
 Opens to all who to the Place repair;

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The Penitent. 71

Bless'd *JESUS* thither guides returning Strays,
 And thither his new Convert *John* conveys;
Phylthreno, who the lov'd Disciple ey'd,
 And his *Hymnotheo* pensive by his Side,
 Into a charitable Transport breaks,
 His Welcome in a *Hallelujah* speaks;
 Down in his soft Embrace the Youth he takes,
 Who strait into the House his Entrance makes,
 While *John* to his *Ephesian* Flock refies,
 For all spiritual Needs to bring Supplies.

The Building was Quadrangular, and plain
 And humble, like the Souls which there remain,
 It solemn yet most uniform appear'd,
 The Pile was all of blackest Marble rear'd,
 Which shed incessant Tears at ev'ry Pore,
 As if 'twould its Inhabitants deplore;
 'Twas Cloister-wise contriv'd with Arches strong,
 Its *Area* a Sabbatick Journey long,
 That all the Mourners might apart abide,
 In little Cells, which the whole Pile divide;
 A Bible, kneeling Desk, and Books of Pray'r,
 The Furniture in each Apartment were;
Phylthreno first into the Storehouse slept,
 Which for the Mourner's Tears Receivers kept;
 That for the Youth *Phylacter* one might choose,
 Which when retir'd he in his Cell might use;
 And a strict Charge he to the Guardian gave,
 That he in that *Hymnotheo*'s Tears should save;
 For Angels, who their Chrystal Vials fill
 With Tears, which from their Penitents distil,

One wrings his Hands, another smites his Breast;
Some their past Sins implacably detest;
Some Death and Hell contemplate, to raise Fear;
Others with Hopes of Heav'n their Spirits cheer;
Some at the Thoughts of the last Judgment quake,
Backslidings make the Hearts of others ake;
Their troubled Spirits some by Weeping ease,
The Pangs of ghostly Birth on others seize;
This blushes when his Eyes he Heav'nward rears,
In that Shame and Confusion domineers;
This Spirit's wounded, and that Heart is broke,
All with strong Cries God's Tenderneſs invoke;
There evil Spirits at a Distance stand,
Kept from the Cells by God's propitious Hand;
Should they the Penitents Confeſſions hear,
Where all the Secrets of their Hearts appear,
Temptations they would form, Size, Sute, adulſe,
Too ſtrong for Man to conquer or repulſe.

A Garden in the Arches lay enclos'd,
Which at firſt View for ſerious Thought dispos'd;
Sepulchral Cypreſs, Lawrel, Pine, and Bays,
Yew, and all Trees, whoſe Verdure ne're decays,
Are planted in long Rows, where Mourners walk,
And of their inward Griefs condoling Talk;
While others into Grotts. obſcure retire,
And unobserv'd, to Heav'n in Sighs aſpire:
Tall weeping Trees in ev'ry Quarter ſtand,
And water with continual Tears the Land;
Such as in torrid Iſlands Men deſcry, (ſupply:
Whoſe dropping Boughs the Want of Show'rs
Arbours

Arbours are there of close and solemn Shade,
 For Recollection and Retirement made;
 There solitary Sparrows sit alone,
 Complaining Pelicanes themselves be moan;
 Soft Doves vent their compassionating Note,
 All Creatures there are heard which Grief promote;
 No beauteous Flow'rs there spring, no pleasant
 (Fruits,
 Rue, Carduus, Wormwood, various bitter Roots,
 And ev'ry Herb unpalatable grows,
 Wont the old Paschal Sallad to compose;
 Their Vests are Hair or Sackcloth, Dust their Bed,
 Wash'd with the overflowing Tears they shed;
 Their Drink from ever-dropping Trees is rain'd,
 Like *Marah's* Streams, of which the Tribes com-
 (plain'd;
 And as with bitter Draughts they quench their
 Into the Cup their briny Torrents burst; (Thirst,
 The coursest Meal for daily Bread they use,
 Moistned with Tears their mournful Eyes *infuse*;
 The heav'nly Sun there daily wont to rise,
 Cheers with his healing Wings the Mourners Eyes,
 From his propitious Throne each Moment sheds,
 Encouraging mild Rays upon their Heads:
 In *Adam's* Sons the Son of God delights,
 And mournful Sinners to his Arms invites;
 His Love is wont immensely to rejoice,
 Where'er an humble Convert hears his Voice;
 His precious Blood for sinful Man he lost,
 And loves the Purchase for the Price it cost.

Salvian

The Penitent.

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Salvian the Youth then to the Wardrobe guides,
Where Hair and Sackcloth Vests hung round the

(Sides;

The Youth a Girdle chose and Coat of Hair,
Such as great Penitents are wont to wear;
Having put on his penitential Weeds,

Salvian the Youth next to the Chappel leads.

There stands just in the Middle of the Square,
Circled with Cedar Trees, a House of Pray'r;
Architects there strove their best Skill to shew,
'Tis built of polish'd Marble, white as Snow;
Mourners, who in their Cells affect black Night,
Appear at Church as Candidates of Light:

It is a Pile magnificent and large,
Of which Collegiate Pastors have the Charge;
Their Prelate *Salvian* over them presides,
To Penitents they are sagacious Guides;
Confessions private at their Chairs are made,
Which they to Souls command not, but perswade,
In Scandals chiefly, or Distress of Mind,
But all are to confess to God enjoyn'd:

The Mourners, who the Penitent espy'd,
A universal *miserere* cry'd;

And soon as he far off the Temple view'd,
His Self-Humiliations he renew'd;
His Feet unworthy he esteem'd to tread,
The very Path which to God's Presence led;
And at a Distance in the outward Court,
His humble Spirit spent its first Effort;

Jacob,

Jacob, who heard God speak, and Angels saw,
 Felt not at *Bethel* a more solemn Awe,
 With down-cast Looks asham'd to be erect,
 When on offended Heav'n his Thoughts reflect;
 With Tears, and Sighs, and Groans, together mix'd,
 Sent from a breaking Heart by Guilt transfix'd;
 He smiting oft his self-upbraiding Breast,
 His Guilt he like the Publican confess;
 All gracious God, for lovely *JESUS* Sake,
 On vile *Hymnotheo* tenderest Pity take:
 The Pray'r was short, but of eternal Force,
 And took to Heav'n an instantaneous Course.

In the great *Portico* there Night and Day,
 A Lazaret of wounded Spirits lay;
 None daring to approach the sacred Door,
 While they the Pray'rs of entering Saints implore;
 Kissing their Feet, bathing themselves in Tears,
 A breaking Heart through ev'ry Look appears;
 Notorious and flagitious Sinners there,
 With long sharp Penances their Souls repair;
 As the Sick Man lay to *Bethesda* nigh,
 And on the Pool still kept his longing Eye,
 Wishing that some kind Hand would him befriend,
 To move him when the Angel should descend;
 Thus they with Eyes fix'd on the Holy Gate,
 Their ghostly Angel's Benediction wait;
 Within the hallow Door on either Hand,
 The Penitents advanc'd to Hearers stand,
 Who after a due Penance are thought fit,
 Their Duty to re-learn from sacred Writ;

The

The Penitent. 77

The Prostrates near the Sacred Desk are plac'd,
By Self-Humiliations more debas'd;
They in Humility Proficients grow, (know;
Are rais'd the more, the more themselves they
Consistents, who by penitential Moan,
Are ripe for Priestly Absolution grown:
Above the Prostrate stand, and join in Pray'r,
With faithful Souls, who next the Altar are.
The Faithful, who retrieve baptismal Flame,
Re-seal'd for Bliss with the Triumfal Name;
They inward Joys of Absolution feel,
And glory in their re-imprinted Seal:
They have subdu'd concupiscential Strife;
They at the Altar eat the Bread of Life:
They Heav'n foretast, they God their Father call,
JESUS their Love, and fear no future Fall.

(flank'd,

The Temple-Porch two arched Cloysters
Where Crosses of a different Size were rank'd,
The humble Youth one of like Size desir'd,
With that on which the happy Thief expir'd.
The pond'rous Cross he on his Shoulders bore,
Within his Cell to fix it in the Floor:

Salvian, when e're him sinking he perceiv'd,
As the *Gyrenian*, JESUS him reliev'd:
Reaching the Cell, in Dust both take their Seats,
Where *Salvian* fully of Repentance treats;
From thence began his Scholar Night and Day,
To fast, sigh, weep, read, meditate, and pray.

Mean

Mean while bless'd *John* at *Ephesus* arriv'd;
 Where for the Youth his tender Care reviv'd;
 And sent *Uran* to *Salvian*, to suggest
 What might the Youth's Repentance further best;
 Who should his Story from the Font relate,
 To his Admittance at the mournful Gate:
Salvian the Porch then to the Youth assign'd,
 That he by just Degrees might be refin'd;
 And in each Penitential Station train'd,
 'Till he the Strength of Ghostly Manhood gain'd:
 And still as his Proficiency appear'd,
 From Stage to Stage he was by *Salvian* rear'd.

Hymnotheo to the Portico confin'd,
 To penitential Grief his Soul resign'd,
 Kiss'd the Saints Feet, who trod the Temple-Stairs,
 And weeping importun'd them for their Pray'rs.
 One Day he for a secret Corner sought,
 And drain'd in Pray'r his overflowing Thought.

JESU, to thee I humbly make address,
 The only Hope of Sinners in Distress:
JESU, Eternally be thou ador'd,
 Who to my self hast me again restor'd:
 Glory to thee, who hast me hither sent,
 To learn my Provocations to lament;
 Thy boundless Love my Happiness intends,
 My treach'rous Heart to my own Bane propends;
 This inbred Traitor soon will thee forsake;
 Will all thy gracious Methods frustrate make,
 If thou one Moment dost from me depart,
 O never trust me more with my own Heart,

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With my own Heart, let it no more be mine,
 Into thy Hands I wholly it resign;
 I gladly would a Life of Penance live,
 So thou at last wouldst my Revolt forgive;
 Back to the World how has my Spirit run,
 I am unworthy to be call'd a Son;
 As giddy Birds, who wander from their Nest,
 Lose their Way Home, and never are at rest:
 Thus from my Duty, my false Heart recoyl'd,
 And ev'ry Step my Spirit more embroyl'd:
 The Heifer, unaccustom'd to the Yoke,
 The wildest Ass by Rider yet unbroke,
 Was never so untam'd as was my Soul,
 Impatient of thy soft benign Controul:
 I've liv'd strange Contradictions a long while,
 Extreemly proud, tho' infinitely vile:
 My treach'rous Heart I could in Pieces rend,
 Which could a Goodness infinite offend.

The tender JESUS his sad Vot'ry heard,
 His Soul with instantaneous Sweetness chear'd;
 As he in silent Meditation kneels,
 His Heart a sudden gentle op'ning feels;
 It seem'd no more by Systole compress'd,
 But in a fix Diastole at rest;
 Such as bless'd JESUS once in Lydia wrought,
 When she imbib'd what the Apostle taught;
 Of his past Sins, and JESUS Love immense,
 He from that op'ning gain'd a livelier Sense.

The Youth of David's mournful Cell possess'd,
 Allur'd a widow'd Dove with him to rest;

Like

Like *John*, who when his Mind he would unbend,
 With a tame Partridge would few Minutes spend;
 There he remain'd with his condoling Bird,
Phylacter his kind Guardian made the Third:
 Good *Salvian* visited each Day his Cell,
 And sweetly rais'd his Spirit when it fell.

Thrice happy Youth, in such a Ghostly Guide,
 Whom God was pleas'd benignly to provide;
 A Guide, who skill'd all Tempers, and whose Care
 Measur'd the just Proportions they could bear:
 To all who to his Conduct took their Flights,
 He Things presented in their native Lights:
 Their false Opinions, their Affections vile,
 Impure Reserves, which heedless Souls defile;
 He shew'd deluded Man the sacred Art,
 T' unmask the Frauds of his own treacherous Heart:
 A wounded Spirit he could gently cure,
 And sweetly Hearts averse to God allure;
 Rouse the lethargick Sinners from their Sleep,
 And Souls when once awaken'd watchful keep:
 Patient and meek the Ignorant instruct,
 The Doubtful to unwav'ring Truth conduct;
 He Flatt'ry hated, Counsel well could time,
 And never studied Salvo's for a Crime;
 He Satan's various Stratagems well knew,
 And taught the Way Temptations to subdue:
 Wisdom of Serpent's, Meekness of the Dove,
 Physicians skill a Father's tender Love;
 A Mind disinterested and sincere,
 Obliging Zeal Corruptions to endear;

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 Vol. III

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A Freedom to the guided Conscience just,
Doubling Attacks upon the Darling Lust;
A faithful Friend, and a profound Divine,
The Youth perceiv'd in *Salvian* to combine.

The Ostrich, when she on *Arabian* Sands
Has laid her Eggs, at a due Distance stands;
There she unwearied watches Night and Day,
To keep them in her Sight, forgets her Prey;
While she her young one hatches with her Eye,
Which, should she look besides them, soon would
Thus *Salvian* to the Youth confin'd his View, (die:
Till Infant Grace up to full Vigour grew;
He fickle Nature skill'd and Satan's Spight,
And of his Charge would never lose the Sight.

The Youth to practise what he learn'd inclin'd,
A Patient was to his Physician's Mind,
With open Heart his Sickneſs he disclos'd,
And all its Symptoms for its Cure expos'd;
Severe Reproofs he gratefully imbib'd,
Observ'd all penitential Rules prescrib'd;
With awful Love his ghostly Guide rever'd,
His own Infirmities he humbly fear'd;
His Constitution watch'd with jealous Eyes,
Where the most Danger of Relapses lies:
As the *Indians*, who take Elephants alive,
Into long Trains the heedleſs Creatures drive,
Full of deep Pits, which spreading Boughs o'reshade,
And falling into them are Captive made;
But if one chance his Bulk to disengage,
He to the Wood returns with jealous Rage;
Vol. III. F A

A tall young Tree up by the Root he tares,
 And screw'd in his Proboscys daily wears;
 He still the Pit remembers, and before
 He steps, will the suspicious Ground explore:
 The Youth thus having scap'd the cover'd Snare,
 Hell labour'd for his Ruin to prepare;
 On every Path would with Precaution look,
 And search'd the Danger every Step he took:
 His constant Study was his Soul's Disease,
 His ghostly Cure advancing by Degrees;
 He with the flatt'ring World and Hellish Spite,
 Maintain'd a fierce and an afflictive Fight;
 Curs'd Satan strove Thoughts impious to suggest,
 His Purity to stain, and Peace molest;
 But *Salvian* still supply'd defensive Arms,
 And made him Proof against Infernal Charms.

Temptations are, said he, for Good design'd,
 To try the native Freedom of the Mind;
 They teach Man's Weakness and God's gracious
 And humble Magnanimity in Fight: (Might,
 God all Temptations to our Weakness shapes,
 And with our Dangers couples our Escapes;
 Keeps Satan in invisible strong Chains,
 And at our Pray'rs his Insolence restrains;
 Sin lies not in Temptation, but Consent,
JESUS himself Temptation underwent;
 They who spiritual Martyrdom endure,
 When Conquerors, a Martyr's Crown secure;
 Learn your defensive, ghostly Arms to wield,
 None conquer'd are but they who basely yield:

Some

Sometimes resist, sometimes make wise Retreats,
Firm Resolution all Hell Pow'rs defeats;
Ne're parly with the Foe, 'tis fly Address,
'Tis Fraud, not Force, by which he gains Success;
No Virtue is illustrious till 'tis try'd,
And has the Tempter at all Points defy'd;
These ghostly Wars, which here our Souls infest,
Encrease our Languors for eternal Rest:
God give you Grace, my Son, to watch and pray,
And you shall never fail to gain the Day.

The Youth still of his Frailties made Complaints,
The epidemick Ills of new-born Saints;
One while his Mind, one while his Eyes were dry,
Or Recollection from his Soul would fly;
His Passions often drave him to and fro,
His Zeal ran now too fast, then mov'd too slow;
His Pray'rs were wandring, Fervour soon was tyr'd,
His Pow'rs but languidly to Heav'n aspir'd;
These not Despair, but Trouble, would excite,
They not extinguish'd, but eclips'd the Light:
But skilful *Salvian* well his Patient knew,
And each Distemper nicely to pursue,
He taught him Sin from Frailty to discern,
How on weak Souls God's tender Bowels yearn;
How Hearts sincere, not perfect, he requires,
And where Endeavours fail, accepts Desires;
How the more ghostly Difficulties rise,
Our Duty is the nobler Sacrifice;
That a right Mind loose Pray'rs to Heav'n directs,
And what our Weakness scatters, God collects;

That God our Father is, our Friend, our Guide,
That *JESUS* on the Cross for Sinners dy'd;
That the bless'd Spirit Souls assists and cheers,
And Lovers should suppress all servile Fears:

Hymnotheo from that Day Proficient grew,
And with less Pain ill Habits could subdue;
Salvian, who saw him in the Porch improv'd,
Up to the Rank of Hearers him remov'd.

Salvian one Morn the sacred Steps ascends,
The Youth with open Heart his Lip attends;
And all the Mourners serious Minds prepare
For the Instructions of the Past'ral Chair.

Lord, on my Weakness cast a gracious Eye,
And with a Word in Season me supply;
Give to each Mourner an attentive Ear,
Celestial Truth to relish and revere;
Then from the Morning Gospel read in Course,
He thus began the Judgment to enforce.

A Day there is by righteous God design'd,
For Judgment of laps'd Angels and Mankind;
The awful Hour God never yet reveal'd,
To keep Men always watchful, 'tis conceal'd:
A great Arch-Angel shall the Trumpet sound,
And wake all *Adam's* Race from Sleep profound;
The scatter'd Atoms of each humane Mold,
In God's Omniscience sev'rally enroll'd,
Shall at his Word be sort'd, and unite,
And re-assume in Men their pristine Site;
The Saints exilient Dust from Tombs uncas'd,
Shall into Limbs be mutually embrac'd;

Good

Good Souls shall into Bodies joyful fly,
Bad Souls with Horror shall renew their Tye;
God's Voice departed Souls shall re-instate,
And re-produce Men easier than create;
The Dead shall in a Moment all arise,
And view blest'd JESUS coming in the Skies;
Surrounded with his Arch-Angelick Host,
And Death it self shall then give up the Ghost.

The glorious Judge, upon a Throne as bright
As that above, in Majestatick Light,
Shall to the Clouds from highest Heav'n descend,
And all God's Chariots shall his March attend;
Earth's Pillars at his awful Sight shall shake,
And the whole Globe with strong Convulsions
Soon as his heav'nly Banner he displays, (quake;
Wrought with direct and with transversed Rays,
Angelick Legions then to ev'ry Wind,
To gather the Elect shall be assign'd:
At his Tribunal strait they shall appear,
With reverential Awe, not servile Fear;
They to God's Glory, and their humble Shame,
Shall their own Guilt and God's free-love proclaim;
Then there Repentance and their Pardon shew,
And the Redemption they to JESUS owe:
JESUS the Judge, who humane Weakness felt,
With soft Compassion will all over melt;
He with endearing Look and gracious Air,
Their joyful Absolution shall declare;
Even Diabolick Spite shall silent be,
And no one Tempter contradict their Plea.

Each Conscience its Repentance shall attest,
 Anticipating Heav'n within its Breast :
 Each Guardian, when he at the Judgment Seat
 Beholds his Saint, *Hosannah* shall repeat ;
 And when the Judge shall Absolution speak,
 Into a joyful *Hallelujah* break :
 The Saints absolv'd, and the Angelick Quire,
 In ev'ry Jubilation shall conspire ;
 And soon as *JESUS* shall the Saints acquit,
 They shall on Thrones as his Assessors sit.

Soon as the Saints their Absolution hear,
 The Wicked shall be summon'd to appear ;
 Damn'd Souls shall then their Bodies re-assume,
 Both equally shall share eternal Doom ;
 Some shall with hideous Moan short Respite crave ;
 Some with themselves re-buried in the Grave ;
 Some shall court Rocks upon their Heads to fall ;
 Some will for pure Annihilation call ;
 Nor Cries, nor Rocks, nor Grave shall Shelter give,
 The Damn'd for Torment must for ever live :
 All Hearts shall be to Men and Angels shewn,
 The heav'nly Registers wide open thrown ;
 Each guilty Conscience, and each Sinner's Looks,
 Shall testify the Secrets in those Books ;
 There ev'ry idle Word, and wicked Deed,
 With all their Aggravations, Men shall read ;
 There even their Thoughts they shall recorded
 And all Propensions of each carnal Mind. (find,
 The Tempted shall by Tempters be accus'd,
 Of all those Ills which they themselves infus'd ;

By

By Law divine all Actions shall be weigh'd,
And for all Frailties due Abatements made:
The Wicked shall with Self-confounding Shame,
Themselves each other, and their Tempters blame:
They then God's Truth and Justice shall revere,
The present shall past Distributions clear:
JESUS shall range the Saints on his right Hand,
The Wicked on his left shall quivering stand;
Then Sentence by the Judge shall be rehears'd,
Infallible, and ne're to be revers'd;
Come blessed Saints, who Heav'n your Option make,
Of endless Bliss entire Possession take:
Go cursed Souls to the Infernal Shade,
For Sinners and Apostate Spirits made.

The heav'nly Standard then shall wave in Air,
And the bright Hosts for Re-ascent prepare;
Angelick Myriads, by Command Divine,
Their Chariots gladly shall to Saints resign;
They on their Wings shall on Messias wait,
Till he re-enters the Celestial State:
Others the Saints shall in their Chariots guide,
As they through heav'nly Orbs in Triumph ride:
As blackest Flints by Chymick Art calcin'd,
Into transparent Chrystal are refin'd;
Thus shall the grosser Bodies of the Saints
Be subtiliz'd, free from terrestrial Taints;
Impassible, have more capacious Sphere;
Immortal, and as Vests Angelick clear:
Their Robes shall woven be of brightest Beams,
Their Mansions built by the Life-giving Streams;

Victorious Palms they in their Hands shall hold,
 And on their Heads resplendent Crowns of Gold;
 Benignity immense on all shall shine,
 And fill the vast circumferential Line;
 Saints shall in endless rapturous Delight,
 Enjoy of God the Beatifick Sight;
 A boundless Fill of Christ's enamour'd Love,
 Irradiations of the gracious Dove:
 The glorious Trine sweet Ardours shall instil,
 All their Capacities enlarge and fill;
 Ineffably delightful Transports raise,
 Devotion which ne're wearies, ne're decays,
 Shall Saints to Godlike Purity exalt,
 To live un-finning, clear from venial Fault;
 Some Saints in Glory others may excel,
 The greatest to the Throne shall nearest dwell;
 All shall have boundless, everlasting Shares
 In Glory, with great filial God Coheirs;
 Fruition only can the Faithful teach (reach.
 Those Joys, which humane Thought can never
 Soon as the Curfed shall their Doom severe,
 With unimaginable Horror hear!
 The Devils shall the Damn'd to Torment drag,
 And of Success in their Damnation brag;
 All their Capacities of Torture there,
 Shall in God's Vengeance have their utmost Share;
 Till then no Devils their full Torture have,
 Against great God blaspheming daily rave;
 Heaping up Wrath against the dreadful Day,
 Which shall their Malice with due Plagues repay;
 Their

Their Pains, their Loss, they'll fully then deplore,
And totally subdu'd, blaspheme no more :
A blacker Darkness, an acuter Sense,
A Vengeance more inflam'd, Pains more intense,
Which never end, which never can abate,
Will of the Damn'd be the tremendous Fate.

A perfect State of War will then commence,
Each Mischief will project, and Self-defence ;
Damn'd Souls and Devils will controul Disdain,
All jealous of each other, all will reign ;
Will mutual Malice on each other vent,
And mutually each other co-torment ;
Each with eternally alternate Spite,
A like Revenge alternate will excite,
And striving to increase another's Moan,
They still the more shall irritate their own :
Into the sulph'rous Lake, by flaming Ire,
Of just Almighty Vengeance set on Fire,
Impenitents and Devils shall be thrown,
And midst intolerable Burnings groan ;
Shall comprehensive Tortures undergo,
And all Ingredients of consummate Woe ;
The hopeless Souls, and the fall'n Spirits there,
Shall Vehicles dispos'd for Torment wear ;
Hell greedy to devour them shall gape wide,
The burning Ocean swell to a Spring-Tide ;
And when they are ingulf'd, to seal their Fates,
An Angel shall fast lock the red-hot Gates ;
A gnawing Anguish, an outrageous Grief,
A self-upbraiding Guilt past all Relief,

Show'rs

Show'rs of Heart-breaking and unpitied Tears,
 A Confluence of still increasing Fears,
 Self-Indignation for the Loss of Blifs,
 Despair, the constant Rack of the Abyfs;
 Teeth-gnashing Envy at the Saints Above,
 And self-abomination for self-love,
 Compound their Torture, and best measur'd are,
 When with Celestial Joys we them compare;
 Vengeance is there to Provocations siz'd,
 Guilt the more complicate, the more chafis'd;
 Appropriate Plagues are for each Vice decreed,
 And you their Crimes may in their Torments read;
 At ev'ry Sense, which Entrance gave to Sin,
 Shall Horrors undeclinable rush in;
 They'll Terrors see, and fetid Brimstone smell,
 Feel dreadful Tortures, hear a hideous Yell;
 Wine of God's bitter Fury they'll drink up,
 Unmix'd with Mercy to allay the Cup; (breed,
 While the fierce Worms, which in ill Conscience
 Shall on their Mothers Womb remorseless feed:
 But Heav'nly Glories you as soon may guess,
 As those dire Torments which the Damn'd distress.

Soon as the Saints at endless Blifs arrive,
 And Vengeance shall the Bad to Torment drive,
 The World's great Conflagration shall begin,
 To purge it from the loathsome Stains of Sin;
 As super-Empyreal Waves unfluc'd,
 With Ocean mix, the gen'ral Flood produc'd;
 Thus Treasures of fierce Flames in Earth or Skie,
 Which in their Magazines now hidden lie,

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Shall in a burning Deluge all conspire;
The Heavens and Earth shall molder in the Fire;
And from their Ashes a new World ascend,
Where happy Saints shall Day Eternal spend:
In Heav'n in Peace and mutual Love they dwell;
Revenge, Hate, Envy, Discord reign in Hell;
There they inhabit pure unspotted Light,
Here blackest Darkness and eternal Night;
Joys there in full Fruition overflow,
Loss irretrievable and Grief below.
There rapt'rous Hymns in Cords harmonious Sound;
Here dreadful Howlings, Shrieks and Groans
Both endless are, in that alone agree, (abound;
Confirm'd by irreversible Decree:
Consider, and right Choice you cannot miss,
'Twixt Woe Eternal and Eternal Bliss.
Here during our Probationary State,
God to free Choice commits Mens future State;
Sinners, whose Option is eternal Pain, (complain,
When damn'd, shall of themselves, not God,
When Souls of Heav'n no Revelations plead,
By Nature's Law their Dooms shall be decreed:
God is most just, *JESUS* for all Men dy'd;
No Pitiabie Plea shall be deny'd;
You of both States have intellectual Sight,
Adhere with Resolution to the right:
Down to the Cone of the Youth's open Heart,
The pointed Truths which *Salvian* utter'd dart.
Hast to his Cell he makes, deep pierc'd with Sin,
With Speed his Lamentations to begin.

Ah,

Ah, is it true that the great Judgment-Day
 Will, O my Soul, all Secrets open lay?
 Thou nothing from Omniscience canst conceal;
 From God's Tribunal never canst appeal;
 Think what Excess of Horror those will seize,
 Who took no Care God's Anger to appease:
 What would they give for one such happy Hour,
 To have once more Repentance in their Pow'r:
 All Praise to God, who has indulg'd thee Time
 To recollect, and weep for every Crime:
 Assist me, Lord, while I my self surveigh;
 O guide my Thought by thy Heart-searching Ray;
 And you my Heart, fallacious and impure,
 Hide nothing from my Search, I you adjure.

Thus pray'd *Hymnotheo*, and thro' ev'ry Stage,
 He trac'd his Life from Infancy to Age,
 With Care Distinct, Impartial and Exact,
 Search'd to his utmost Pow'r, Thought, Word, and
 His Passions and his Inclinations weigh'd, (Fact
 Of his Backslidings sad Discov'rys made:
 On all his sinful Habits he reflects,
 On his Omissions, Frailties, and Neglects;
 On Lusts, which his immortal Soul defil'd;
 On all Temptations, which his Will beguil'd;
 On all Abuses of God's boundless Grace;
 On Sins, which God's bright Image most deface;
 On all the Sins peculiar to his State,
 On all which to his Neighbours might relate;
 He his whole Heart with Care anatomiz'd,
 And Aggravations of each Sin revis'd;

His

His Scrutiny most curious was and nice,
To sift his Temper for his darling Vice;
The Vice delightful, intimate and dear,
Which o're all other Sins will domineer;
Which, when with other Sins we freely part,
Still Mistress sits, and Idol of the Heart:
All his known Sins, his Spirit thus recalls,
And into mournful Pray'r devoutly falls.

Ah, Lord, into my Heart when e're I pry,
How feeble, how short-sighted is my Eye;
Of Thousands, I, alas, few Sins can find,
They lie absconded, and escape my Mind:
O Thou, who only dost the Heart inspect,
To my own Search, my treach'rous Heart detect,
'Till each Sin pierce me as a bearded Dart,
And I each Wound discover by the Smart.

Soon as *Hymnabeo* had with Fervour pray'd,
That to his View his Heart might be display'd;
JESUS sent *Salvian* to his Cell, who plac'd
A Mirror on his Desk in Velvet cas'd.
My Son, said he, while I resume my Book,
You your own Heart may in that Mirror look:
It was of the Celestial Chrystal made,
Of Brightness which could never spot or fade,
Clear as the Spring which from God's Throne
(proceeds,
And with fresh Streams the heav'nly River feeds;
Clear as the Gems which in new *Salem* shine,
And wrought by an Artificer divine;

Inspir'd

Inspir'd by God, whose Eyes the Heart inspect;
 That the Beholders Heart it might reflect;
 The solitary Youth the Case unloos'd,
 To view the Glass which Sinners disabus'd;
 Who instantly, with undiverted Eyes,
 Sees his own Heart with a profound Surprise:
 Affrighted at first Sight he gave a Start,
 Would not believe that Form to be his Heart;
 Again he try'd the Vision to renew,
 Again he from the horrid Sight withdrew:
 All-seeing God, said he, to whom alone,
 Minute'st Secrets of the Heart are known,
 Let no false Image on my Sight impose,
 And to my Eyes my genuine Heart disclose.
 At the third View, the Youth his Picture own'd,
 He saw his Heart, and thus the Sight bemoan'd;
 Is this the Heart which mighty Goodness fram'd,
 And for his own peculiar Off'ring claim'd;
 Made of Heav'n kindled Intellect and Love,
 To fill Angelick Solitudes Above;
 The Image of the pure Eternal Mind,
 By its congenial Weight to God inclin'd? (Breath?
 Is this the Heart breath'd from *JEHOVAH's*
 Or did all gracious God breath Sin and Death?
 Is this the Heart where Reason sovereign reign'd,
 And all Propensions of the Will restrain'd;
 Form'd ev'ry Sense each Passion to controul,
 And keep sweet Peace in the harmonious Soul;
 Whose Realm with this vast Globe should co-ex-
 And make all Creatures to its Empire bend? (tend,
 When

When Heav'n inspir'd *Elisha* to presage
To *Hazael* his inhumane future Rage,
The *Syrian* could not then imagine he
Such a mad Dog should e're to *Israel* be:
Thus wretched I could ne're before believe
The Ills I now in my own Heart perceive.

Concupiscence against my Mind rebels,
In my own Breast the deadly Fury dwells;
Confed'rates with my dire Infernal Foes,
My Bliss with foul Propensions to oppose;
In *Daphne* I experienc'd long her Force,
She'll me from God, should she prevail, divorce;
Against my Spirit she'll fierce War maintain,
And strive to lead my Reason bound in Chain;
With *Salvo's* she'll all wilful Sins excuse,
Her Poison over all my Pow'rs diffuse;
A thousand guileful Stratagems she'll lay,
And when she cannot conquer me, betray;
On shameful Follies her full Strength exert,
From my true Centre God my Soul pervert;
She'll joy where I should grieve, where grieve,
(rejoice;

What I should fly, she'll make her greedy Choice:
A Lute put out of Tune, which grates the Ear,
Compar'd to me, harmonious would appear:
None but the all-creating Wisdom knows,
How in the Womb the hidden *Embrio* grows:
Much more mysterious is my inbred Lust,
In no one Thing I can the Sorc'ers trust;

The Growth is there all uniform and fix'd;
 Here various Forms confusedly are mix'd;
 Wiles, Trech'ry, Lies, Guilt, Flattery, Deceit,
 Like Atoms here fortuitously meet,
 And form more Monsters Christians to defile;
 Then *Egypt* ever bred from muddy *Nile*: (know,
 Bless'd *JESUS* taught, who best the Heart could
 That from the Heart corrupt all Evils flow;
 This Traitor will with God for Conquest vye,
 Repentance or Concupiscence must die.

Hymnotheo inexpressibly was griev'd,
 When he his Heart the Source of Ill perceiv'd;
David, when his old Heart was in his View,
 Pray'd fervently to God to give a new;
Salvian, who saw him much improv'd in Tear;
 Up to the Prostrate judg'd him fit to rear;
 In *David's* Cell; *David* dwelt in his Mind,
 Who when a Penitent to Song inclin'd,
 And in a Psalm, when prostrate on the Dust,
 How he bewail'd his Murder and his Lust:
 He took down *David's* Lyre, sad Prelude play'd;
 For *David's* mournful hymning Spirit pray'd;
 God having now the Grace of Hymn restor'd,
 In *Daphne* lost, a Loss till now deplor'd;
 In Chords, which humour'd his Repentance best,
 Of a Heart broke, the Passion he express'd;
 And penitential Musick to promote,
 His Dove would joyn her sympathetick Note.

Ah me, even from the Womb I came deprave;
 To God averse, to native Lust a Slave;

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Instable, impotent, distorted, blind,
Congenial Miseries of laps'd Mankind:
Lord, to thy dreadful Wrath, to endless Woes,
I ev'ry Moment my own Soul expose:
I am a Leper odious and impure,
How can thy purest Eyes this Wretch endure?
Thou art my Father, I the impious Son,
Who from thy tend'rest Arms away have run:
Thou art my Saviour, and wouldst die for me,
I am the Jew who nail'd thee to the Tree:
Thou art the boundless Source of Love and Joy,
And I to grieve thee all my Pow'rs employ;
My Sins are great, and in Continuance long,
And are by Custom grown to Habits strong.

All by Relapses gain tyrannick Sway,
My Hairs are far less numberless than they;
My Sins forgotten are ten thousand more,
And my Omissions much inflame the Score;
With Sins unpardonable I had been band,
Had not thy Tendernefs my Will restrain'd:
Ah infinitely short is my Account,
Thy Mercies only can my Sins surmount.

I see my hated self impure and vain,
I judge and witness, my false Heart arraign;
My odious Sins my trembling Soul confound,
O that I might in my own Tears be drown'd;
But woe is me, my flinty Eyes are dry,
My Tears away, when I most want them, fly;
My Sighs, my Tears, O whither are you flown,
Why to my Heart are you such Strangers grown?

Return, return, and these two Cisterns fill,
 That in ne're ceasing Streams they may distil:
 O lend me Tears ye Mourners in this Vale,
 Your Springs o'reflow while my two Fountains
 I'll sit beneath an ever-weeping Tree, (fail;
 To shame my Eyes when they that Weeping see:
 Ah not my Eyes, it is my Heart of Stone,
 Which I should rather in this Drought bemoan;
 Some *Moses* strike it with his pow'rful Rod,
 Till Seas gush out for my offending God:
 Ah I can ne're enough this State deplore,
 I still can sin, but I can weep no more.

This sung, he gave full Scope to silent Grief,
 Till God sent *Salvian* to his Soul's Relief;
 The Saint at Entrance sad *Hymnotheo* found,
 In bitter Woe, and prostrate on the Ground;
 As the *Samaritan*, who fix'd his View,
 With soft Compassions, on the wounded *Jew*,
 And with his Wine, and Oil, and tender Zeal,
 Strove his deep Wounds to supple, cleanse, and
 (heal;

Thus *Salvian* his *Hymnotheo*'s Sorrow weigh'd,
 And gave his Soul sweet sympathizing Aid;
 Rise Son, he said, and your glad Cure attend,
 Great God vouchsafes Restoratives to send;
 Grief rational our God is wont to prize,
 More than two *Jordan*'s gushing from your Eyes;
 Sin is your Hatred, Dread, Affliction, Shame,
 They more than Tears your Penitence proclaim,

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They only from a breaking Heart can grow,
Tears oft may from meer Constitution flow;
God for your Good your Weeping may restrain,
He who sends Drought will send refreshing Rain;
'Tis not our Tears, 'tis Love from which it streams,
Which JESUS in his Votaries esteems;
Should Heav'n propose the Choice, much rather I
Would have a melting Love, than dropping Eye;
On the lov'd JESUS as he bleeding dy'd,
Nail'd by your Sins, transfix'd, and crucify'd,
Contemplate deeply till you feel his Smart,
Nail and transfix, and crucifie your Heart;
Your Tears will then in greater Torrents run,
Than those of Parents for an only Son.

The Tears which in *Megiddo's* Valley rain'd,
When *Judah's* Eyes were for *Josiah* drein'd;
Could never Sorrow raise to such a Height,
As that soft wonderful heart-piercing Sight.

The Cross of JESUS pierc'd *Hymnotheo* through,
The Force of that he when on *Cal'ry* knew,
From that his penitential Love first rose,
And in a Song his Spirit thus o'reflows:

Ah me, was ever Grief, was ever Pain,
Like that which JESUS would for me sustain?
Was ever Love like that which on the Tree,
Felt Agonies unknown, and dy'd for me?
Could nothing but the Blood of God alone,
God's boundless Anger for my Sins atone?
And would great God incarnate for my Sake,
Such shameful bitter dying undertake?

100 *Hymnotheo: Or,*

Ah, could my Heart be to such Love ingrate?
 Ah, such a Love could I repay with Hate?
 O cursed Sin, spawn'd in the cursed Pit,
 'Tis you who durst those Outrages commit:
 O cursed Sin, I'll tare you from my Breast,
 Remember how sweet *JESUS* you distress'd;
 I'll give no Slumber to my mournful Eye,
 Till you in just Revenge I crucifie;
 O that my Eyes with weeping Blood were wet,
 Thick as the Drops of *JESUS* bloody Sweat:
 But 'tis in vain, no Thought, Tears, Sighs, or
 Can ever reach a wounded Spirit's Moan; (Groan,
 Ah who can think of grieving Love immense,
 Without a Grief unspeakably intense?
JESUS, my *JESUS*, in this sad Retreat,
 In each Ejaculation I'll repeat;
JESUS, the Name on which Saints love to dwell,
 The Joy of Angels, and the Dread of Hell;
 Deep on my Heart this Motto shall be grav'd,
Hymnotheo's JESUS, who *Hymnotheo* fav'd:
 Then to Disdain, Grief, Hate, he tun'd his Lyre,
 And sang this Song to his obsequious Wire:

When I of Sin, which gor'd bless'd *JESUS*, sing,
 Fountains of Tears instead of Verse should spring;
 A strange Reluctance I to singing find,
 I had much rather weep than sing my Mind;
 But while Tears fail, help me sad Verse to tell
 The Rise of Sin, which first occasion'd Hell.



BOOK IV.



'R E since the Serpent spotless Man
(abus'd,
And his Infernal Pestilence infus'd;
The dire Contagion in his Offspring reign'd,
And war with all God's Attributes maintain'd;
Curs'd wilful Sins, who can your Bane conceive?
You of his God Apostate Man bereave:
All odious Ills you in your Wombs include,
Contend in vain Omniscience to elude;
From the best Friend and kindest Father fly,
Affront God's purest omnipresent Eye;
Resist Omnipotence, God's Patience tire,
Against his Honour with Hell Pow'rs conspire;
To his Beneficence Contempt return,
Break all his Laws, at boundless Mercy spurn;
Revile his Justice, Sovereignty reject,
Dispute his Truth, his gracious Calls neglect;
His Threatnings disregard, his Blessings slight,
Treat Love immense with Outrage and Despite;
Attempt his awful Godhead to debase,
On his dread Throne some Idol Lust to place;
His all-sufficiency impiously forsake,
Heav'n disbelieve, scoff at the Brimstone Lake;

The Author of our Life and Bliss despise,
 And the tremendous Judge, who Sinners tries;
 Provoke his Vengeance, Hatred, Fury, Curse,
 By his benign long-suff'ring grow the worse;
 Afflict his Saints with Sorrow and just Hate,
 Un-number'd Scandals to the weak create;
 Heav'n taught Religion sink to Dis-esteem,
 Give all God's Foes occasion to blaspheme;
 Gratifie Hell, which of its Conquest boasts,
 In Spite of God and his supernal Hosts;
 Fill the good Angels with disdainful Ire,
 Make the kind Guardian from his Charge retire;
 God's lovely Image in the Soul deface,
 Right Reason, Shame, and Nature's Law erase;
 These and innumerable more are Ills
 Produc'd by Sin, enthron'd in humane Wills.

But O what Heart the Outrage can repeat,
 With which bold wilful Sinners JESUS treat?
 Sweet JESUS on the Cross for them would die,
 They JESUS by their Sins recrucifie;
 The gracious Dove would in his Temples dwell,
 They the eternal Comforter repel;
 They quench his Flame, resist and grieve his Grace,
 And from their Souls unbounded Goodness chase.

One while my God I on thy Law reflect,
 Wondring how Sin the World should thus infect;
 Thy Law I find just, holy, and divine,
 Contriv'd our Souls to perfect and refine;
 It to our Frailty mildly condescends,
 Proportion'd Aid on each Command attends:

A heav'nly Promise to each Duty's joy'n'd,
Which suits the Aim of an immortal Mind;
Obedience with Internal Joys is blest'd,
Ah how can such a Law be e're transgress'd?
No Sinner at thy Bar Excuse can plead,
Who hears his just Damnation there decreed.

But on the Sinner, when I fix my Eyes,
Much higher my Astonishments arise;
Ah what is Man, a Creature thine by right,
Frail Dust and Ashes, nothing in thy Sight;
That he should with his Maker thus contend,
That such a Worm thy Godhead should offend.

Still, Lord, my Wonder heightens, when I muse
On Sinner's Gains, who thy Commands refuse:
What can they gain, who endless Bliss forsake,
A Refuge in meer Vanities to take; (Pains,
Death, Shame, Plague, Famine, War, Diseases,
And inward Horrors are the Sinner's Gains;
Against their Maker when Mankind rebel;
The very Brutes with Indignation swell;
With Teeth, Bills, Claws, Horns, Stings, and
(furious Rage,

In their Creator's Quarrel they engage;
Even Swarms of Insects Sinners oft annoy,
Even Plants with Poisons sinful Men destroy;
Sin tyrannizes, blinds, enslaves, pollutes,
Sinks Intellectual Race below the Brutes;
Sins to all temporal Ills our Souls expose,
And plunge them in eternal hopeless Woes;

That such a Wretch should such a God offend,
 Break such Laws in such Manner, for such End;
 Despise such Aids, such Offers should reject,
 Should to his Bane thus wilfully deflect;
 And at Infinity in Sin should aim,
 Who can just God for damning Sinners blame?

(of Hell,

Curs'd Sin, the Worm, the Plague, the Spawn
 You would great God out of the World expel;
 No Words can your Malignity express,
 O Confluence of Evils in Excess;
 O Sin exceeding sinful, the sole Name,
 Horrid enough thy Nature to proclaim;
 The Heart that knows thee must thy Reign de-
 Can never wilfully endure thee more. (plore,

My God, while I on Sin thus fix'd my View,
 Methought in Song I my own Picture drew;
 Some Strokes my Life so truly represent,
 In Error, Outrage, Vanity mispent;
 That I my self disdain, detest, bewail,
 That such foul Guilt should o're my Soul prevail;
 My Heart, which at the Font to thee I gave,
 I stole away, sold it to Sin a Slave;
 But JESUS on my Soul benignly beam'd,
 Sweetly the Thief reclaim'd, the Slave redeem'd.

(wrought
Salvian, who saw the Youth's Repentance
 A happy Change, him to the Temple brought;
 His Progress he observ'd, and judg'd it Time
 To raise him to a Station more sublime;

With

With the Consistents he *Hymnotheo* plac'd,
Who their Co-mourner tenderly embrac'd;
They sweetly with his broken Heart condol'd,
And of God's Love their own Experience told;
They for a while his wounded Spirit eas'd,
But in his Cell his Sorrow him re-seiz'd;
His Heart he had so often treach'rous found,
That all their Comforts in his Fears were drown'd.

Thus griev'd, his Angel warn'd by God appear'd,
To dissipate the Dangers which he fear'd;
The Body of curs'd Sin to help him spread
Upon the Cross, erected o're his Head;

Hymnotheo's Spirit with *Phylacter* join'd,
And gladly to the Cross his Flesh resign'd;
Hymnotheo on himself with Vigour flies,
The Penitent the Sinner to chastise;
Oft the old Man of Sin for Pity cry'd,
The zealous Youth Pity as oft deny'd; (Fear,
His Hands and Feet were nail'd with Shame and
His Side was pierc'd with Grief as with a Spear;
And for the Crown of Thorns which *JESUS* wore,
He self-upbraidings felt his Spirit gore.

Malicious Fiends insulting him beheld,
And at his Crucifixion scoffing yeld;
In vain upon the Cross your *JESUS* dy'd,
If all his Vot'rys must be crucify'd;
Pity your self, since he no Pity shews,
Kind Saviour, thus to multiply your Woes;
The World in all its Vanities array'd,
This Offer of its self to tempt him made;

I am the World endear'd to God, who gave
 His Son belov'd, his World belov'd to save:
 I am the World, for whom your *JESUS* dy'd,
 And from all Dross primeval purify'd:
 I am the World, the Portion of the Just,
 I of God's Treasures only have the Trust:
 You now have bled enough, dear Youth, come down,
 You of both Lives deserve the Victor's Crown;
 'Twould not be Love in *JESUS*, but meer Spite,
 In his true Lover's Torture to delight;
 I all my Glories to your Merit give,
 Descend from this curs'd Tree, and happy live.
 Lust next complain'd, which felt the dolorous
 Must I thus lose Possession of your Heart? (Smart,
 God's Laws your Trouble, I your Joys excite,
 Ah, do you thus my lib'ral Love requite?
 In vain you to torment your Nature strive,
 You cannot your Concupiscence survive;
 Pity my Pains, O hear my sad Complaint,
 Be not inhumane to become a Saint;
 If in my cruel Murder you delight,
 My injur'd Ghost shall haunt you Day and Night;
 To free your self from your fierce Guardian try,
 And live in Pleasure, not in Torment die:
Hymnotheo keeping *JESUS* in his Eyes,
 Prays for his gracious Aid, and thus replies:
 Lord, my baptismal Grace to me restore,
 I ne're will wilfully offend thee more:
 With Grief and Shame thy Mercy I invoke,
 For my baptismal Vow so often broke;

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Internal Fiends, who once my Heart possess'd,
 Your Force, your Wiles I know, and I detest;
 On JESUS I relie, despise your Rage,
 And War with you eternally will wage;
 Deceitful World, you glorious Offers made,
 And me with Disappointments only paid;
 I wholly you renounce, I you condemn,
 And my own Heart, for liking you condemn:
 You my Concupiscence, my Bosom-Foe,
 You I'll chastise, chief Author of my Woe;
 O're all my Pow'rs your Poisons you diffus'd,
 And with destructive Flatt'ries me abus'd;
 You on the Cross shall hang 'till you expire,
 And my Soul feels no more impure Desire.
 You my dear Guardian, since it is your part,
 To tend the Crucifixion of my Heart;
 My Head I charge you never to uncrown,
 Nor 'till my Lust expires, to take me down:
 I thirst, I thirst, give me the bitter Cup,
 My Flesh shall drink this loathsome Portion up;
 Less bitter than my Sins internal Gall,
 Which with Abomination I recal:
 Ah me! fresh Conflicts in my Soul I feel,
 'Twixt sensual Joy, and penitential Zeal;
 Death Pangs surprize me, JESU send me Aid,
 Hell Pow'rs combine my Weakness to invade;
 Phylaster with Celestial soft Support,
 Sustain'd his agonizing last Effort,
 'Till inbred Lust with Self-Denials gor'd,
 Aid from the World and Hell in vain implor'd;

In all its Appetites felt Hopeless Pain,
 And could no Peace, no Truce, no Pity gain:
 In all its Thoughts and Inclinations cross'd,
 All Hopes of future Reviviscence lost;
 Breath'd out its stinking Snuff of vital Flame,
 And a dead Carcase on the Cross became.

There all the Vices in laps'd Nature sown
 To Perpetration, yet not fully grown;
 There bold Presumption, Prejudices strong,
 There *Salvoe's*, Scepticism, and filthy Song;
 There Errors false, Idea's earthly Mind,
 Profane Wit, Wisdom, to the World confin'd:
 Sin in unclean Imagination wrought,
 Instable, inconsiderate, impious Thought;
 There a tenacious Memory of Ill,
 Corrupted Temper, and distorted Will,
 Impure Complaisance and Compliance vile,
 All Bestial Passions which the Soul defile;
 Love sensual, carnal Hope, destructive Joy,
 Foul Pleasures, foul Desires, which Souls decoy;
 There causeless Discontents, vain Fears, Distrusts,
 Ill Habits, anxious Cares, tyrannick Lusts;
 Aversion to the Cross, black hate Disdain,
 Fierce Anger, Envy, avaritious Gain;
 Revenge, Detraction, Censure, Hell-born Pride,
 Sloth, Negligence, and Proneness to back-slide;
 The evil Eye, Ears itching, Hand unchast,
 Luxurious Smelling, and intemperate Taste;
 The stand'rous, lying, and ungodly Tongue,
 With the whole Body of curs'd Sin were hung,
 And

And hung till the Youth mortify'd each Vice,
And his Concupiscence, which gave them Rise:
His darling Sin could not the rest survive,
Reason and Grace began to be alive.

The Holy JESUS, who his Vot'ry ey'd,
And all along with gracious Aids supply'd,
The Conflict saw, with Tenderneſs divine,
And deign'd in sympathizing Rays to shine;
Into his Breast he a new Heart inspir'd,
Which with a Love like to his own he fir'd;
A Heart soft, tender, ductile to his Will,
Fix'd and obdurate to encounter Ill;
Coeffluent God-Love on his Spirit shed,
The new Man rose, just as the old was dead.

The Pondus of his Soul now upward weigh'd,
He with Contempt the World beneath survey'd;
Soft Love compress'd the Gland in either Eye,
And Tears flow'd down from Fountains which were
His Will was by enlight'ned Reason sway'd, (dry:
All his internal Pow'rs great God obey'd:
His Heart and his Affections liv'd above,
God was his Fear, Hope, Joy, Desire, and Love;
His Thought to Heav'n lay open, Earthward clos'd,
His Fancy purg'd Idea's just compos'd;
His Memory celestial Truths retain'd,
His Words were serious, and his Tongue restrain'd;
The World, when courting him, he ne're abus'd,
Without a Surfeit God's Indulgence us'd:
On ev'ry Sense he kept strict jealous Eyes,
Ready the least Excursion to chastise;

His

His Frailties were incentives to his Care,
 They kept him humble, and in constant Pray'r;
 In frequent Hymns his Spirit Heav'nward flew,
 And Virtue his connat'ral Temper grew;
 His Spirit by God's Word was daily fed,
 And Meditation quickned all he read:
 As *Babylon's* proud King by Heav'n debas'd,
 Becoming Beast, was from his Palace chas'd,
 Graz'd with the Oxen, lodg'd on dewy Ground,
 'Till the Sun ran sev'n annual Circles round;
 His Hair like Eagles Plumes grew thick and strong,
 His Nails like Vultures Talons, sharp and long;
 'Till humbl'd he God's Sov'reignty ador'd,
 And felt his intellectual Pow'rs restor'd;
 His Throne and his Dominions he regain'd,
 Astonish'd at the Changes he sustain'd:
Hymnotheo thus to brutish Joys inclin'd,
 Had prostituted his immortal Mind,
 But stood, when he the sinful Brute subdu'd,
 Amaz'd to see his Heav'n-born Soul renew'd:
 Then sang his own Conversion to his Lyre,
 With which he knew the Angels would conspire.

I had one only Thing to do,
 Yet would a Thousand Things pursue;
 God only could exhaust my Mind,
 In God alone I Rest could find;
 Yet o're the World wild Flights I took,
 While I my self and God forsook;

To all vain Things which charm'd my View,
I paid what was my Maker's due:
My Thought, Choice, Love, Desire, Faith,
All centred in low sensual Gust; (Trust,
The transient World my Soul devour'd,
And Hell my Faculties o'repower'd;

My Thought Things perishable fill'd,
My Soul, what was my Poison will'd;
I fondly lov'd what I should hate,
Desir'd what Horror should create:
I lying Vanities believ'd,
And trusted most, where most deceiv'd;

I languish'd for what wrought my Bane,
Joy'd in what tends to endless Pain;
In Song I my Delusions prais'd,
Which Aversion should have rais'd;
My Soul with noble Reason grac'd,
Its Glory to vile Lusts debas'd;

As soon might the Autumnal Sun,
To *Libra*, when its Course was run,
Revolve, till it to *Aries* reel'd,
And with new Spring bedeck'd the Field,
As I from Sin my Heart estrange,
And my entire Propension change;

God

God shining on me from his Throne,
Benignly brake this Heart of Stone;
All Love to God, whose gracious Stroke
Enflam'd my Heart, as well as broke:
Conscience, whom I with Opiates ply'd,
Now wake, and be my watchful Guide;

Ah me, with what Neglects have I
Pass'd, Lord, thy Calls and Waitings by?
Though thou art just, shouldst thou refrain
From shewing me like Love again;
Yet still upon my Spirit stream,
In sweet enamourating Beam:

O Conscience, watch the Moments dear,
When Symptoms penitent appear;
When God, in gracious Splendour shines,
And me to filial Love inclines.
I ne're should fall, should I combine
With yearnings of the Love divine;

This very *now* heart-melting Zeal
Illaps'd, I on my Spirit feel;
Preventing Love my Soul invites,
My Spirit to re-love excites;
Lord, with thy offer'd Grace I close,
This *now* for happy Change dispose;

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On thee, my God, my Thought shall muse,
Thee sovereignly my Will shall chuse;
My Love shall to thy Love aspire,
The sole desirable Desire;
Thou wilt have all my Heart or none,
The World I for thy Sake disown.

My Soul shall long for blissful Sight,
Shall in the Source of Joy delight;
In Hymns I Day by Day will sing,
The Favours of my Heav'nly King;
My Pow'rs from thee, my God, descend,
And shall to thy sole Glory tend.

Lord, I self-offer'd, am not mine,
Keep safe this Heart entirely thine;
Let not Hell Pow'rs in Triumph say,
That what was thine they made their Prey;
Maim'd is the Off'ring, yet sincere,
Heav'n will its Imperfections clear.

Good *Salvian* oft, to give his Mourner Ease,
Would lead him out amidst the shady Trees;
There, as they walk, they various Mourners meet,
Who humbly *Salvian* and *Hymnotheo* greet:
The Saint, as they took Garden Air one Day,
By Providential Call was drawn away;
And as the Youth walk'd on with pensive Thought,
Kind Heav'n to his Relief *Senato* brought;

He was an aged Mourner, grave and mild,
 Pass'd Penance, and to *JESUS* reconcil'd;
 His Charity with Mourners sympathiz'd,
 And sweetly thus *Hymnotheo* he advis'd:

Thrice happy Man, who in your youthful Years
 Begin to shed true penitential Tears;
 With Pity you, secure upon the Shore,
 The Wrecks of aged Sinners may deplore;
 In Storms of Sin my Life had long been toss'd,
 All the rich Cargo of my Time was lost:
 But God first condescended to relent,
 My everlasting Ruin to prevent;
 O that I ever should that God offend,
 Who by me outrag'd would my Bliss intend;
 O that my mispent Years I might re-live,
 To gracious God I would each Minute give;
 Ah, 'twas that gracious God me hither sent,
 That I might learn sincerely to repent;
 'Twas gracious God heard my heart-breaking Moan,
 And shin'd upon me from his glorious Throne;
 I am absolv'd, and with the Faithful range,
 Great God be prais'd for this transporting Change;
 Ah, 'twas for *JESUS* Sake I hither came,
 I, in my Pray'rs, ingeminate his Name;
 From that dear Name my Pardon I deriv'd,
 'Twas by his Cross my Soul at last reviv'd:
 At last, for long it was e're Tears would glide,
 Oft when I made Resolves I should backslide;
 My stubborn Passions would no Curb endure,
 And my Disease impatient was of Cure;

My

The Penitent.

115

My Sins to strong, invet'rate Habits swell'd,
And when I thought them conquer'd, they rebell'd;
When my Repentance first became my Care,
I oft was on the Borders of Despair;
It seem'd an easier Labour at first Sight,
T' unspot Leopards, or wash *Ethiops* white;
As when a Babe his Bands begins to tare,
And strives to make his Passage into Air,
The sad Alarm the tender Mother takes,
She trembles, and her Heart affrighted akes;
The painful Hour she with sad Sighs bemoans,
And fetches many pitiable Groans;
Distentions, Pangs, Convulsions, tort'ring Throws;
She, e're she is deliver'd, undergoes;
But when the Babe breaks out into the Light,
Soon as her little self is in her Sight,
That Moment Ease and Ecstasie begin,
She feels a Mother's Bowels yearn within;
Her present Joys so far transcend her Pains,
That no Remembrance of past Woe remains:
Thus when I thought with my old Sins to part,
And was in Labour of an Infant Heart,
Against my Mind I felt my Flesh rebel, (Hell;
Death, the dread Judgment, Wrath divine, and
Grief, Horror, Shame, would oft my Soul invade,
All joining, a compounded Trouble made;
A thousand Throws, a thousand Pangs I felt,
E're my old Heart would soften, break, and melt;
But when I was deliver'd of a new,
Away my Pangs, away my Sorrows flew;

My Fears were calm'd, my Pains were all allay'd,
 My Shame was damp'd, my Rebel Lufts obey'd;
 Death me no more with ghastly Terrors scar'd,
 For the last Judgment I had Pleas prepar'd;
 The Dread of Hell no more my Conscience seiz'd,
 With my Repentance gracious God was pleas'd:
 Strange Joys my Soul at Absolution fill'd,
 Which into Heav'n it self new Joys instill'd;
 I joy, and never shall my Joy give o're,
 They may joy always who will sin no more.

O dear young Man, ah may you never know
 The Pangs which aged Sinners undergo;
 But O for ever be sweet *JESUS* blest'd,
 Who my strong inbred Legion dispossest'd;
 From this safe House of Mourning to my Urn
 I'll pass, and never to the World return:
 From me your Sins learn early to lament,
 You'll joy the more the sooner you repent:
 The Youth with penitential Fervours glow'd,
 And full of Thought return'd to his Abode.

God on *Hymnotheo's* Guardian had impress'd,
 That to his Charge he should a Walk suggest;
 Guided by Heav'n, he to a Thicket lead,
 With ever-Greens and downy Moss bespread;
 And in an Arbour of Sepulchral Yew,
 He a sad Mourner saw the Turf bedew;
 Who thus surpriz'd, gave a strong sudden Start,
 But gracious God unseen compos'd his Heart;
 And as the Youth was making his Retreat,
 He courts him in his Shade to take his Seat;

The

The Penitent.

117

The Youth submissively his Pardon pray'd,
For unpremeditated Entrance made;
Both then themselves reposing on the Ground,
The Youth crav'd Leave this Question to propound:
How long, kind Sir, have you been here immur'd,
You mighty Sorrows seem to have endur'd;
Your flowing Eye, pale Look, and hollow Cheek,
Your Gestures you a sacred Mourner speak?
O might my sympathizing Heart obtain
This Blessing, to alleviate your Pain;
Ah, said the Mourner, you Compassion shew
To the worst Wretch, undamn'd to endless Woe;
Seven Weeks of Moons are past, since in this Vale
I first began my Vileness to bewail;
In penitential Exercises here,
And Bitterness of Soul, I spent a Year;
My Vial ev'ry Day with Tears ran o're,
Shed my past Follies sadly to deplore;
A thousand Resolutions then I made, (Aid;
Back'd with firm Vows, and Pray'rs for heav'nly
My Angel joy'd the more, the more I griev'd,
In his glad Arms good *Salvian* me receiv'd;
For Absolution he esteem'd me fit,
And my past Sins was zealous to acquit;
Soon as my Absolution I had gain'd,
Satan my Spirit with Presumption ban'd;
My thought I Hell had trampled under Feet,
And to the World securely might retreat;
Self-Love, self-Confidence still more increas'd,
From the sad Vale I long'd to be releas'd;

Full of self-Joy for all that me besel,
 I bid the Mourners in the Vale farewell;
 And ey'd them as my worldly Flight I took,
 With a contemptuous Pity in my Look:
 The more self-Confidence my Heart possess'd,
 The less for Aid divine I made Request:
 My Conscience often check'd me, but in vain,
 At ev'ry Sense I drank Infernal Bane;
 Bane which on all my ghostly Vitals prey'd,
 Till I at length to Sin was Captive made:
 Heifers, their Heat and Thirst to quench, repair
 To cool *Silurnus* Streams, and rolling there,
 Feel of *Lucanian* Flies the angry Bite,
 Which wound them with a pertinacious Spite;
 Till seiz'd with an intolerable Pain,
 They shake off Yokes, and all controul disdain;
 With their loud, dol'rous Bellowings fill the Air,
 Earth with their Hoofs in furious Madness tare;
 Leave the fat Pastures, and the quiet Stall,
 Leap Rocks, and from high Precipices fall;
 Till the mad Brute, flown from the careful Swain,
 Is by a vile insulting Insect slain:
 Thus Hellish Insects bit me through and through,
 And madly I from Christ's soft Yoke withdrew;
 At solemn Seasons, the Parochial Priest
 Invited me to the immortal Feast;
 I then faint Offers at Repentance made,
 And superficially my Life survey'd:
 But as the Morning Dew strait dries away,
 And Clouds soon scatter'd are by radiant Day;

Thus

The Penitent.

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Thus I soon felt my flashy Goodness fade,
And Sin with greater Force me re-invade:
Religion oft would in my Heart revive,
With Sensuality for Conquest strive;
I in my Breast would lodge a double Mind,
One to the World, and one to Heav'n inclin'd;
And by this Com-promise strove to adjust
The Rights of Conscience, and the Claims of Lust;
But Lust I felt prevail, and Grace decrease,
I war denounc'd, while I was making Peace;
I fell soon as to rise I did begin,
Alternating Repentances and Sin:
As clean wash'd Swine return into their Sty,
And in their stinking Mire re-wallowing lie;
As Dogs, the filthy Vomits they cast up,
In a short Space with Appetite re-sup:
Thus to all Sins which I abjur'd I flew,
A filthier Ordure, a more loathsome Spew.
Long sick I of a ghostly Ague lay,
Sometimes in Fever, then as chill as Clay;
Fancie with Ills imaginary teem'd,
One while too difficult my Duty seem'd;
Then Perpetuity my Spirit tyr'd,
One while I greater Latitude desir'd;
So God would my beloved Sin endure,
I was content all others to abjure;
That of my Passions the full Current drain'd,
God nought but Drops of the wast Water gain'd;
Sin grown to Custom lost all bashful Sense,
Acts multiply'd to Habits grew intense:

As petrifying Fountains, by Degrees,
 Into a solid Stone soft Willows freeze;
 In sensual Pleasures thus my Soul immers'd
 Turn'd Marble, and my Checks were all dispers'd;
 All Thought of Heav'n was from my Spirit flown,
 Devotion cold as Polar Ice was grown;
 Say, dear young Man, say, have you ever seen,
 A Wretch more vile, a Leper more unclean?

But *JESUS*, O that sweetest, dearest Name,
 Unsought by me, to my Deliv'rance came:
 O lovely *JESUS*, thou my *JESUS* art,
 Thou hast Possession of my Tongue and Heart;
 May I that Day groan in Infernal Pain,
 When silent of my *JESUS* I remain:
 As soon you might the seven mouth *Nile* constrain,
 To disemboque Antartick to the Main,
 And perpendicularly up to flow,
 With num'rous lofty Cat'racts from below,
 Till they the Lunar Mountains re-ascend,
 And where their Current took its Rise, to end:
 As I my old Propensions could deny,
 The Torrents so impetuous were and high,
 The Miracle was yet by *JESUS* done,
 And my down Torrents all now upwards run;
JESUS unclos'd my Heart, unstopp'd my Ear,
 Made me his Love perceive, his Calling hear;
 I hearing, vow'd I would my Life amend,
 And my residuous Days in Penance spend;
 To Mourners freely I my Shame expose,
 That they may never feel Backsliders Woes:

Praise,

Praise, said the Youth, to God, and Thanks to you,
Who my own Fall thus mind me to review;
Proceed, kind tender Father, and your Son
Instruct, Backsliders dang'rous Guilt to shun:
The Mourner steddily *Hymnotheo* ey'd,
True penitential Air in him descry'd;
And charm'd with the Compunction of his Youth,
Thus arm'd him with experimental Truth:

When I revisited my mournful Cell,
Salvian, who knew my Fall and Temper well,
How Pride, Presumption, and unguarded Thought,
Had my deplorable Backsliding wrought,
Me to a Chamber leads, in which I find
Two even Scales to a nice Balance joyn'd,
Bidding me take my Choice; my Scale I chose,
And straight my full Scale fell, the empty rose;
A Bubble in the empty Scale he lay'd,
The Bubble my vain Spirit over-weigh'd;
Teaching me thus my Impotence to rate,
Self-Confidence to humble and abate:
Since that, when proud Presumptions me assail,
I to Remembrance call the rising Scale;
Learn of your Weakness Estimation just,
In gracious God confide, your self distrust;
Think not your Perseverance a hard Task,
We gain Almighty Aids if we but ask.
Men no Fatigue for Things which perish grudge,
Some all their Age for fading Riches drudge;
This for his Lust insatiably purveys,
That toils for his Ambition all his Days:

Men

Men easier would in Good than Ill persist,
Did they the Difference weigh of the acquit.

You happy Youth, an early Change commence,
O keep your Heart still fix'd on your Defence :
As when a sharp Disease, by Pain and Length,
Depauperates the Blood, and wasts the Strength ;
Soon as the Fever cools to mod'rate Heat,
And all the Pulses regularly beat ;
If of himself the Patient takes no Care,
But runs into the Predatory Air,
The unadvisable Attempt he rues,
And his Distemper with fresh Force renews ;
Thus Souls restor'd by penitential Tears,
If they remit or damp their filial Fears,
Their Infant Resolutions soon decay,
They their own Souls to a Relapse betray ;
The new-born Hearts of all the tendrest are,
Curs'd Satan strives the weakest to ensnare ;
Live watchful his Temptations to avoid,
None but the Careless ever are destroy'd :
When you by Frailty fall, next Moment rise,
Move God's paternal Love with filial Cries ;
Your Pray'rs can never of due Succours fail,
God and his Hosts will help you to prevail :
This said, the Mourner begg'd *Hymnotheo's* Pray'r
Who, taking Leave, strait to his Cell repairs ;
There he the Mourner's Story recollects,
And in his Fall upon his own reflects :
Then taking down his Harp, he in a Strain,
Which should accord Contrition with Disdain,

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To give his Passion vent, sings of curs'd Pride,
The odious Sin which mov'd him to backslide.

O curst Pride, the first begotten Ill,
Which first stain'd Innocence, first warp'd the Will,
First 'gainst great God mov'd Creatures to rebel,
First mov'd just Vengeance to create a Hell;
First down from Bliss Apostate Angels threw,
First Co-Apostate Man from God withdrew;
First Heav'n embroil'd, still fills the World with
(Wars,
By climbing Heights, which God or Nature bars;
Which all Submission Penitent disdains,
And eternizes Diabolick Pains.

With restless Malice Satan Pride trajects,
And with that Pestilence laps'd Man infects,
'Till he with fond Imagination swells,
And God's Command insultingly repels;
Begins at last himself to Idolize,
And offers to himself his Sacrifice;
Proud Man by pompous Actions Flatterers draws,
Fond of precarious venal vile Applause;
Thinks it beneath a Man of Honour's State,
To cast an Eye on *Laz'rus* at his Gate:
Minutely can the Spots of others find,
But to his own Deformities is blind;
His Neighbour censures, or reviles or hates,
On his own Deeds sets overvaluing Rates:
Unthankful for the Blessings he receives,
With Envy at the Good of others grieves;

Will

Will now and then a Neighbour's Actions praise,
 That all may see how much he overweighs;
 Of light Defects he now and then complains,
 But is affronted if he Credit gains;
 Giving Occasion, by a trivial Blame,
 For his Retainers to exalt his Name;
 The highest Seats he studiously affects,
 Exacts from all Punctilio's of Respects;
 O're his Inferiours he the Tyrant plays,
 Loads insupportable on others lays;
 Sticks at no Fraud, Impiety, or Spite,
 To reach or keep an Arbitrary Height.
 Proud Man, who blasts all Graces in their Bloom,
 Weeds of Self-Love still planting in their Room:
 Who sets no Bounds to insolent Desires,
 Impatient in his Station still aspires;
 Can no good Counsel, no Reproof endure,
 Feeds his Disease 'till it admits no Cure:
 With haughty Looks, and a starch'd Gesture walks,
 And of his own Atchievements only talks;
 Who would be thought all that he strives to seem,
 And arrogates of Saint the high Esteem:
 The *Pharisee* an humble Virtue scorns,
 With his own Eulogies himself adorns;
 Of sacred Zeal makes hypocritick Shows,
 And soon believes the Lies he would impose;
 He discontented and repining lives,
 That God too little to his Merit gives;
 Boasts his Devotion other Saints transcends,
 To Visions and to Extasies pretends:

Proud

Proud Man, who brags of Heights he ne're attain'd,
Braggs they were all by his own Virtue gain'd;
All that he truly may be thought to have,
His base self-terminating Ends deprave;
Oft in his Spirit mystick Notions float,
Of heav'nly Things he only talks by Roat;
To Self-Denial he aversion bears,
And fix'd Abhorrence of the Cross declares;
In Solitude he never is at rest,
Lest Conscience should an humbling Thought suggest;
Where he impunely may, rejects all Rules,
And grave Superiours Counsels ridicules;
Each casual Slight wounds like a bearded Dart;
Give his true Character, you break his Heart;
High as he looks, he is abjectly base,
To court a Rabble, or Grandee in Place;
Of his Repute he lives in jealous Dread,
Fills with Romances of himself his Head;
Soon as Men spy him out, the Bubble sinks,
The more he was perfum'd, the worse he stinks.

Had I all *Solomon's* Renown and Wealth;
Had I Youth, Beauty, and a vigorous Health;
Had I a Confluence of all Delights,
Of every Science could I reach the Heights;
Had I a vast and comprehensive Mind,
Able to govern, and outwit Mankind;
Should all the Virtues in my Spirit joyn,
And make in feeble Eyes a Glare divine;
I yet had nothing I my own could call,
'Twas God first gave, and may remand them all;

I have not their Dominion, but their Use,
 Responsible to God for their Abuse;
 Pride turns them all to my eternal Bane,
 They only serve to heighten endless Pain.

Curs'd Pride its Sting into our Spirit winds,
 Envenoms, e're we are aware, our Minds,
 And with insinuating various Wiles,
 Too oft a Saint, when mortify'd, beguiles.
 O Cursed Sin, of *Adam's* Offspring, none
 Would ever that Abomination own;
 Men that they Sinners are confess aloud,
 But who would e're confess that he is proud?
 Fond Fool at Death, who his stoll'n Feathers Molts,
 And of his Folly feels the dire Revolts;
 A forc'd Conviction seizes him too late,
 And Reprobation is his endless Fate.

Pride to God's Law is Enemy profess'd,
 God's Eyes, above all Sins, that Sin detest;
 On Earth, God Pride with jealous Vengeance quells,
 In Torment that all other damn'd excels;
 To humble *JESUS*, who for Sinners dy'd,
 None more Antipathetick is than Pride;
 Yet wo is me, I to that Sin was prone,
 Prime Luciferian Rebel to God's Throne;
 But *JESUS*, by immense, preventing Grace,
 Was pleas'd my Pride audacious to debase;
 With humble *JESUS* I now sympathize,
 Love his Submissions, and my self despise;
 This sung, his Thought to *JESUS* he confin'd,
 Perfect Idea of an humble Mind.

It chanc'd one Day, for Men miscal that Chance,
 When God is pleas'd Occasions to advance;
 As o're the Walks alone *Hymnotheo* stray'd,
 And on his Hand his Dove contented stay'd;
 He sitting down, his mournful Spirit eas'd,
 His Bird and he seem'd mutually pleas'd;
 A Youth but little past bless'd JESUS's Age,
 When he appear'd with Doctors to engage,
 As he walk'd by, beheld the pretty Sight,
 Which made him there Co-Partner in Delight;
 With *Lucio* his Director he drew near,
 Strange Joy seem'd in his Visage to appear;
 For a short Time, to gratifie his Mind,
Hymnotheo to his Hands the Dove resign'd;
 Then ask'd his Guide who was that goodly Child,
 'Tis one, said he, who *Theophile* is styl'd;
 His Parents were a chaste religious Pair,
 And of his Education took due Care;
 From Follies learn'd, in Nurs'ries he was freed,
 To flatt'ring Servants warn'd to give no Heed;
 Taught to keep Conscience tender and sincere,
 Meekness, Humility, God's filial Fear.
 An Averfation to all youthful Lust,
 God's Aid to pray for, and himself distrust;
 Like the Child JESUS, to the Will divine,
 Himself entirely always to resign;
 To pity and relieve all Souls in Woe,
 In Wisdom as in Stature still to grow;
 Like *Timothy*, he from a Child was train'd
 In Scripture, which in Mem'ry he retain'd;

He

He soon grew ripe for Heav'n, his youthful Breast;
 By his Redeemer's Love, was prepossess'd;
 Few Years will wash away unwillful Taints,
 Religious Children soon grow aged Saints;
 He, e're the World defil'd him, it forsook,
 You may see Heav'n in his transported Look;
 Bless'd *JESUS* his first Love unfully'd gain'd,
 And in his Heart with gracious Empire reign'd;
Hymnotheo to the Child Approaches made,
 As with his Dove he sported, and thus said:

Sweet Child, why entred you this weeping Vale,
 Who seem to have no Trouble to bewail?
 This cheerful Air; which in your Look I see,
 How can it with this mournful House agree?
 O, said the Child, my Comforts never cease;
 When I attempt to weep, my Joys increase;
 My Heart is melting, yet no Sorrow knows,
 Diffusive Sweetness all its Banks o'reflows;
 My Heart in *JESUS* is at perfect Rest,
 No Rival Lust shall with his Love contest;
 Sweet *JESUS*, from curs'd Satan's fierce Attack,
 As the good Angel *Lot*, still drew me back;
 But the infectious World, the more I knew
 Of my own Heart, I the more jealous grew;
 I here come Childish Follies to lament,
 And my Perversion timely to prevent;
 I fear'd my Weakness might my Soul betray;
 I grieve that my Thoughts wander'd when I pray;
 Error I fear'd might cheat me when disguis'd,
 And Reason blinded, Will might be surpriz'd;

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 Vol. III.

Hither I come, by penitential Tears,
My Failings to bewail, and calm my Fears;
When my dear JESUS lodg'd me in his Arms,
Carefs'd me with unutterable Charms,
My Eyes drop Loves, and they as sweetly glide,
As Myrrh dropp'd from the Hands of JESUS Bride;
The lov'd Disciple sweeter Tears ne're shed,
When next his Master's Heart he laid his Head:
O I will JESUS Love, of JESUS sing,
Of Love and Joy the ever-gushing Spring;
O Bliss, next to unfinning Saints Above,
To offer JESUS early Virgin Love;
With that the Bird back to *Hymnotheo* flew,
Love JESUS, said the Child, and bad Adieu:
Hymnotheo silent wondred at the Height,
In one so young, of heav'nly Love and Light,
And taking from his wondrous Ardour Fire,
Return'd Seraphick Lover in Desire;
But oft his Cell he with sad Tears bedew'd,
When he himself and *Theophile* review'd:
Grief, Shame, and Self-Abomination, seiz'd
His Soul, to think how he had God displeas'd.

As the poor Wretch, whose Body shook all o're,
While his remording Conscience trembled more,
To JESUS brought, JESUS his Soul to cheer,
Said, Son, thy Sins are pardon'd, do not fear:
At that glad Word he felt transporting Ease,
Which cur'd at once his Guilt and his Disease:
Thus sad *Hymnotheo*, in his mournful Cell, (fell;
O'rewhelm'd with Grief and Shame, a trembling

His Tears were too restrain'd, that rais'd his Dread,
 And then afresh his wounded Spirit bled :
 When in his Soul Joy indelib'rate rose,
 Which in an Instant fet him at Repose ;
 A Gleam of boundless Mercy through him shin'd,
 Sweet JESUS spake to his afflicted Mind ;
 Grieve not, my Friend, thy Sins forgiven are,
 My Blood has cleans'd thee, I have heard thy
 (Pray'r :

The Name of Friend upon his Spirit dwelt,
 At that enam'ring Word he Transports felt ;
 Sweet penitential Tears came rushing in,
 The happy Symptoms of remitted Sin.

(shew'd,

The Saint, to whom God these Vouchsafements
 Entring the Cell, *Hymnotheo* thus o'reflow'd ;
 JESUS my Love is come, my Life, my Aid,
 My Joy, my God has me a Visit made ;
 Much I have sin'd, but JESUS Pity took,
 His Love not me, but I his Love forsook ;
 But JESUS now with Love, my Love has charm'd,
 His Love has all my ghostly Foes disarm'd ;
 Upon the Cross they were of Life bereft,
 Love only in my Soul alive is left :
 O *Salvian*, you have studied my false Heart,
 Ah, what you know of me to me impart,
 Know you one Sin not water'd by my Tears,
 Which unobserv'd by me to you appears ;
 Tell me, I charge you, that absconded Sin,
 That I Repentance may again begin :

The Penitent.

131

If you know none, one more Request I have,
My Penance past, I Absolution crave;
JESUS to you the ghostly Keys commits,
And those you here absolve, in Heav'n acquits.

The Saint his Angel for *Phylthreno* sent,
And spake with Tears of Joy to this Intent;
Hymnotheo weeps, hymns, loves, the happy News
O're Church and Valley instantly diffuse;
Both Worlds in Joy shall at one Instant joyn,
My Hands upon his Head shall be the Sign;
The Saint, *Phylacter* then bespeaks, Go share
In those high Joys they now in Heav'n prepare;
I'll with your Charge and mine here watchful stay;
I'll under Heav'n sole Guardian be to Day;
I'll for *Hymnotheo* give God Praises due,
I'll strive to sing and joy as much as you.

To Church then *Salvian* with *Hymnotheo* went;
His Charge to all the Faithful to present;
The Mourners wont his Soul to co-bewail,
Prepare for Joy o're all the penfive Vale;
The aged Saint ascends the Past'ral Throne;
The Youth renews his penitential Moan;
The Penitentiaries stood all around,
And ev'ry Rank of Mourners kep't their Ground;
Hymnotheo weeping, stood in open View,
Tears from all Eyes that tender Object drew;
Behold this Wretch, he cry'd, Co-Mourners all,
With supplemental Tears lament my Fall;
To God's Glory, and my open Shame,
All my past Scandals publicly proclaim;

Of God, the World, of holy Church, and you;
 I now for Pardon and Indulgence sue;
 Soon as 'tis in my Pow'r, for Wrongs I vow;
 An ample Satisfaction to allow;
 On *JESUS* boundless Mercy I rely,
 Who that I might not perish, deign'd to die;
 For his dear Sake to pity me incline, (mine;
 Kind Priests, kind Faithful, add your Pray'rs to
 Kind Father, *JESUS* chief Vice-gerent here,
 All my past Guilt by Absolution clear:
 All on their Knees contribute Pray'rs devout,
 And Tears rain down the Temple all about,
 While gracious *Salvian's* Eye-lids overflow,
 And drop upon the Penitent below;
 Imposing then his Hands upon his Head,
 He with loud Voice the Absolution read;
 Soon as the Words came melting from his Tongue,
 All the whole Valley *Hallelujah* sung;
Hymnotheo's happy Change made all rejoice,
 Throughout the Vale was heard no mournful Voice;
 The Penitents, who in the Porch had wept,
 From Tears that Day entire Vacation kept;
 Lov'd *JESUS*, who had found the Sheep which
 In brightest Beams Complacency betray'd; (fray'd
 The blessed Spirit, by *Hymnotheo* griev'd,
 Joy infinite at his Return conceiv'd;
 The Father in his Mercy took Delight,
 The Angels, who by Beatifick Sight
 Beheld new Joy in God, new Joy began,
 Through all their Orders Jubilations ran:

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To aid *Hymnotheo*, all who were employ'd,
Above the rest at his Repentance joy'd;
While Saints below invited were to meet,
For his glad Change, *Te Deum* to repeat:
While for *Hymnotheo* both the Worlds were glad,
The Penitent himself could not be sad;
O no, but largest Words too bounded are,
A pardon'd Sinner's Rapture to declare,
His Soul came rushing out at ev'ry vent
In Tears, Love, Joy, Praise, self-oblation spent.

Hymnotheo then was to the Altar led,
Where on Immortal Food his Spirit fed;
The Faithful in a Hymn his Welcome spake,
Court'd him in their Joys his Share to take;
Gave him the Kiss of Peace, his Hair-Cloth tore,
And a white Robe he from that Moment wore:
Phylaster flown to Heav'n, foresaw full well
This joyful Change, and in the thoughtful Cell,
While the Youth made his penitential Moan,
Had taught the Dove to sing in pleasing Tone;
Resolving when the happy Hour was come,
His very Dove should not continue dumb:
And being come, the Turtle chang'd her Voice,
Though born to mourn, yet now she could rejoice;
And as the Angel taught her all Day long,
Nothing but *Hallelujah* was her Song.



BOOK V.



Hylaster, who his Course to Heav'n had steer'd,

Thus told his Story, when he re-appear'd.

I overtook, in my ascent this Day,
 Flights of *Smyranean* Guard'ans on the Way;
 Bright *Smyrnaphyl* with one Consent they chose,
 Who should the Anthem for that Day compose;
 I *Smyrna's* Saints and Angels saw contend,
 All Heav'n besides in Hymning to transcend;
 Triunal God had Robes benignly bright,
 The Bless'd felt super-effluent Delight:
 O I in Bliss eternally had stay'd,
 But that God me *Hymnotheo's* Guardian made:
Hymnotheo then return'd to his Retreat,
 Full of devout, and Heav'n-enkindled Heat;
 On *Calvary* his Love at first was rais'd,
 Now it arose to a bright Flame, and blaz'd;
 His Harp he took, his Rapture was too strong
 To be express'd in any thing but Song.

Bid the sick Wretch, who groans in dying Pains;
 Bid the starv'd bastinated Slave in Chains;
 Bid Sailers frighted by Shipwrecking Wind;
 Bid Malefactors to the Rope consign'd;

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Say if they can, what Joys their Souls conceive,
At a Recovery, Ransom, calm Reprieve;
Bid the triumphant Conqueror, who boasts
Of vanquishing fierce numerous mighty Hosts,
Say if he can, as he the Fight relates,
What are the Joys which Victory creates;
Joy penitential far transcends them all,
Short of my Joy they infinitely Fall;
Souls greater Pangs, a greater Slavery bear,
A fiercer Storm, a Judgment more severe:
They fight with a more formidable Foe,
They Griefs, they Dangers greater undergo,
And greater Joys at Absolution feel,
Too great for pardon'd Sinners to reveal.

Lend me your Tongues, bright Angels, that I may
A pardon'd Sinner's Extasy display;
But ev'n your Tongues the Subject cannot reach,
You never sick, Recov'ry cannot teach;
I want a nobler Tongue, Thought more refin'd,
To vent the Exultations of my Mind.
Bless'd Spirit, who in cloven Tongues of Fire,
Into the Saints didst heav'nly Heights inspire;
One of those Fiery Tongues to me impart,
To sing the Bliss of a regenerate Heart;
You Angels joy, when we our Sins confess,
We from Experience joy, but you from guess;
We joy below, as well as you on high,
In Region, not in Truth, you us outvie;
I joy in God's dear Pardon, Love, and Care,
In his propitious Answer to my Pray'r;

I joy in God's Almighty gracious Aid,
 That my few Tears shall be with Heav'n repaid;
 I joy that for my Sins God-Man would bleed,
 Arch-Angels if you can, that Joy exceed;
 The Wings of the eternal Dove outspread,
 Brood heav'nly Consolations on my Head;
 Under his Wings I feel transporting Rest,
 No Angels more agreeably are bless'd.

Hymnotheo from that Moment to his Lyre
 Sang *JESUS*, who possess'd his Heart entire;
 He Man of Sorrows, when his Sin bewail'd,
 Like *JESUS*, when he to the Cross was nail'd;
 Man of Desires, like the lov'd *Daniel* grew,
 When *JESUS*'s Love he by Experience knew;
 Much he both wept and lov'd, 'till *JESUS* heard,
 And with a pardoning Ray his Spirit cheer'd;
 From thence he in devotional Retreats,
 Began of *JESUS* Love to tast the Sweets;
 Each Tast put his Desire upon the Wing,
 He long'd to fly to the eternal Spring;
 He in his Heart engrav'd, kept *JESUS* Name,
 To copy *JESUS*, was his Sovereign Aim;
 He Pleasure took sweet *JESUS* to repeat,
 To spend on *JESUS* his Poetick Heat;
 To imitate the Hymns of Saints in Light,
 And his Desires to *JESUS* thus took flight.

JESU, in Hymning thy salvifick Love,
 Their whole Duration Saints employ above;
 New Hymns they to Eternity endite, (Height;
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Their Fervours by each Hymn grow more intense,
But Length, Breadth, Depth, and Height are all

(immense;

And Saints to JESUS Love who firmly cleave,

Love it the more the less they it conceive;

As Saints sing JESUS in the heav'nly Sphere,

May I incessant sing my JESUS here;

JESU assist my Songs, that like the Bless'd,

From hymning thee I may no Minute rest;

JESU, Love makes me bold, 'tis my Desire,

All faithful Souls with thy dear Love to fire;

Thou loving first, dost Souls to Love incline,

Of our Love fir'd, the Glory all is thine.

Love afresh fir'd he feels as thus he sings,

And vents his Inspiration to his Strings:

I oft recal the Moments dear,

Enjoy'd in Penitential Tear,

A Beam of Pardon through me shin'd,

Diffusing Sweetness o're my Mind;

Upon my Knees, while that I felt,

I could eternally have dwelt.

If Tears can such a Joy create,

Who can the Joy supernal rate;

When boundless beatifick Ray,

With Kifs of Peace wipes Tears away,

When Love at full Ecstatick Height,

Shall in the Love Triune delight.

My

My God, when in this Vale of Woes,
 Thy heav'nly Favour me o'reflows;
 I feel a pleas'd Amazement rise
 At the enamouring Surprise;
 Ah what am I, great God should be
 Thus wondrously benign to me?

God is of Love the Object due,
 What Good in me can Godhead view?
 But I by glad Experience find,
 Since JESUS died to save Mankind,
 His Love a Sinner's Love prevents,
 To melt his Heart till it relents.

Lord, since by Taft I understood,
 That thou art my conat'ral Good;
 That thou didst form unbounded Will,
 On Purpose for thy self to fill;
 With Shame and Anguish I deplore,
 I should forbear to love before.

O I must ever hymn thy Name,
 That thou at last dost me inflame;
 Thou down the sensual Dam dost throw,
 Which made me stagnate here below,
 And Love when unobstructed grown,
 Gush'd in full Stream on thee alone.

My God, to what endearing Ways
Dost thou descend my Love to raise,
The Wings of the All-gracious Dove
Shed soft, sweet, penitential Love;
Thought humble and devout traject,
And make me on my self reflect.

Lord, when the Blessings of both Lives,
To recollect my Spirit strives;
Their Number and their Greatness swell,
To Heights which lowly Verse excel;
Yet viewing my vile self, I more
Thy Goodness undeserv'd adore.

But when dear JESUS Love I weigh,
Great God assuming mortal Clay,
For Sinners on the Cross to die,
To gain for them the Joys on high;
I call for Aid the heav'nly Quire,
Who the Lamb slain in Hymns admire.

Lord, since my Pow'rs to thee re-stream,
And nothing but thy Love esteem;
Let thy Attractives still increase,
Thy sweet Effluxes never cease;
Till I become entirely thine,
And nothing may our Loves disjoyn.

My Soul, when Joys of Love I feel,
 Is seiz'd with a self-jealous Zeal;
 Lest while I live from Heav'n exil'd,
 I by the World should be defil'd;
 But I on Love immense depend,
 My Love from Rivals to defend.

Drawn from my self in thee I'll live,
 Thou, Lord, thy self to me wilt give;
 O I of JESUS Love possess'd,
 Shall keep him templing in my Breast;
 With Love and Meditation sweet,
 I'll daily my lov'd JESUS treat.

My ghostly, my transported Sight,
 Shall view his Love in ev'ry Light;
 And of my JESUS ev'ry Glance
 Shall in a Hymn my Love entrance;
 And ev'ry Hymn shall make me more
 His Lover than I was before.

In Languor I shall spend my Days,
 Lord, in thy Absence or Delays;
 Embrace each Pledge thy Loves impart,
 With pliant, soft, and humble Heart;
 And since thy Love I ne're can drein,
 In Liquefaction still remain.

Thou

Thou in self-love hadst full Delight,
E're forth thy Love shed gracious Might,
And what thou art, we should adore,
Might we no Grace from thee implore;
Love only can, when it outflows,
To Love reciprocal dispose.

Let Mysticks then to Love aspire,
Which of Reward has no Desire;
Bless'd JESUS fix'd on Joys his Eyes,
Which made him Shame and Cross despise;
And we at promis'd Joys should aim,
Which God would have his Lovers claim.

Thy self, O amiable Lord,
Thou hast propos'd for our Reward;
And thy Benignities so clear,
So beatifical appear,
That 'tis impossible to love,
And not desire thy Sight above.

I thirst for thee while here I stay,
Thou only canst my Thirst allay;
'Tis Indigence that Thirst excites,
Yet in that Thirst my Love delights;
In sweet Efforts my Love I spend
To God belov'd, while I propend.

Lord,

Lord, while in View thy Love I keep;
 The Fruits of Love I daily reap;
 Heart-easing Tears whene're I slide,
 Some Loveliness undescry'd;
 Or Zeal all frozen Hearts to fire,
 Till they to love thee shall conspire,

Some fresh inflammatory Beam
 Of Bliss celestial, a bright Gleam;
 Grief with fresh Consolations cheer'd,
 Hope nearer tow'rd's Assurance rear'd;
 Of God belov'd, more Likeness gain'd;
 Or Frailty with fresh Aids sustain'd.

To Pray'r some gracious Answers sent,
 Some Meditations more intent;
 Or sudden Fervency devout,
 Or heav'nly Guidance when in doubt;
 Or fresh Aversions to false Joy,
 Or some new Hymns which Love employ.

The noblest Part is still behind,
 JESU like thee with Will resign'd;
 A Martyr for pure Love to die,
 Transcending Pain and Infamy;
 'Tis, Lord, thy due, and at thy Call,
 To Love, a Sacrifice I'll fall.

Be boundless Love Triune ador'd,
Who on his faithful Lovers pour'd,
All Blessings with a plenteous Hand,
Of which in any need they stand;
I but for one, Lord, humbly plead,
O give me all the Love I need.

Bless'd *John*, who still at *Ephesus* abode,
By Angels flying that aerial Road,
Had to his Soul Intelligence convey'd
Of his *Hymnotheo's* Change, for which he pray'd;
And in the Vale his longer Stay design'd,
That he consummately might be refin'd;
While God, who with his Lovers Pray'rs comply'd,
Mov'd faithful Souls, whom he benignly ey'd,
In Song to mix Instruction with Delight,
And heav'nly Graces in his Soul excite;
Thus mov'd by God, they on *Hymnotheo* wait,
His heav'nly Favours to congratulate:
Hymnotheo of his Song scarce made an End,
When tow'rds his Cell he saw the Faithful tend;
His Harp he then re-hung in its due Place,
Saluting ev'ry Saint with humble Grace;
Each to him gave the charitable Kifs,
With glad Ejaculations for his Blifs;
All court him to take down his Harp again,
With *Airs Davidick* them to entertain:
Out then the Faithful with *Hymnotheo* went,
To Shades, which 'twas their Custom to frequent;

All

All fitting down a Song of him desir'd;
 In Imitation of the King inspir'd,
 Who was to Saints the Blessings wont to sing,
 Which he deriv'd from the eternal Spring.
 The Youth, to move them with his Heart to joyn,
 In co-harmonious Praise of Love divine,
 And that his Chords might with his Song agree,
 Thus sang in *David's* Eucharistick Key.

The Moments on my Knees my Spirit spends;
 My Angel me with faithful Care attends;
 He wards the Strokes of my Infernal Foe,
 Who impious Thoughts into my Mind would throw;
 Into my Heart Devotion he trajects;
 My Meditation he tow'rds God directs;
 He, while to God my Supplications fly,
 Stands as a kind Supporter silent by:
 But when I God's unbounded Goodness praise;
 He takes his Harp, and to my Anthem plays:
 Bright Friend, said I, what makes you more incline,
 With my Thankgivings, then my Pray'rs to joyn;
 With that he up his Harp celestial caught,
 And thus of Pray'r and Praise the Diff'rence taught.

Pray'r in the State of War obtains Recruits,
 Praise with the State of Saints triumphant futes:
 Pray'r from the Fall originally came,
 When Sinners to God's Blessing lost their Claim;
 Pray'r with pure Reason coetaneous rose,
 The native Thoughts of God to Hymn dispose:
 Beneficence and Glory unconfin'd,
 To sacred Rapture elevate the Mind:

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 Vol. III

Prose much too low for Mind exalted seem'd;
And Verse from Rapture naturally stream'd;
Pray'rs absent from celestial Bliss suppose,
Angelick Praise from sweet Fruition flows;
Pray'rs are to Pilgrims proper, and expire
In Heav'n, where Saints have nothing to desire;
Praise shall in Saints and Angels never cease,
But with fresh Zeal eternally increase;
Pray'r often waits, and meets with just Delay;
God many Times denies Men when they pray;
Praise takes to Heav'n an instantaneous Flight,
In Hymns eternally God takes Delight;
Pray'rs, Tinctures of self-love too oft retain,
When Men Peculiars for themselves would gain;
Praise with an irreflex and steady View
Strives only to give God his Glory due;
Pray'r moves within the Limits of Man's Needs,
And ne're their short Capacities exceeds;
Praise Compass and Restriction all Disdains,
God Pray'r confines; but never Praise restrains;
Pray'r with Uncertainties may Souls amuse,
In Ignorance, or what, or when to choose;
Praise moves with full Assurance, not by Guess,
Regards not what they want, but what possess;
Pray'r often errs; Praise is that Grace alone,
Which true Infallibility may own;
In Praise Men cannot from their Duty stray, (pay;
When they just Thanks for God's vouchsafements
Pray'r is the Language of afflicted Hearts,
Which may remove or ease internal Smarts;
Vol. III. K Praise

Praise is the joyful Language of the Bless'd,
 And Antedates below supernal Rest;
 Pray'r to the Vot'ry, and the Throne divine,
 Their Portions like Peace-offerings assign;
 Praise like the Holocaust, the whole devotes,
 God's Glory with pure Aim entire promotes;
 Pray'r was the Style of the Mosaick Law,
 Which strove Messias from high Heav'n to draw;
 Praise is the Style of Evangelick Days,
 When great God-man Meridian Beams displays;
 Pray'r Penitents with humble Sense begin,
 Reviving the sad Memory of Sin;
 Praise God's Benignity with Joy reminds,
 No sad Reflection there Admittance finds;
 Pray'r, of God's Anger may the Cloud disperse,
 And Pardon gain by penitential Verse;
 Praise, when God's Favour on the Sinner streams,
 Returns to God his own reflected Beams;
 Pray'r its Perfection from high Praise assumes,
 This to the Incense gives it od'rous Fumes;
 Pray'r is like *Babel*, where audacious Pride
 Mov'd God the one first Language to divide;
 Men when for Blessings they great God beseech,
 Differ as much in Pray'r, as in their Speech;
 All strive what they most covet to obtain,
 One prays for that which is another's Bane;
 Praise has one unconfin'd and common Tongue,
 Which by the whole created Race is sung;
 Saints here on Earth with the Celestial Quire,
 In the same *Hallelujah's* still conspire;

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The Penitent.

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Pray'r looks on God's Perfections in half light,
His Power, Truth, Goodness chiefly keeps in Sight;
Praise strives to all the Godhead to extend,
Incomprehensible to comprehend;
In an immense Horizon God surveys,
To Godhead to proportionate its lays,
And still the more of God it can descry,
In loftier Numbers hymns the Deity.

When you have Praises sung with utmost Might,
You to great God can superadd no Height;
God's Glory is still boundless and the same,
Praise is the nat'ral Tribute to his Name;
And ev'ry Saint as he his Tribute pays,
God's Likeness copies, which he strives to praise;
We Angels, like you Mortals here below,
To hymn great God our selves too scanty know;
Though in choice Chords, rais'd Voice, full Quire
We infinitely fail in Praise divine; (we joy,
Each Time we fail, to nobler Heights we climb,
Our Failings make our Praises more sublime;
Fix'd Meditation, and a grateful Sense,
An ard'rous Love, and Joy in Love immense,
High Emulation of Angelick Heat,
And heav'nly Zeal, must in your Praises meet;
When you this sing, I shall my Harp prepare,
And to your Hymn sute a celestial Air.

My Guardian ceasing, set me all on Fire,
Fir'd I thus sung, and he resum'd his Lyre:

If God's high Praise excels all Seraphs Might,
Who ravish'd with the Beatifick Sight,

K 2

Their

Pray'r

Their dazzled Eyes within their Wings enfold,
 Unable boundless Glory to behold;
 With radiant Blush, that they can sing no Air,
 Which can to God the least Proportion bear;
 How shall weak Man, of a terrestrial Frame,
 Debas'd by Sin, at that high Duty aim?
 Yet aim I must, 'tis God's due, 'tis God's Will,
 He his own Praise shall into me instil;
 He the Propension values as the Deed,
 When full Performances our Strength exceed:
 I'll Praises chant, then silently admire,
 Then to new Heights at ev'ry Pause aspire;
 My Soul shall range with an unbounded Wing,
 To view the Blessings which my Verse shall sing.

God's providential Care Petitions heard,
 Affliction by paternal Love endear'd;
 Wealth, Honour, and Prosperity refus'd,
 Which God foresees to Ill would be abus'd;
 His Works, his Attributes, his Nature mild,
 By Blood of God incarnate reconcil'd;
 His Judgments, which assert his glorious Name,
 Chastise ungrateful, sinful Souls reclaim;
 His Blessings suitable, preventing, great,
 Which his soft Bowels ev'ry Day repeat,
 Beyond Expression, Number, Bound, or Thought,
 All in the most obliging Manner wrought;
 And wrought for Sinners, of all Creatures worst,
 Who with fall'n Angels merit to be curs'd;
 God's native Loveliness, which Saints adore,
 God's influential Love, which Saints implore,

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His Benedictions heap'd on all Mankind,
In Heav'n a Confluence endless unconfin'd;
The constant Themes are of a grateful Heart,
In which with Saints good Angels bear a Part.
Lord, when thy Blessings, which all Voices share,
With my peculiar Blessings I compare,
I stand amaz'd at their unbounded Store,
I silently thy lib'ral Love adore;
But Love can ne'er continue silent long,
And best can tell its Story in a Song.

E're since I hung upon my Mother's Breast,
Thy Love, my God, has me sustain'd and blest;
My virtuous Parents, tender of their Child,
My Education pious, careful, mild;
My Teachers zealous to well form my Mind;
My faithful Friends and Benefactors kind;
My creditable Station and good Name,
My Life preserv'd from Scandal and from Shame;
My Understanding, Memory, and Health;
Relations dear, and Competence of Wealth;
All the Vouchsafements thou to me hast shewn,
All Blessings, all Deliv'rances unknown;
To hymn thy Love my Verse for ever bind,
And yet thy greatest Love is still behind.

Ah, who could think God's Laws could be transgress'd
By one with such a Heap of Favours blest;
But, woe is me, by my tremendous Fall,
I desecrated, I renounc'd them all;

'Twas by my Will, which in Resistance fail'd,
 More than by Satan's Strength, that Sin prevail'd;
 But purest God pitied me when defil'd,
 Just God provok'd, sued to be reconcil'd;
 For JESUS Sake God lov'd me to Excess,
 Ah, I want Pow'rs his Goodness to express:
 Descend bright Angels, and the Hymn repeat,
 Sung at my Change before the Mercy-Seat;
 Sing Love immense, retrieving my lost State,
 And loving me, while I provok'd his Hate;
 How to Repentance me God's Goodness led,
 When of his Vengeance I had lost the Dread;
 When I had his bright Image quite eras'd,
 And acted bold Impiety barefac'd;
 Sing how God gave me Tears, and when I wept,
 Would what he gave, as if my own, accept;
 Sing all the Joys of God's forgiving Ray,
 When JESUS brought Home his rebellious Stray;
 Your Hymn will the Defects supply of mine,
 I'll learn to imitate your Style divine.
 To sing due Praise to God is Seraphs Care,
 In that Heav'n only will admit Despair;
 Divine Despair, which on the Bless'd attends,
 To praise God fully, who all Praise transcends;
 God then obtains the Height of our Esteem,
 When we despair to reach our boundless Theme;
 Since to praise God my Pow'rs are too confin'd,
 Bless'd Saints and Angels, and each diff'rent kind
 Of Creatures, which God's Providence sustains,
 Help to invigorate my feeble Strains;

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Israel's sweet Singer on his Harp would play,
And Praises sing to God seven Times a Day;
At Midnight he to Psalmody arose,
Wont daily Hymns harmonious to compose;
O all my Pow'rs, like him, your Force excite,
And in God's Praise with ardent Zeal unite;
All Opportunities of that high Grace,
Solemn or casual, joyfully embrace;
Live to God's Praise habitually dispos'd,
With Hymn let each Day be begun and clos'd;
When my Soul, wing'd for Heav'n, from Earth shall
Singing a Hymn, O may I take my Start. (part,

Hymn the ending, all sang one by one,
The Train thus by *Fidelio* was begun:
By heav'nly Guidance, as I since perceive,
That I God's Truth more firmly might believe,
I to the Cell of an old Hermit went,
Who all his Days in warm Devotion spent;
Whose Faith had of the World full Conquest made,
And soon as due Respects I to him paid,
He in his Chappel, where we God ador'd,
Shew'd me the Treasure which he there had stor'd;
The Place was solemn, the adorning there,
A Bible, Parchment Roll, and Book of Pray'r;
Open he laid the precious Parchment roll'd,
Like that which bless'd *Ezekiel* saw of old;
It was the Dyptycks, which the Names contain'd
Of Saints, who Bliss e're *JESUS* Coming gain'd;
In Order thus presented to my Eyes,
Abel by Faith brought grateful Sacrifice:

Enoch by Faith liv'd in God's filial Fear,
 And was translated to the happy Sphere;
Noah loud Warning from kind Heav'n receiv'd,
 Sav'd in the Ark, because he God believ'd;
 By Faith good *Abram*, Friend of God was styl'd,
 Devoting to his Friend his only Child;
 By a firm Faith *Isaac* on God repos'd,
 And *Jacob* his long Life devoutly clos'd;
 Great *Joseph* in God's Promise put his Trust,
 And order'd the transporting of his Dust;
 Meek *Moses* *Pharaoh's* Court by Faith abjur'd,
 And for God's Sake Reproach and Toil endur'd;
Israel by Faith through Waves a Passage found,
 Where *Pharaoh* and the Infidels were drown'd;
 By Faith proud *Jericho's* high Turrets fell,
 And sank their curs'd Inhabitants to Hell;
Rahab by Faith the Faithful entertain'd,
 And in her Cities Ruines safe remain'd;
 Brave *Gideon*, *Barak*, *Samson*, *Jephthah*, all
 By Faith made *Israel's* Foes before them fall;
 By Faith bless'd *Samuel* made from God no Start,
 Faith modell'd *David* after God's own Heart;
 To glorious Heights by Faith the Prophets flew,
 And *JESUS* in their Extasies foreknew;
 Saints by their Faith Kings to Subjection brought,
 By Faith they wonderful Conversions wrought,
 Gain'd Promises divine, fierce Lions quell'd,
 Quench'd raging Fires, and murd'rous Force repell'd;
 Grew strong in Weakness, terrible in Fight,
 With handfuls mighty Armies put to Flight;

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By Faith the Dead were rais'd to Life again,
 And living Saints could num'rous Deaths sustain;
 By Faith they mock'd, scourg'd, chain'd, endungeon'd
 (clay,
 Were ston'd, saw'd, tempted, to the Sword a Prey;
 Wandred in Skins, poor, griev'd, tormented Slaves,
 Driven to Deserts, Mountains, Dens, and Caves;
 Saints, whom the World unworthy was to bear,
 Of Woes had to calamitous a Share;
 Of God's Truth, Wisdom, Goodness, Pow'r supream,
 All had a full Perswasion and Esteem.

The Faith of these devoutly Saints admire,
 Possess'd of JESUS only in Desire;
 Prophetick Clouds he then for Cov'ring chose,
 On them the Sun of Righteousness ne're rose:
 Bless'd JESUS Martyrs had much clearer Light,
 More glorious Promises, more heav'nly Might;
 If Faith of old such Altitudes could climb,
 Christians should reach Ascents much more sublime.
 Attentively each Syllable I weigh'd,
 And taking Leave, Thanks for my Treatment paid;
 To a firm Faith I by Degrees aspir'd,
 And Faith in JESUS all my Passions fir'd;
 My Faith inflam'd, on JESUS Love rely'd,
 And all the Pow'rs of Earth and Hell defy'd.

My God, most true, most good, I thee believe,
 Truth cannot, Goodness will not me deceive;
 Goodness and Truth in thee are sweetly join'd,
 To fix, and to enflame an humble Mind;
 Though here I cannot see thee Eye to Eye,
 Yet I by Faith some Gleams of thee descry; Which

Which though they are at Distance and obscure,
 They as infallibly my Faith assure,
 As if already I that Bliss possess'd,
 With which the Saints are in their Mansions blest'd;
 Fulfill'd Predictions, Miracles divine,
 The God-like Rays which in thy Precepts shine;
 The Virtues of thy Saints, thy sacred Writ,
 The full Traditions which thy Truths transmit;
 Above all these, pure Love, which God inclin'd,
 To union with our Flesh, to save Mankind:
 The Blood of God for vilest Sinners shed,
 His glorious Resurrection from the Dead,
 And his Ascension, such Foundations make,
 Which all the Pow'rs of Hell can never shake.

Lord, though thy Beams at Distance now appear,
 Thy influential Love is always near;
 I in thy Blessings trace thy heav'nly Light,
 Still keep thy Presence in my ghostly Sight;
 Thou with thy Church, blest'd JESUS, dost abide,
 And in thy gracious Presence I confide;
 Thy Saints by soft Recumbence on thee staid,
 The vanquish'd World beneath their Feet have laid;
 Like them I firmly on my God repose,
 And live in Fear of no Infernal Foes;
 From sweet Experience I Adhesion learn,
 And clearly thy Veracity discern:
 I find, when I Experiments have made,
 Thou art most true in all that thou hast said;
 Thy Promises perform'd, Obedience blest'd,
 Devotion with transporting Joys caress'd;

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Full Satisfaction to all due Desire,
Afflictions which in ghostly Good conspire;
These raise Assent to most exalted Height,
Next that of Saints in beatifick Sight,
That should the World from God to Hell revolt,
And Chistians yield to Tortures dire assault;
Experienc'd Saints would still on God rely,
Firm in his holy Faith would live and die.

Elpidio with a Heav'n-erected Look,
His Turn next, leaning on his Anchor, took.

In Imitation of my Lord one Day,
As I to solemn Shades withdrew to pray,
I at a Distance could a Youth descry,
Of a bright lovely Visage passing by;
Strait to my Guardian, I my self address'd,
See you that Youth in that resplendent Vest;
His Beauty's charming, lovely is his Mein,
On Earth I none so amiable have seen;
Sure 'tis a Saint sent from the heav'nly Sphere,
Some Soul below to visit, guide, or cheer.

It is an Angel, said my Guardian, I
His intimate Companion was on High:
Angel I cry'd! Did ever Angel bring
A Message from the Throne without a Wing?
He seems, reply'd my Guardian, to descend
On some new hallow'd Temple to attend,
Or in an Old, the Guardian to relieve,
Who his Quietus shall in Heav'n receive;
To that Attendance God has him confin'd,
And he has left his useless Wings behind.

O tell me, gracious Guardian, then said I,
 Without his Wings, how can an Angel fly?
 The Angels glorious Spirits are, said he,
 Have unconceivable Agility;
 Move Instantaneously from Space to Space,
 Thought is not swift enough to keep their Pace;
 But this good Angel came the common Way,
 Frequented by God's Angels ev'ry Day:
 Ah Sir! reply'd I, may a Mortal know
 The Path in which the Angels come and go:
 View well, said he, the Ladder on that Green,
 The same by Jacob once at Bethel seen;
 In Height its rounds from Earth to Heaven extend,
 There Angels mount to Heav'n, and there descend:
 Transported at the Sight, I straight rejoyn'd,
 For Angels only is that Way design'd.
 May not poor Mortals to ascend it try?
 Will God to humble Souls that Grace deny?
 I'll juggle no one Angel whom I meet,
 But heav'nly Envoys with low Reverence treat.
 Your Soul, said he, shall reach the utmost Height
 That e're permitted was to humane Sight;
 Your Hope, when it expected Bliss surveighs,
 A God enam'ring Confidence will raise;
 I mounting then, at the first Round I trod,
 And all the Way, met Angels hymning God;
 An equal Pace my Guardian with me kept,
 I on his Wings recumb'g as I step'd.

When I the utmost Altitude attain'd,
 To which the Will Divine, my Rise restrain'd,

I stood afflicted, that my feeble Eye
Unable was, to reach the Realm on High:
My Guardian, who his bright Perspective brought
Within his Wing, by Art Angelick wrought,
By which he took Delight, while posted here,
To view what pass'd in the supernal Sphere,
Lent it to me, and thus assisted, I
Could into the celestial Mansions pry;
And as the radiant Gates were open thrown,
For heav'nly Envoys from their Cares reflow'n,
The Joys, the Glories in eternal Day,
At Distance darted on ecstasick Ray;
To Rapture I unspeakably was rais'd,
O I eternally could there have gaz'd;
Does God, said I, give me that boundless Scope,
That I may grasp these Treasures in my Hope?
Grasp all, my Guardian said, you may, you ought,
JESUS for you these Treasures dearly bought;
The God of Truth hath promis'd all, nay more,
God to confirm that gracious Promise swore;
That Promise and that Oath God's Word reveal'd,
The Truth of both unchangeably is seal'd;
Faith thence takes Strength, Hope Firmness, and
Saints are assur'd of all they can desire: (Love Fire,
Faith void of Love, in a thick Darkness gropes,
Divine Experience perfects Lovers Hopes;
Faith, Bliss describes, and Hope that Bliss expects,
Hope towards desir'd Fruition Faith erects;
Faith to all God has spoken yields Consent,
Hope on God's Promise chiefly is intent;

Faith

Faith Truth reveal'd, Hope the Performance eyes,
 The firmer Faith, your Hopes the higher rise;
 Love, both these Graces heightens and enflames,
 And to eternal Bliss founds all your Claims:
 This said, his bright Perspective he withdrew,
 And down I came, my Rapture to review;
 The Book of God I in my Arms embrac'd,
 My Hope increas'd by my internal Taste;
 Each Promise I with Heed compar'd and weigh'd,
 And all my own; by Application made.

My gracious God, thy Bounty I adore,
 Who hast enrich'd me with a wealthy Store;
 No Monarch in the World, who ever reign'd,
 Such Treasure had, which never can be drain'd;
 Not *Solomon*; with all his Heaps of Gold,
 And Silver which in Streets as Pebbles roll'd,
 Could with that Wealth unlimited compare,
 Which in thy glorious Promises I share;
 No Pain, Fear, Want, Temptation, Danger, Grief,
 E'er seiz'd me, but in them I found Relief;
 My Weakness strengthned, and my Spirit cheer'd,
 All Tortures gentle made, and Death endear'd:
 Thou All-sufficient, to all humane Need
 Hast Aids proportion'd for all States decreed.

In all the Storms of Life I have endur'd,
 My Anchor still my crazie Bark secur'd:
 Winds could not force it when they furious blew,
 Short of the Rocks I still my Anchor threw:
 No lofty Billows could my Bark confound,
 My Cable held, my Anchor kept its Ground.

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All the aerial Fiends my Wreck contriv'd,
 But at the wish'd for Port I still arriv'd.
 When humane Might of its Intentions fail'd,
 By Confidence in God I still prevail'd;
 And ever shall in God, I firmly trust,
 Omnipotent, and to his Promise just:
 Though neither Vine or Fig one Blossom shew;
 Though Fields should have no Grain to reap or mow;
 Though Olives fail, from Heav'n no Moisture falls,
 No Flocks should be in Fields, no Herds in Stalls,
 And Nature's Course should to Despair decline,
 I'll still rely on Love and Truth divine:
 Though I for God am murder'd all Day long,
 Trials will make my Confidence more strong:
 Each Death-Pang will have fresh Supports adjoin'd,
 And for fresh Deaths invigorate my Mind:
 And should I on the Rack breath out my last,
 Repos'd on God, I'll hold my Anchor fast;
 Fast, till in Heaven above, the Reach of Woe,
 My Anchor I'll bequeath to Saints below.

Agapio, who all Hearts to him endears,
 To Chords *Hymnotheo* futes thus gains their Ears.

As to my Oratory I withdrew,
 I had one Day an Angel in my View;
 It was my Guardian, I perceiv'd, his Hand
 Held a resplendent golden measuring Wand,
 Like that *John* saw the heavenly Artist bear,
 Who took the Measures of bless'd *Salem's* Square:
 His shining Reed on me he came to lay,
 And took my just Proportion ev'ry Way.

Then

Then he to me the golden Wand resign'd,
 By that to measure Love to all Mankind.
 I took the Reed, and ev'ry Measure try'd,
 And to my Neighbour ev'ry Length apply'd.
 I measur'd all I should from others claim,
 For Body, Soul, Possessions; or good Name:
 The Alms I should in Destitution crave;
 What Consolations I in Grief would have;
 What Frailties would conceal from others Eyes;
 What Warnings towards Danger or Surprize;
 What Vindications causelessly revil'd;
 What Condescensions to be reconcil'd;
 What candid Judgments; what a tender Fame;
 With my Aversions to Reproach and Shame;
 How Peevishness, Ingratitude, and Spight,
 Vexatious Suits, Invasions of just Right;
 How I a Neighbour's Temper should resent;
 On Envy, Wrath, Revenge, Hate, Censure bent:
 These I in others, and my self surveigh'd,
 And unto both a like Allowance made:
 To love my Neighbour as my self enjoyn'd,
 I what seem'd best to me, to both assign'd;
 My Injuries, I in cool Thought resolv'd,
 And to retaliate Good for Ill resolv'd;
 The nearer others should to me relate,
 More tenderly I should their Welfare rate;
 The more God's Likeness pious Souls retain'd,
 The more from me they Veneration gain'd:
 God's Love to humane Race is unconfin'd,
 I should, like God, to all Degrees be kind.

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My Oratory then I left, and made
 A Visit to a Saint, who wanted Aid,
 By the hard World unpitied and despis'd,
 But highly in God's Estimation priz'd;
 By Eyes of Faith I, a bright Angel saw;
 Sit watchful on his loose and humble Straw;
 His troubled Spirit sweetly was compos'd,
 His weary Eye-lids with sweet Slumber clos'd;
 And seeing the afflicted Saint at rest,
 I to the Angel bowing, thus address'd:
 Are you, Sir, Guardian of this heav'n-born Soul,
 With whom you thus endearingly condole?
 See, said the Angel, that's his Guardian there,
 And God sends me to aid his Angel's Care;
 I on bless'd *Lazarus* was wont to wait,
 Who unregarded lay at *Dives* Gate;
 It pleas'd sweet *JESUS* hither me to send,
 With Charge I should his Soul to Heav'n attend;
JESUS, who gives to poorest Saints Supplies,
 Whose Bowels with their Sorrows sympathize,
 We Angels kept more Distance with Mankind,
 And with but few in Guardian Friendship joyn'd,
 Till we the Charity of *JESUS* ey'd,
 For Sinners how he liv'd, and how he dy'd;
 From him that God-like Grace we Angels learn'd,
 Our Spirits ever since on Men have yearn'd;
 Bless'd Charity, which the Angelick Quire
 Despair to reach, but cease not to admire:
 O gracious Sir, said I, most happy you,
 Who Love from Love's unbounded Fountain drew;

The best of Masters best of Scholars taught
The best of Lessons to their heedful Thought.

But here the poor sick Man grew broad awake,
And of God's Love with wondrous Vigour spake;
Some Vision, or some Dream, I soon perceiv'd
His Spirit had exalted and reliev'd:

Brother, said I, did God no Grace dispence
During this short Vacation of your Sense?

God will his Glory lose, if you conceal

The sweet instructive Comforts which you feel:

The Angels seconding my warm Request,

He humbly yielding, thus his Dream exprest:

Kind Sir, may gracious God your Love repay

A hundred-fold at the accounting Day;

Your Charity soft Pity on me takes,

When all the World this wretched Worm forsakes;

Forsakes! ah more, long have I liv'd distress'd,

Revil'd, robb'd, mock'd, scorn'd, hated, and oppress'd;

There seem'd a Conjurat[i]on in Mankind,

For Spite and Injury with Hell combin'd;

To Outrages I no Occasion gave,

From God's dear Love learn'd all Revenge to wave;

In view my JESUS on the Cross I kept,

Forgave them all, pray'd for them all, and wept;

Just now I Tears for their Offences shed,

When grateful Slumber eas'd my aking Head:

Methought from Earth I took a vig'rous Start,

The Heav'ns, to give me Passage, flew apart;

I seem'd absorb'd by God's enam'ring Ray,

That God is Love, is all that I can say;

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From God's dear Love I the Idea take,
To love all others for his lovely Sake;
All humane Race his lovely Image bear,
And should our Love in due Proportions share;
His Providence is to his Rebels kind,
Our Foes from us should like Indulgence find;
God's first Command his own dear Love designs,
Next his own Love, he Charity enjoins;
That lovely Grace God-man was pleas'd to own,
The Badge by which his Vot'rys should be known.

This said, the Saint his Body sinking found,
While his Soul seem'd impatient to be crown'd;
Forgive me, Lord, he cry'd, as I forgive,
And in that Instant meekly ceas'd to live;
His Air was sweet, his Countenance was bright,
His Soul to Bliss took instantaneous Flight;
I saw the Angels on each Hand attend;
Adieu, said I, dear, humble, glorious Friend;
All Praise to God, who Souls debas'd to Dust,
Exalts to the bright Mansions of the Just.

Hymnotheo with Delight *Acapio* heard,
The Grace which next God's Love his Soul endear'd
Was Charity, and he could not forbear
To sing the same sweet Grace to the same Air:

My Guardian me, like *Philip*, once up caught,
And to the same Celestial Standing brought,
Whence the Apostle took a Prospect fair,
Three Graces to contemplate and compare;
The same three lovely Graces I survey'd,
Saw Faith and Hope by Charity outweigh'd;

With their Perfections I fill'd up the Scale,
Yet Charity would over all prevail.

Could I each Language speak at *Babel* spread,
Or lodge an Angel's Tongue within my Head,
And by that Tongue had eloquentia! Might,
The Passions to control, serene excite;
Yet us'd that Tongue more to advance my Pride,
Then teach the Idiot, or erroneous Guide;
A tinkling Cymbal, or rude sounding Brass,
The useless Noise I made would far surpass;
Were I a Prophet, could through Myst'ries dive,
Or at the Height of Intellect arrive;
Had I a Faith which Mountains could transplant,
I nothing am if Charity I want;
Though all my Goods I give the Poor to feed,
Though I my Body to the Flames decreed,
God can no outward pompous Actions prize,
Which from a Heart uncharitable rise.

Bless'd Charity, the Grace long-suff'ring, kind,
Which envies not, has no self-vaunting Mind;
Is not puff'd up, makes no unseemly Shew,
Seeks not her own, to Provocations slow;
No Evil thinks, in no unrighteous Choice
Takes Pleasure, can in Truth alone rejoice;
Hides all Things, still believes, still hopes the best,
All Things endures, averse to all Contest.

Tongues, Knowledge, Prophecy, shall sink away
At the first Glance of Beatifick Ray;
There Charity its Element shall gain,
And with the God of Love eternal reign;

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Dim is all Prophecy and Knowledge here,
 In blissful View all Mysteries are clear;
 By Faith and Hope our Infancy began,
 By Charity we grow to perfect Man;
 Our Faith and Hope at best have weak Efforts,
 But Charity Souls strengthens and transports;
 They darkly through a Glass God distant trace,
 Charity sees his Glory Face to Face.

Faith of the Temple the Foundation lays,
 Our lively Hopes the Superstructure raise;
 But Charity devotes it with due Rites,
 And the propitious *Shechinah* invites:
 Men Faith and Hope to their own Souls confine,
 They like a Lamp under a Bushel shine;
 But like the Sun, bless'd Charity displays,
 Kind, universal, influential Rays;
 Faith to the Altar brings the Sacrifice,
 Hope lays it on, Charity Fire supplies:
 'Tis Charity alone Acceptance gains,
 Without that, God the richest Gifts disdains;
 They like small Stars precariously are bright,
 This Constellation is with native Light:
 Faith Heav'n discovers, and Hope thither tends,
 But Charity alone to Bliss ascends;
 Hope Absence, Faith Obscurity implies,
 Charity only to Fruition flies;
 They, like the Body, are a lumpish Frame,
 This gives the vital actuating Flame;
 They from the Lapse and Imperfection rose,
 For Innocence would clearly Truth disclose:

This with the spotless Soul was pre-design'd
 For Social Bliss, and Cement to Mankind;
 They serve us in this Region of Desire,
 And at the Point of Death shall co-expire;
 This shall in Heav'n be perfect and unite,
 Dear Lovers there in co-reflex'd delight;
 They of God's lovely Image are no Part,
 This to a God-like Love re-molds the Heart;
 All Lovers here of Fountal Love partake,
 Love God, and love their Neighbours for His Sake;
 All the three beauteous Graces charming were,
 The last had in my Heart the sovereign Share;
 All must confess, who their Idea's see,
 That Charity is greatest of the three.

Next Song with cheerful Voice *Hilario* sings,
Hymnotheo quickning to brisk Air his Strings:

In Dream or Vision, which I cannot say,
 I with blest'd *Paul* convers'd the other Day;
 The bright Idea's still are in my Breast,
 I to the great Apostle thus address'd:
 O gracious Saint, for God's dear Love explain,
 One ghostly Scruple which creates me Pain;
 You felt the Force of Hell and Pagan Rage,
 In suff'ring Persecutions spent your Age;
 Amidst the bitter Woes your Soul annoy'd,
 You ever sorrow'd, and you ever joy'd;
 I cannot comprehend what Art you had,
 To be at once both sorrowful and glad;
 How could your Heart in Contradictions rest,
 By Joy dilated, and by Grief compress'd?

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'Tis true, dear Soul, he answer'd heavenly mild,
I in my Heart those Passions reconcil'd
Bless'd JESUS, O sweet Name, taught me the Way
To give them both a co-harmonious Sway!
O gracious Saint, for JESUS Sake, said I,
The Name, to which Saints nothing can deny,
Teach me the Art which JESUS taught to you,
That I may both co-equally pursue.

Of all, said he, who e'er wore humane Clay,
None under such vast Heaps of Sorrow lay,
As those which caus'd dear JESUS dol'rous Groans,
Some patent, some too boundless to be known:
But in all Sorrows, Joy was in his Sight,
To do his Father's Will was his Delight.
His filial Love both Passions could employ,
Grief the Circumference was, the Centre Joy,
He Sin and Mis'ry saw the World around,
And joy'd to think he should them both confound.
The Grief of heavenly Lovers Hearts dilates,
But sensual Grief Contraction still creates.
When in his Agony he felt strong Pains,
Which forc'd the very Blood out of his Veins,
An Angel sent by God flew down with Speed,
Brought Joy, which should his Agony exceed.
To his dear Father he his Will resign'd,
The perfect Requiem of a troubled Mind.
It is a Mystry to the World unknown,
That Joy should spring from penitential Moan.
Hard Hearts to Heaven are by Constriction clos'd,
The broken Heart is open, and dispos'd,

I numberless Experiments have made
 Of God's dear Pardon, and all gracious Aid:
 Both sweetned all the Grievs I should sustain,
 And Joy ran parallel with ev'ry Pain;
 But Joy made the predominant Effort,
 That serv'd to humble me, this gave Support.
 I in Infirmities could Pleasure take,
 Rejoice in Suff'ring for lov'd JESUS Sake.
 In greatest Self-distrust most Vigour feel;
 God in my Weakness would his Strength reveal.
 All that besel me God was pleas'd to send,
 In all my Good eternal to intend.
 God's Will was mine, I welcomb'd med'cinal Ill,
 And joy'd that I God's Pleasure should fulfil.
 God took Complacence in his Will embrac'd,
 My Heart of God's Complacence had a Tast:
 That Tast, O happy Tast, reviv'd my Mind,
 And to perpetual Jubilee inclin'd:
 Joy sensitive, I from that Hour despis'd,
 In God's dear Love my Spirit sabbatiz'd.
 This said, methought I saw the Saint ascend,
 My Vision or my Dream had then an End:
 I strait from Sin made an entire Divorce,
 Began a serious, penitential Course.
 I found Joy sweetly with my Grief unite,
 And penitential Tears were my Delight.
 Souls who will learn true heavenly Joy begin
 With previous filial Sorrow for their Sin.
 Sin the Occasion of all humane Woes,
 For Sin, Grief, Misery coetaneous rose;

And

And as our Tears fall from our flowing Eyes,
Joys will by opposite Gradations rise;
Joys which true Penitents can feel; not speak,
Supporting Hearts which by Contrition break.

Observe by Nature how our Souls propend,
To pleasure all unanimously tend;
Should Sinners Pleasure in Obedience take,
They in that Instant would their Sins forsake;
When hardned Hearts are turn'd by God and broke,
Concupiscential Joy first feels the Stroke;
God turns our Pleasures, and by them our Souls,
Each wave from Sin, then to Repentance rolls;
Sin bitter Duty palatable grows,
All christian Graces their sweet Charms disclose;
God to his Laws has highest Pleasure joyn'd,
From their adulterous Love to draw Mankind;
When they preponderate distorted Sense,
All true Conversions from that Point commence;
But sensual Joys too often Souls betray,
And if unheeded, warp them the broad Way:
From the last Verse, *Hymnatheo* took his Que,
And sang the Diff'rence 'twixt false Joy and true.

Joy sensitive may in bad Men abound,
Spiritual only in the Just is found;
That in the Flesh, in Spirit this resides;
Low Sense rules that, this noble Reason guides;
Grace this, but that Concupiscence controls;
That *Philtrum* is, this Antidote of Souls;
That out of nat'ral Constitution grows,
And as the Temper varies, ebbs and flows;

Hell

And

Hell Pow'rs sometimes prestigious glarings raise,
 With self-complaifance Satan Men way-lays;
 This from the joy diffusing Spirit springs,
 Reviving Hearts with overshadowing Wings;
 When Man for God Affection filial feels,
 The Paraclete the dear Relation seals;
 His Father God, his Portion Heav'n he sees,
 No worldly Trouble can disturb his Ease;
 That to self-love and Pride becomes decoy,
 By this Men humbler grow the more they joy;
 That Meteor is, shines neither long nor far,
 This has the Light and Fix'dness of a Star;
 Like sudden Blasts, that makes a short Effort,
 This like Trade Winds drives to the heav'nly Port:
 That still the gulto of past Sin retains,
 This purges all concupifcential Stains;
 In Trials, that evaporates or pines,
 This in the blackest Clouds the brightest shines;
 Affliction ripens all spiritual Fruits,
 And the Saint joys when he the Crop computes;
 That on the Death-bed turns to bitter Gall,
 This languifhes to hear the heav'n-ward Call;
 Such are the Joys which from God's Love diftil,
 Abforping wholly the devoted Will.

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BOOK VI

EXT sang *Devoto*, zealous to excite
 The Saints to emulate Angelick Height;
 As early to God's House I went one Day,
 While fix'd on God, I for the Faithful stay,
 The Guardian of the Church was standing by,
 Whom I beheld with intellectual Eye;
 He with a gracious Ray salutes my Mind,
 I overjoy'd I should such Favour find,
 With grateful Rev'rence his Salute repaid,
 Sweetly embolden'd, this Address I made:
 JESUS enjoins his Votaries to pray,
 That we like Angels should his Will obey;
 O tell me, gracious Guardian, how God's Will,
 You Angels in supernal Bliss fulfil?
 What Off'rings to the Throne you daily bring,
 With what Devotion you your Office sing?
 That I from you may just Idea's take:
 The Guardian mildly yielded, and thus spake:
 We Angels always keep our God in Sight;
 When on God's Missions we commence our Flight,
 We still devoutly eye him through the Ray
 Shot from his Throne, which pointed us our Way;
 The heav'nly Gates for Stephen open flew,
 He had of God pre-beatifick View;

God

God ne're to us shuts the Angelick Gate,
 We see his Face while on his Saints we wait;
 His amiable Glories we behold,
 Enflam'd with Love, which never can grow cold;
 Love, which on vig'rous and unwearied Wing
 Flies o're Expanse to serve our heavenly King;
 Love, which no one Diversion can endure;
 Love from the least Alloys terrestrial pure;
 Love which God's Glory steddily intends;
 Love which on God its whole Duration spends;
 Love boundless, which exhausts Angelick Mind,
 To the one only amiable confin'd;
 Love ever zealous, uniform, intense,
 Of Love Triunal wrapt with lively Sense;
 Love which with God's high Will concentrick steers,
 With God co-everlasting perseveres;
 Sight kindles Love, and Love Devotion fires,
 Devotion which at ev'ry Pow'r transpires;
 We God the Father of pure Spirits deem,
 Our filial Loves from that Relation stream;
 His Majesty with Love is sweetned o're,
 And we enamour'd humbly God adore;
 Whene're in Heav'n, or Air, or Earth, we meet,
 Of God alone in our Converse we treat;
 Angels with Love each other co-enflame,
 And strive who best can hymn God's lovely Name.
 Such is the Love of the Angelick Quire
 God kindled first, and still foment the Fire;
 To God's preventing Love our Loves we owe,
 And live Examples to the Saints below;

Our

Our fellow Angels falling from their Sphere,
Of our own Standing gave us jealous Fear;
Till God's unbounded Love increas'd our Aid,
Now no Temptations can our Love invade;
God near the Throne our Quire was pleas'd to call,
Where Beatifick Sight absorp'd our All;
All Love, all Joy, all Extasie we grew,
All Choice determin'd in that lovely View;
Not the least Inclination now runs wast,
We nothing can but boundless Goodness tast.

Entirely to your God your self devote,
His Glory with Alacrity promote;
Love God with full Propension of your Will,
And you have learn'd our whole Angelick Skill;
God's Presence true Devotion best will teach,
Our Heights as far as Mortals can you'll reach;
As far as Mortals can, full well, said I,
You to weak Souls that Lenitive supply;
To Sin and Frailty we subjected are,
And must to reach Angelick Height despair:
But the Assembly meeting, he withdrew,
I griev'd he could not the dear Theme pursue;
And holy Rites perform'd, resolv'd to try,
The Lines which he omitted to supply.

All gracious God Angelick Zeal advis'd
Should imitated be, not equaliz'd;
He'll on just Balances minutely weigh
Their unclog'd Spirits with our lumpish Clay;
He to frail Man allows the utmost Grains,
And to no hopeless Heights our Spirits strains:

Per-

Perfection proper is to their high Sphere,
 Our sole Perfection is to be sincere;
 When they their Time in Guardian Watches spend;
 They cannot then the awful Throne attend;
 God deigns their Zeal for his Saints Good to use,
 And in the Quire Attendance to excuse;
 Think what Devotion best can suit your State,
 Just Business may the Length of Pray'r abate;
 Recluse Souls, unactive, and at Ease,
 Have the more Time to spend upon their Knees;
 Men born to Toil, or call'd to worldly Cares,
 Have the less Leisure for protracted Pray'rs;
 Both States may mindful be of God all Day,
 Both may by warm Ejaculations pray;
 Both equal Fervour may in Heart retain,
 Both at the Throne may like Acceptance gain;
 Devotion suited is to all Degrees,
 That Souls may God in ev'ry Station please;
 The good poor Man, by Sweat and Labour fed,
 Serves God while he is working for his Bread;
 Warm Morning Pray'r leaves virtual Heat behind;
 Preserv'd in Embers glowing in the Mind;
 Devotion is in Angels still the same,
 We often cool, and must refresh the Flame;
 Fraternal Charity in Saints below
 Paints that dear Love they to each other shew;
 Habitual Graces, though they Wanings feel,
 Copy their Perpetuity of Zeal;
 The mighty Joy which they in Duty find,
 In us is sweet Alacrity of Mind;

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They God's sole Glory constantly intend,
We must our Aims to that true Center bend;
We only walk by Faith, but they by Sight;
We in dark Mist, they in unclouded Light;
They in Fruition live, we in Desire,
And to their Pitch unwearied should aspire;
God's Lovers know no Bounds, but upwards soar,
Taking new Rise from Heights they gain'd before.

From penitential Love Devotion springs,
Ascends on tender, yet on vig'rous Wings;
To Flights ecstasick lays no vain Pretence,
Of Sin and Frailty has an humble Sense;
No Difficulties pleads, frames no Delays,
Thinks it can ne're enough God's Goodness praise;
Is wont God's House with Rev'rence to frequent,
On all the sacred Offices intent;
Oft in the Closet holds with God converse,
Permits no Thoughts collected to disperse;
Devout Remarks from God's wise Conduct gains,
By heav'n-ward Breathings, heav'nly Zeal sustains;
Accompanies with heav'nly-minded Souls,
Who of celestial Ardour blow the Coals;
The sacred Writ till 'tis enflaming reads,
And sacred Warmth by Meditation feeds;
Love is the Fire, Devotion is the Flame,
The Sacrifice is all that God can claim;
All the Submissions of a Will resign'd,
The Powers of a heav'n-aspiring Mind.

Bleis'd JESUS for Preservatives commends
Perpetual Pray'r and Watching to his Friends;

Eucherio

Eucheria sang of Pray'r, which heav'n-ward flies;
And for all Wants brings opportune Supplies;
*Hymn*theo chose the Air which *David* play'd,
When he in Song implor'd Almighty Aid.

Bless'd Spirit, who Devotion dost instil,
Tuning our Hearts to thy own sovereign Will,
The Grace of Pray'r into my Soul inspire,
Teach me to vent a tender, strong Desire;
That I may God's soft Ear with melting Verbe,
With Sighs and Groans unutterable pierce:
To thee alone, Lord, I my Pray'r direct,
Thou only canst our Hearts and Wants inspect;
Thy Pow'r to succour us is unconfin'd,
Thy Goodness ever to hear Pray'r inclin'd;
Lord, to my Closet teach me to withdraw,
And prostrate fall with reverential Awe;
All worldly Thoughts to lave out of my Mind,
To take due Care to leave no Leaks behind;
My Want and my own Vileness to deplore,
Recumb'g on thy All-sufficient Store;
With a firm Faith thy Promise to embrace,
While with my Lips my Heart keeps equal Pace;
Upon thy Goodness humbly to depend,
And with warm Zeal thy Glory to intend:
Lord, to thy Choice I worldly Needs resign,
And humbly pray, thy Will be done, not mine;
If I beg Things thou dost not for me choole,
O let thy Goodness then my Pray'r refuse;
Vouchsafe, Lord, what thou knowest for me is best
My Soul in the Equivalents shall rest;

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If in mis-timing Pray'r I chance to err,
 Till the due Season comes thy Grant defer;
 I'll ask, seek, knock, and thy own Moment wait;
 Thy gracious Answer never comes too late;
 My Soul the Moment knows when it arrives,
 With kindly Rays my Spirit it revives;
 It brings divine Complacence and Repose,
 My Soul more thankful and enam'ed grows;
 It a Devotion more sublime excites,
 I taste by sweet Experience fresh Delights;
 Shouldst thou delay, that Fervour may increase,
 My Importunity shall never cease;
 I, *Jacob* like, with Wrestling will contend,
 Till thou to bless me; Lord; shall condescend;
 I'll strive to gain what I from Pray'rs expect;
 Pray'rs, which due Means invig'rate, not neglect;
 When for the Poor I Intercession make,
 They of my Portion freely shall partake;
 'Twould be Presumption, should I in my Pray'r,
 For what I ask, my Purse or Labour spare;
 My Pray'rs for Love, thou shalt not, Lord, deny;
 Thou from thy boundless Love shalt Love supply;
 It is thy Will my Love should be intense,
 And I with no Denial can dispence;
 Defer not, Lord, to grant me my Request,
 Thou sooner wilt be lov'd, I sooner blest.
 To Mounts and Desarts *JESUS* made Retreat;
 His heav'nly Father in his Pray'rs to meet;
 His Lips and Heart with Sweetness overflow'd,
 God, what he pray'd for, instantly bestow'd;

Eucherie sang of Pray'r, which heav'n-ward flies;
And for all Wants brings opportune Supplies;
*Hymn*otheo chose the Air which *David* play'd,
When he in Song implor'd Almighty Aid.

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And with warm Zeal thy Glory to intend:
Lord, to thy Choice I worldly Needs resign,
And humbly pray, thy Will be done, not mine;
If I beg Things thou dost not for me choole,
O let thy Goodness then my Pray'r refuse;
Vouchsafe, Lord, what thou knowest for me is best
My Soul in the Equivalents shall rest;

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If in mis-timing Pray'r I chance to err,
Till the due Season comes thy Grant defer;
I'll ask, seek, knock; and thy own Moment wait;
Thy gracious Answer never comes too late;
My Soul the Moment knows when it arrives;
With kindly Rays my Spirit it revives;
It brings divine Complacence and Repose,
My Soul more thankful and enam'ed grows;
It a Devotion more sublime excites,
I tast by sweet Experience fresh Delights;
Shouldst thou delay, that Fervour may increase,
My Importunity shall never cease;
I, *Jacob* like, with Wrestling will contend;
Till thou to bless me; Lord; shall condescend;
I'll strive to gain what I from Pray'rs expect;
Pray'rs, which due Means invig'rate, not neglect;
When for the Poor I Intercession make,
They of my Portion freely shall partake;
'Twould be Presumption, should I in my Pray'r,
For what I ask, my Purse or Labour spare;
My Pray'rs for Love, thou shalt not; Lord, deny;
Thou from thy boundless Love shalt Love supply;
It is thy Will my Love should be intense,
And I with no Denial can dispence;
Defer not, Lord, to grant me my Request,
Thou sooner wilt be lov'd, I sooner blest.
To Mounts and Desarts *JESUS* made Retreat;
His heav'nly Father in his Pray'rs to meet;
His Lips and Heart with Sweetness overflow'd,
God, what he pray'd for, instantly bestow'd;

He prostrate fell upon his sacred Face,
 Deign'd to the Dust his Glory to debase;
 From Heav'n his steady Spirit never stray'd,
 No Damp his Ardency divine allay'd:
 O that my Heart from him could Pattern take,
 And learn the moving Dialect he spake:
 O that my Thought might on my God be fix'd,
 And my Affections with the World unmix'd:
 O could I my distracting Senses bind,
 And give free Flight to my heav'n soaring Mind;
 Incarnate God fell prostrate on the Ground,
 His deep Humiliations me confound;
 Beneath the Dust vile Men should prostrate fall,
 When they their Sins with due Remorse recal.

Lord, 'gainst all Ills, which can my Soul invade,
 Thou Pray'r the great Preservative hast made;
 But I, vile Wretch, my very Pray'rs pollute,
 To Poison my Preservative transmute;
 My Pray'rs with Damps and Wandrings are possess'd,
 Foul, impious Thoughts me on my Knees infest;
 My crazy Spirit a strange Tedium feels,
 In that which only my Distemper heals;
 My Spirit willing is, my Flesh is frail,
 And when I think my self secure, I fail;
 JESU, our Weakness thou dost mildly weigh,
 And of laps'd Nature the terrestrial sway;
 My Heart, Lord, is unalterably thine;
 If in my Pray'rs my Thoughts from thee decline,
 They are Deliriums of a sickly Soul,
 Which in healthy Intervals condole;

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They are Defects of my Disease, not Will;
O pardon the involuntary Ill.

Thy Law enjoins that I should always pray,
A Law I am ambitious to obey;
In constant Wants, which ev'ry Morn renew,
For daily Succours constantly to sue;
In all Times, Places, in the busy Throng,
I'll by Ejaculations Pray'r prolong;
Each momentaneous Pray'r to Heav'n aspires,
And to my Love adds supplemental Fires;
I feel my Soul by frequent Pray'r refin'd,
God's gracious Presence lively in my Mind;
Seven Times a Day the Saints primeval pray'd,
They rose at Midnight to invoke thy Aid;
I, Lord, sin more than they, more Grace I need,
O that I could their Frequency exceed;
But if amidst this busy World, my State
Shall of that solemn Frequency abate,
In virtual Pray'r O may I ever dwell,
Oft as I can frequent my hallowed Cell;
May I like Saints above keep God in View,
Though a vast Distance is between us two;
I indigent in Pray'r should spend my Days,
They happy spend Eternity in Praise;
But my loud Cries shall give thee, Lord, no Rest,
Till I with them am of my Bliss possess'd.

To offer Pray'r I never durst presume,
Did not dear JESUS Name my Pray'r perfume;
Tis, O my God, for the lov'd JESUS Sake,
That Day by Day Address to thee I make;

That sinful, I dare thee my Father own,
 With humble Confidence approach thy Throne.
 O wondrous Love, which gives us free Recourse,
 To drink our Fill at Love's unbounded Source;
 Our Sorrow to unbosom and our Need,
 And a rich Promise for each Want to plead,
 With Heav'n while here below to keep Commerce,
 Familiarly with God-head to converse;
 To interceed for Blessings on Mankind,
 The Pleasure of a charitable Mind;
 To beg all Graces, deprecate all Bane,
 Heav'n for our selves and others to obtain;
 Strong Consolations, and Almighty Aid,
 And Wisdom, Plots infernal to evade.

If Pray'r is thus prevailing at God's Throne,
 Sent from a Closet by one Saint alone;
 Much mightier 'tis, when Saints in Hosts combine,
 In God's own House, to beg the Aid divine;
 Warm, publick Pray'rs, can all in Want relieve,
 Raise the desponding, comfort those who grieve,
 Cloath naked Wretches, and the hungry feed,
 Help to support the Martyrs when they bleed;
 Release the Pris'ners, ease the Captives Chains,
 Condole the Sick, and mitigate their Pains;
 Gain for Friends Victory, for Foes Defeat,
 Make Kings and Kingdoms happy, wealthy, great
 Still fiercest Winds, controul the Ocean's Pride,
 Despairing Vessels to safe Harbour guide;
 Compassion to all Infidels extend,
 The Church against the Gates of Hell defend;

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The Penitent. 181

Whole Flights of Guardians muster for a Saint,
When under strong Temptations growing faint;
Practise all Graces, Faith, Hope, Love, Fear, Trust,
Be to all Men kind, lib'ral, thankful, just;
In Plagues gain Health, in Dearth Bread, in
(Drought Show'rs,
Quench Lightnings, Thunders stop, and awe Hell
Heav'n's Treasures inexhaustible unlock, (Pow'rs;
And the whole World with Benedictions stock;
The World, which God's fierce Vengeance hourly
(dares,
Vengeance, which only is with-held by Pray'rs;
Such wondrous Things the Force of Pray'r exalt,
Which with Confed'rate Violence Heav'n assault.

The Youth still jealous lest he should backslide,
JESUS Preservatives had daily ply'd;
And when of Pray'r an End *Eucharist* made,
The same sweet sprightly Air which *David* play'd
When he bad Lute and Harp, awake, he chose,
Which could the Soul to Watching best dispose:

When God, most gracious, mighty, wise,
Bid all Things out of nothing rise,
With Life he a Propension gave,
To Animals that Life to save,
Self-preservation he impress'd,
To guard the Station they possess'd.

Care of its self each Creature takes,
 And Care each Creature watchful makes,
 Amidst their Sleep their Heads they rear,
 When an unusual Noise they hear,
 The Danger they prepare to meet,
 Or to their Caverns make Retreat.

The Worm, when he his Harbour leaves,
 As Feet approaching he perceives,
 To shun the Ill, contracts his Length,
 Or to resist, collects his Strength;
 If he sees neither will succeed,
 Withdraws into his Hole with Speed.

The Calves Marine, who on firm Ground
 Are wont to take a Sleep profound,
 One of their Numbers single out,
 With wakeful Eye to look about;
 At his Alarm they start from Sleep,
 And shelter in their native deep.

The Birds, whene're they rendezvous,
 Their Scouts o're the Expanse diffuse,
 At Seasons when their Clime they shift,
 In passing through the airy Drift,
 Send them around to scour the Sphere,
 And Notice give when Danger's near.

View Man in his terrestrial State,
 Love, Danger, Interest, or Hate,
 Ambition, Avarice, Pride, or Lust,
 Toil, Jealousie, Intrigue, Distrust,
 Laps'd Adam's Offspring watchful keep,
 And interrupt their Midnight Sleep.

The City, Camp, Town, Court survey,
 They all are watchful Night and Day;
 They as the Minutes swiftly float
 Watch which may best their Ends promote;
 Their Inadvertence they accuse,
 When Opportunities they lose.

Let your confid'rate Spirit view
 The various Projects Men pursue,
 Evanid Honours, short-liv'd Gains,
 False Pleasures clogg'd with real Pains,
 Deceitful Shelters, brutish Aims,
 Which Reason inwardly disclaims.

When they have watch'd, and sweat, and toil'd,
 The World and their own Souls embroil'd,
 And by a thousand Acts unjust,
 Have try'd to fate their sensual Gust,
 They feel the Bubble which they gain
 Is volatile, vexatious, vain.

All watchful are for Things below,
 But careless of Eternal Woe;
 All Thoughts of Duty they decline,
 In a dead Sleep to Things divine;
 Were the same Watch directed right,
 'Twould gain them everlasting Light.

Did heedless Men their Dangers see,
 They never then would drowne be,
 Their Foes are full of spiteful Rage,
 With num'rous Legions they engage,
 Who skill all Subtilties of Fight,
 And watch for Mischief Day and Night.

The World fierce War 'gainst Heav'n declares,
 It is a Magazine of Snares,
 A Bait for ev'ry Sense it lays,
 It cheats, blinds, flatters, and betrays;
 Defiles our Pray'rs, and never rests,
 Even in our Sleep our Thought infests.

Concupiscence, our Foe inbred,
 Is with our Poisons only fed;
 It Vanities destructive craves,
 Damps Conscience, and the Mind enslaves,
 And should the World and Hell sit still,
 Would watchful be to work our Ill.

While

While stupid Men their Watch misplace,
See how Death preys on humane Race;
See how about the Earth he flies,
The heedless Worldlings to surprize,
Amidst their Joys his Darts to fling,
Or gore them with his pois'nous Sting.

Out with his Scythe the Tyrant goes,
Great Multitudes at once he mows;
Or by a pestilential Blast
Makes a whole Nation breath its last;
A thousand various Fates he forms,
And Souls in ghostly Slumber storns.

Its horrid Mouth Hell opens wide,
To swallow all who slumbring dy'd;
All Slumberers grow broad awake,
When boiling in the sulph'rous Lake;
There tortur'd they unpity'd rore,
And ne're shall sleep one Minute more.

O cursed Slumber, then they cry,
Which clos'd my intellectual Eye;
O for one Minute more of Breath,
To think one wakeful Thought of Death;
Ah, woe is me, I from the World
Am into endless Torments hurl'd.

Each

Each Moment Souls live thus expos'd,
 And yet with sensual *Philerums* dos'd;
 They all the Thoughts of God repel,
 Ne're think of Heav'n, till damn'd in Hell;
 Thus Lust, Death, Hell, our Ruine ply,
 And watch with a malicious Eye.

The Bless'd in the Celestial Sphere,
 Liv'd all perpetual Watchers here;
 They had of God a wakeful Awe,
 Death and Temptation they foresaw;
 No Danger found them unprepar'd,
 They kept their Spirits un-ensnar'd.

JESUS, who watch and Pray'r enjoind,
 In his own Practice both combin'd;
 To Solitudes he often went,
 Whole Nights in Pray'r and Watching spent;
 He oft predicted he should die,
 Kept always Death and Heav'n in Eye.

Like JESUS, we should both unite,
 Keep Death and Heav'n in constant Sight;
 Heav'n ard'rous Desire foment,
 Desire dull Negligence prevents;
 Desire which always heav'nward flies,
 To Love transmigrates when it dies.

Desire

Desire in our exil'd Estate
Is Love Celestial inchoate;
One Spark of Love keeps Souls awake,
With Rivals daily War to make;
Love God, and then you skill the Art
To keep for God a watchful Heart.

When all had sang their Parts, the Saints arose,
And with a Kiss of Peace their Visits close;
Then to their sev'ral Mansions they repair,
Waiting for Summons to the Ev'ning Pray'r.

Heav'n's Envoys, who to *John* their Visits paid,
Rehears'd the Songs sung in the solemn Shade;
Hearing *Hymnotheo's* Progress, he thought fit
His Convert should the House of Mourning quit;
He pray'd, and strait God bids *Uranio* fly,
To bring *Hymnotheo* to his longing Eye,
That he might with the Saint's Devotions joyn:
Uranio, to fulfil Command divine,
Pick'd choicest Flow'rs, which he together laid
In rare Mosaick, and a Chariot made,
With Cedar beam'd, and wheel'd with spicy Wreaths,
Od'rous Effluvia as it moves it breaths;
Six Birds of Paradise of subl'mest Flights,
In Harnesses of Wood-bine he unites;
The Chariot he ascends with Myrtle Wand,
Driving it swiftly tow'rd the mournful Land.

God pitying all who offer'd Grace refuse,
And the broad Way to their Damnation chuse,
Who

Who by Events, which casual appear,
 Is wont his Love preventing to endear,
Hymnotheo's Zeal and Charity to try,
 Presented a fit Object to his Eye;
 As from the Morning Pray'r he came one Day,
 A Stranger he encounter'd in his Way;
Phylbreno from his Post a while had stay'd,
 And through the open Gate the Stranger stray'd,
 Who on the Mourners and the Chappel gaz'd,
 Walk'd like a Man unspeakably amaz'd:
 Gay was his Habit, worldly was his Mein,
 Ne're in the Vale was a like Person seen:
 Satan, who durst his odious Spirit thrust
 Amidst the Congregation of the Just;
 The Wretch, who at the Feast, in Manner rude,
 Without a nuptial Vestment durst intrude,
 Not more out of their Element were deem'd,
 Then 'midst the Penitents the Stranger seem'd;
Hymnotheo guess'd him enter'd by Mistake;
 Obligingly salutes him, and thus spake:
 Sir, you are here a Stranger, I perceive,
 This happy Place to shew you give me leave;
 Happy, he said, no Happiness is here,
 Unless 'tis Happiness to live in Tear:
 I to this Land by Friends directed came,
 Conscience loud, troublesome, to still and tame;
 To view *Moria's* Palace, that great Queen,
 Who all this World enjoys with Mind serene;
 But envious Fate, me to this Prison led,
 Where to all sensual Joys the Sots are dead;

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They sigh, they whine, they weep, they roll in Dust,
All Strangers to the Sweets of native Lust.
In Tears, reply'd *Hymnotheo*, here we sow,
And Joys unbounded, and eternal mow;
Moria false, vain, short-liv'd Pleasures sows;
And reaps unpitied, and eternal Woes:
Ah Friend! Of God, of Death, of Judgment think,
And of *Moria's* Cup you'll never drink.
None, said the Stranger, can *Moria* know,
Who Misery choose, and never to her go.
I, said *Hymnotheo*, from a Mourner grave,
Who here bewail'd that he had been her Slave;
Who curs'd *Moria's* Wiles minutely knew,
Her Picture had, which I'll present to you.

Opposite to the House of Mourning plac'd,
On solid Rock, and with black Marble fac'd;
Where from Humiliations for past Sin,
Their Heav'nward Flights, true Penitents begin:
In a wide barren Wast, and on loose Sands,
Moria's tottering House of Feasting stands;
Moria there e're since the Fall has reign'd,
And humane Race to heedless Folly train'd;
Just Wit enough she has to fool Mankind,
And make them think they see when they are blind;
No Building seems more pleasant, rich and gay,
Inviting all to gaze who pass that Way;
But ev'ry Tempest, or rude Wind that blows,
Down to the Ground the crazy Fabrick throws;
Yet the fond Dame, all Warnings wont to flight,
Her House rebuilds on the same sandy Site:

Thus

Thus she her Wealth and Labour spends in vain,
Still to repair what soon falls down again;
In all things she contends to have her Will,
In Error unadvisable and Ill.

There liv'd the Fool, whose Barns too scanty grew,
Who to receive his Stores would build them new;
Promi'd himself Abundance, Life, and Ease,
When Hell stood ready on his Soul to seize:
The foolish Virgins had Appartments there,
Who would no Oil for their dry Lamps prepare;
They stood confounded when the Bridegroom came,
And wanting sacred, felt infernal Flame.

A formal Fool stands at *Moria's* Gates,
Who there to introduce all Comers waits,
With nice Punctilio's, and with Cringes low,
With Ceremonies, which soon tedious grow;
With Complements, which often he repeats,
The fulsome Fondling ev'ry Stranger treats;
They who *Moria* visit all along,
Of vain and careless Mortals pass a throng;
Some are morose; some boist'rous, some perverse;
Others in Politicks themselves immerse;
Some into open Dangers headlong run;
Some to all Lusts are Slaves, and some to one;
Some talk eternally, and some are dull;
Some of their own Accomplishments are full;
Some meddle with all Business but their own;
Some idle stand, and put their Hands to none: (prize,
Proud Fools, their worthless selves there highly
In spite of patent Follies would seem wise;

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Some by a long experimental Train
Feel sensual Joys vexatious, false and vain;
And yet as eagerly those Joys pursue,
As if they no Dissatisfaction knew;
Their Lives they in Self-Love and Laughter spend,
Have no Remembrance of their latter End:
Knowledge they hate, whate're they learn'd neglect,
'Tis there a mortal Sin but to reflect:
All kinds of earthly Pleasures there abound,
By which the wilful Fools true Wisdom drown'd;
All want of Man, the noble thinking Part,
Anatomize them, and you'll find no Heart;
A Stone in ev'ry Breast that Place supplies,
And Entrance to true Wisdom still denies;
Which were it in a Mortar bray'd to Dust,
Each Atome would retain its sensual Gust;
They more than Death dread Sicknefs, Pain or Need,
And on strong Opiates when afflicted feed;
When old ones cloy, new Follies them amuse,
Nothing but Hell their Souls will disabuse;
Yet JESUS some by gracious Force allures,
And sends them to good *Salvian* for their Cures:

Moria on a gaudy Throne sits down,
Upon her Head she wears a glittering Crown;
With her false Gems she makes a dazzling Glare,
Thick dawb'd with Paint, to make her seeming Fair;
Perfum'd with od'rous Quintessence, and dress'd
In a loose trailing Rainbow colour'd Vest;
Soon as a Stranger comes, she'll him embrace,
Near her proud Person, on a tabret Place;

Rolling

Rolling on him her wanton yielding Eyes;
 To lure him with her Lust to sympathize,
 'Till all her Stock of deadly Guile is spent,
 To fool his Soul, and serious Thought prevent.

Then her gold Cup she takes, and fills brim-full,
 Of all that may a Heav'n-born Spirit dull:
 You shall, she said, of my choice Cordial drink;
 And never more one troublous Thought shall think
 With that she drinks, then fills the Cup again;
 Courting her Guest to pledge her to his Bane.
 As *Indian* Dames; their Consorts to abuse,
Dewtry by Stealth into their Cups infuse;
 Which he who drinks, in his delirous Fits,
 A thousand apish Fooleries commits;
 On the Adulterers insensate smiles,
 While she before his Face his Bed defiles;
 And when the Poison's spent, the stupid Sot,
 All that was said or done has quite forgot;
 Thus in the Wine, she for her Vot'rys keeps;
 She a strong Dose of her Narcotick steeps,
 Which in a Moment flying to the Brain,
 Makes them intoxicated, sensual, vain;
 To Dotages on short-liv'd Joys debas'd,
 'Till all their Checks of Conscience are eras'd;
 They live with Laughter pleas'd, while she the
 Whom she has made, insulting ridicules. (Fools,

This said, the Man he towards the Chappel led,
 That there his Eyes might be with Knowledge fed;
 Upon the Frontispiece, which fac'd the West,
 In bas-relieve the Story was impress'd,

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Of *Lazarus* and *Dives*, which soon drew,
 In Curiosity, the Stranger's View;
 Methinks, the Stranger said, I see Extremes,
 That jolly Soul *Moria's* Favourite seems,
 This Wretch the Mourners pictures, who bewail
 Their woful Portions in this weeping Vale;
Hymnotheo waiting for a like Remark,
 Illuminated thus his Spirit dark;
 You from a transient, superficial Sight,
 Your Guesses take, view it in fuller Light;
 That Glutton *Dives*, by *Moria* taught,
 Luxurious liv'd, of God and Death ne're thought;
 This humble *Lazarus*, whom you despise,
 Liv'd poor in this World for the future wise;
 Consider at their Deaths their diff'rent Ends,
Dives sinks down, and *Lazarus* ascends;
Dives there lies in endless Want and Pain,
 Begs but for one cool Drop, and begs in vain;
Lazarus in Glory shines, has boundless Store
 Of Blessings, and can wish for nothing more;
 The Gulf impassable divides their States,
 Joys there ne're cease, here Torment ne're abates;
 God both to your free Choice deigns to propose,
 Choose Joys eternal, or eternal Woes;
 And choose this very *now*, lest sudden Fate
 Seize you, and 'twill next Minute be too late;
 All Mortals Life short and uncertain own,
 Midst sensual Joys some fetch their dying Groan;
 Life's Shortness less would trouble, were we sure
 For some short certain Term it would endure;

But in short Life uncertain is our Breath,
 We ev'ry Moment live expos'd to Death;
 Life short, uncertain, would some Comfort be;
 Were we to live from all Vexation free;
 But short, uncertain Life, is sour'd by Pain,
 The sensual Joys it promises are vain;
 Our short, uncertain, disappointing Time
 Would less afflict, were it exempt from Crime;
 But to gain Hell, and gracious God offend,
 Life short, uncertain, troublous, frail, we spend;
 Think then which more desirable appears,
 Folly's false Joys, or Wisdom's happy Tears.

The Stranger thunder-struck, made no Reply,
Hymnotheo saw Amazement in his Eye,
 And strait conducts him musing to his Cell,
 And beg'd God's Aid his Darkness to dispel;
 Both seated there, his Harp *Hymnotheo* took,
 The Stranger crying out with serious Look;
 O Tyrant Death, whose Rage no Cries appease,
 How dreadful to a Soul which covets Ease;
 Ease, Ah false Ease, Souls here no true can have,
 Who see their Joys still virging tow'rds the Grave
Hymnotheo that soft Moment manag'd well,
 And sang of God, Death, Judgment, Heav'n and

(Hell

With sweet Discourse and Song he charm'd his

(Mind

And by Degrees to Change of Life inclin'd.

By this the mournful Vale *Uranio* made,
 And in Expanse above it hov'ring staid;

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The Angel in the Vale the Youth descry'd,
And with what Zeal the Stranger's Bliss he ply'd;
A Sight it was, at which all Heav'n were joy'd;
Uranio pleas'd to see him thus employ'd,
His Leisure waits, he knew that Love immense
Would on that Motive with his Stay dispence.

With sacred Song, mean while *Hymnotheo* wrought
A strong Conviction in the Strangers Thought;
With *JESUS* wondrous Love so charm'd his Heart,
That he resolv'd with all his Sins to part:
The Youth that Resolution firm to make,
Thus warn'd him of himself Surveys to take;
As one who building of a Tower designs,
Of the Foundation e're he draws the Lines,
His Treasure counts, and what he must expend,
Lest he begins what he despairs to end:
Thus if you aim at Beatifick Joys,
Against the World your Resolution poise;
You must your Cross up take, your self deny;
And rather than lose Heav'n, in Torture die;
As the rich Merchant, who to purchase Gems,
The Dangers of the Waves and Winds contemns;
Finding a Pearl on some far distant Shore,
Excelling all he ever saw before,
Sells all to pay its Price, and takes no Rest
Till of that sov'raign Pearl he is possess'd;
As he to whom the Secret is reveal'd,
Of Treasure buried in a neighbouring Field,
Sells all he has to purchase that one Ground,
Where he's assur'd great Wealth is to be found;

Thus here you must your worldly All deny,
 For boundless, all-sufficient Joys on high:
 That Pearl, that Treasure is, the heav'nly Sphere,
 Whose Purchase never can be counted dear.
 Next he forewarn'd him of his ghostly Foes;
 And how he best might their Insults oppose;
 As a wise King menac'd by Foreign Hosts,
 Who makes of Numbers and of Conquest boast,
 Reviews his Troops, Stores, Frontiers, and each

(Fort,
 Computes what Treasure must the War support;
 Finding his Weakness, curbs his martial Heat,
 Dispatching Envoys of a Peace to treat:
 Thus when Infernal Foes shall you invade,
 Think of the Preparations you have made;
 Your Mind, Will, Passions, Vows, maturely weigh,
 Your constant, warm Devotion, when you pray;
 You must expect Temptations num'rous, strong,
 Disguis'd, alluring, pertinacious, long;
 And nothing less than Love, which casts out Fear,
 With Pray'r and Watching, and a Conscience clear
 Can in the evil Day your Soul sustain,
 And o're your ghostly Foes the Vict'ry gain;
 Vict'ry, for you with them can have no Peace,
 Their Force remitting, their Wiles never cease;
 But clad in Armour of Celestial Light,
 You may encounter the whole Realm of Night;
 On JESUS, not on your own Strength, rely,
 JESUS invok'd will mighty Aids supply.

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O Love, O still adore that gracious Light,
Which shin'd on you, and made you stray aright;
Which from the Hellish Cup your Lips withdrew,
That here you might your sinful Life review;
Think not the Mourners Discipline severe,
To live a while in penitential Tear;
Each Tear a foul Propension will destroy,
Tears, an Advance tow'rds Victory and Joy;
You'll learn from ev'ry Penitent you meet,
That a true penitential Tear is sweet;
But Sweets of Pardon Sinners cannot guess,
There Heav'n in little, Rapture in Excess;
But till by Grace divine your Taste is chang'd,
You from true Happiness will live estrang'd;
You even in Heav'n unhappy would remain,
While you your sensual Appetites retain;
Sad State of Souls, who God's dear Love repel,
To whom the Realm of Bliss would be a Hell;
They no one heav'nly Joy would there endure,
Which can be only relish'd by the Pure:
The Stranger to *Hymnotheo* gave Consent,
Which he could more in Tears than Language vent;
And that he might his num'rous Sins bewail,
Begg'd a dark Corner in the mournful Vale;
To *Salvian* then *Hymnotheo* with him goes,
Who in the Portico his Station shews;
Straight through the Vale glad *Hallelujah's* sound,
That the lov'd JESUS a lost Stray had found;
The Youth drew joyful Hope from that Success,
That God in saving Souls his Zeal would bless;

Returning to his Cell, he tun'd his Lyre,
 And sang a Hymn with Eucharistick Fire;
 Over his Cell in Air *Uranio* hung,
 Would not divert him till his Hymn was sung;
 Then to his Guardian Notice he trajects,
 That he *Hymnotheo* in the Air expects:
 To *Salvian*, faithful Mourners, Dove and Cell,
Hymnotheo bid affectionate farewell;
 On Sighs of Penitents which heav'nward tend,
Hymnotheo and his Guardian both ascend;
 The strong aspiring Sighs them upwards bear,
 Till they had reach'd the Chariot in the Air;
 The Birds soft Wings away the Vapours sweep,
 The Birds dive into the Superiour deep;
Phylacter arm'd with Sword, Shield, Helmet, Spear,
 Flew by of airy Fiends the Coast to clear.

Torrents of Tears gush'd from *Hymnotheo*'s Head,
 Passing the Hill where *JESUS* for him bled;
 He could not but condoling'y resent
Judaick Rage, which *JESUS* could torment;
 Which infinite Philanthropy could treat
 With such malicious, Hell-enkindled Heat:
 You, said *Uranio*, by Reflection know,
 Sin is our God's Antipathetick Foe;
 God the Angelick Host from nothing rais'd,
 That he by them might be belov'd and prais'd;
 He made them mutable, yet pure and good,
 Endow'd with Strength, by which they might have
 His Love on all he at the first impress'd, (stood;
 That loving God they might live ever bless'd;

But

But ceasing to love God, self-Love and Pride
 Possess'd them, and they glorious God defy'd:
 I well remember our Celestial Fight,
 And the rebellious Hosts outrageous Spite;
 If in high Heav'n curs'd Sin could domineer,
 It with more Ease may play the Tyrant here:
 Ah, said *Hymnotheo*, could the heav'n-born Race,
 Their Love from God upon themselves misplace;
 Has Heav'n its Malecontents, O might my Ear,
 The Story in your gracious Language hear:
 Those very Sins by which the Angels fell,
 Self-Love and Pride, inclin'd me to rebel;
 What by half-Lights to Saints inspir'd was shewn,
 To you is with all Circumstances known;
 How happy Spirits fell, you can relate,
 And native Love change to unnat'ral Hate;
 How the good Angels the Apostates chac'd,
 With what Rewards the Conquerors were grac'd;
 While you blest'd Angels speak or sing below,
 Celestial Truths Fatigue we never know:
 By God's Permission, said *Uranio*, I
 Will, as we pass the Air, with you comply.



BOOK VII.



THE Blessed Three took in each others
(Sight
Eternal, mutual, infinite Delight;
And 'twas their Goodness mov'd them to create,
And Being from themselves communicate;
Goodness it was, nothing could make them more
After Creation glorious than before;
God still the same essential Glory had,
And nothing to Infinity can add.

God spake, and as the *Fiat* from him flies,
Chaos, Heav'n, Angels, into Being rise;
And o're all Heav'ns circumferential Ring,
The Angels sweet, loud *Hallelujah's* sing;
Through *Empyreum* in unspotted Day,
Thousands of Thousands their bright Beams display,
And instantly an immaterial Host,
Pitch'd radiant Tents o're all the heav'nly Coast;
There Angels dwell, who single Saints defend;
Arch-Angels, who on Kings and States attend;
Virtues, who turn the Orbs Celestial round,
Pow'rs for Centurions in God's Host renown'd;
High Principalities, who Squadrons lead,
Dominions for supream Commands decreed;

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Thrones, who God's Judgments hear, and then
(proclaim,
Cherubs encircling Heav'n with Swords of Flame;
And Seraphims, whose Mold is heav'nly Love,
Who nearest to the Godhead wait above;
Of one born blind if God uncloud the Eyes,
The Sun, till then unseen, he strait describes:
Thus at first Glance all their Creator knew,
Though vail'd as yet from clear Meridian View;
The Morning Stars sang as they first shin'd out,
The new-born Sons of God gave joyful Shout;
All in the like congenial Numbers join'd,
All in the like congenial Chords combin'd;
Poetry, Musick, Jubilation, Love,
Were in pure Spirits co-inspir'd above;
Devotion mov'd them all on God to wait,
And their First-Fruits of Being dedicate;
To sing in Confort their sweet Morning Lay,
And on their con-created Harps to play.

O great Creator, Everlasting King,
By thee we live and love, rejoice and sing;
From thee our Beings, Source of Being, flow,
To thee we offer what to thee we owe;
We love thee, God of Love, for thy own Sake,
And in each others Bliss Complacence take;
Thy unafflicting Glory we adore,
Thy inexhausted Goodness we implore;
We in thy blissful Sight Idea's see,
Of the new World which shall created be;

And

And ravish'd with the vast harmonious Frame;
 We hymn thy Wisdom, and thy Pow'r proclaim;
 We thy Perfections infinite confess,
 We want full Force thy Goodness to express;
 Since we enjoy thy distant glorious Sight,
 Thy Loveliness we'll draw in ev'ry Light;
 Try thy Perfections singly to disclose,
 On ev'ry one ten thousand Hymns compose;
 Each Hymn shall to outdo the former strive,
 To infinite still nearer to arrive;
 In hymning thee Eternity we'll spend,
 We all can sing, though none can comprehend; (throng
 We prostrate tow'rs thy Throne, great Godhead
 Our Pow'rs sublime, and we'll sublime our Song:
 At their first Dawn thus sang the heav'nly Host,
 And then repair'd to their determin'd Posts;
 To God, who with Delight review'd five Days
 His wondrous Works, they sang Celestial Lays;
 But on the sixth, as the Co-unal Three
 Consulted Man's Idea to decree,
 Bright *Lucifer*, a Cherub, one of those (chose,
 Whom for Heav'n's Guardians great **J E H O V A H**
 Seiz'd with Suspicion, that the glorious Trine
 Would form a Creature which should him outshine,
 Vow'd he no Creature would superior own,
 And proudly claim'd the Station next the Throne;
 On Seraphims he cast invidious Eyes,
 Began his lower Order to despise;
 His discontented Thoughts thro' Heav'n dispers'd,
 Where Spirits by pure Thoughts, not Words, converse;

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As Armies, who can brag of Realms subdued,
And Captive Kings, who for their Crowns have fud,
When after Conquest, the ungrateful State
Sets on their dear-bought Lives too mean a Rate;
If but one Wretch, his Prince dares disobey,
And tempts with Hope of Plunder, and more Pay,
Disloyal Murmurs run through all the Host,
Some draw their Swords, and their high Merit boast;
Salute the Villain Sovereign, and bestow
That Life on him, which to their Prince they owe;
Others surround their rightful Prince, and choose
Rather their Lives, than Loyalty to lose;
Thus Lucifer's Disgusts through Angels glide,
Infesting Heav'n with Pestilential Pride;
Ungrateful, envious, inconsiderate, vain,
Attempting Heights, debarr'd by God to gain;
Some of all Ranks beneath, the Seraphs vent
To their Co-Murmurers their Discontent;
Seraph alone, no Rebel Thought endur'd,
Their ardent Love, their Loyalty secur'd.

Some Angels, whom for Guardians God design'd,
Disdain'd their Prostitution to Mankind;
Resolv'd their native Heav'n not to forsake,
Of Earth-born Mortals slavish Care to take;
Above the servile Squadrons would ascend,
And God's Command in Heav'n, not Earth, attend;
At higher Stations some Inferiors aim'd,
A great Command some common Angels claim'd;
Some a less distant Sight of God desir'd,
Others to greater Heights of Bliss aspir'd;

Some

Some would their endless Drudgery condole,
 Condemn'd the Orbs celestial round to roll;
 Some cast on Six-wing'd Seraphs envious Eye,
 While with but two they were constrain'd to fly;
 Others Confinement hated, pleas'd with Change,
 O're Heav'n or Earth would at their Pleasure range;
 Some proud Arch-Angels their Creator blam'd,
 That they should not be of the Seventy nam'd,
 Who o're the Seventy Nations should preside,
 And by those Nations would be deify'd;
 Of Woman, the Idea some admir'd,
 Beheld in God, and thence with Rage were fir'd;
 They at their solitary State repin'd,
 Not made for Love and Off-spring like Mankind;
 In God, some the Idea of God-man
 Astonish'd saw, and Murmurings began,
 That God should slight the high Angelick Race,
 And the low Humane with his Union grace;
 And when God should incarnate be, they vow
 Their slighted Nature should not to him bow;
 Some rav'd, foreseeing that if Angels fell,
 They no Redeemer must expect from Hell,
 But to eternal Torments be confin'd,
 While God a Saviour for laps'd Man design'd.
 Proud Lucifer, who read in God's Decrees,
 Angels should to Messias bow their Knees,
 Presum'd for that high Character to plead,
 Craving to be incarnate in his stead;
 That he that Charge would rather undergo,
 Since 'twas too mean for God to stoop so low;

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He like the King Messias would have reign'd,
His Pride the ignominious Cross disdain'd;
With such Disgusts the Male contented swell'd,
Impatient till they openly rebell'd;
Omniscient God, who their Revolt foreknew,
And gave each Spirit Adjutory's due,
Would not Obedience force by strict Decree,
But left the Angels, as he made them, free.

Proud Lucifer, his Rebel Faction counts,
Which to a full Angelick Third amounts;
Indarted thought, he summons all his Host
To the bright Bounds of the celestial Coast;
Where he stood posted by Command divine,
Upon Heav'n's Frontiers to defend the Line;
Some riding on white Steeds, some flying came,
Some driving Chariots of supernal Flame,
With radiant Helmets, Cymiters, and Spears,
The proper Weapons of Angelick Spheres.

Bless'd *Michael*, to assert great God appear'd,
A glorious Seraph by all Heav'n rever'd;
His Standard he erects of thronal Light,
Where shin'd *JEHOVAH* in a Glory bright;
Which Angels, by the Dove eternal taught,
In wonderful Embroidery had wrought:
The loyal Legions, in heroick Rage,
Haste to the Standard, and for God engage.

From the exilient Hosts, bright *Michael* chose
One Legion, the proud Rebels to oppose;
God's very Name, apostate Troops confounds,
They fly disorder'd to the heav'nly Bounds;

All

All on a sudden with dire Horrors quake,
 Courage and Conduct both the Fiends forsake;
 The more they strive, more they themselves embroil,
 Their heav'nly Weapons on themselves recoil;
 To fight unable, yet averse to yield,
 Forc'd to Angelick Pow'rs to quit the Field.

Great *Michael* out of Heav'n the Rebels drave,
 In vain at their Defeat they foaming rave;
 The good down to the Air Apostates trod,
 They invoking, These blaspheming God:
 Their Arms, which in Heav'n's Arsenal were made,
 Fell from their Hands, and were to Heav'n convey'd;
 Celestial Steeds, their hated Riders threw,
 And back to Heav'n the empty Chariots flew;
 When in a Chariot of supernal Light,
Elijah up to Heav'n began his Flight;
 Down fell his woollen Mantle to the Ground,
 That radiant Robes his Body might surround:
 But as curs'd Angels fell to the Abyss,
 They upwards drop'd their Vehicles of Bliss, (creed
 Which in Heaven's-ward-Robe kept are there de-
 For Saints, who in their Mansions them succeed;
 Down to the Atmos Sphere they fell, and there
 Of Ether stripp'd, they put on gloomy Air;
 They felt their muddy Vests their Force contract;
 Beyond their narrow'd Bounds they cou'd not act;
 Their Vehicles were temper'd to a Sense
 Of Fire, Pain, Wound, and Torment most intense;
 Yet still their Pride their Punishment despis'd,
 And swell'd the more, the more it was chastis'd;

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Swift as the Orbs Celestial move they sank,
And in foul Air their own Confusion drank;
Ether asunder parted all along,
Gaping a *Vacuum* for the cursed Throng;
God hastens thus, and distances the Flight
Of odious Rebels from his blissful Sight.

Soon as they reach'd the Air, the Rebel Crowds
Entrench'd themselves in thick dark stinking Clouds;
Each arm'd with Spear, Shield, Helmet, two edg'd
In airy Magazine of Meteor made; (Blade,
The Loss of Heaven is their perpetual Woe,
Hell is within them wheresoe'er they go;
In Bliss they learn'd, a future humane Race
Should shortly be exalted in their Place;
Who should their vacant heav'nly Thrones ascend,
While they Eternity in Torture spend;
Revenge, Rage, Horror, Envy and Despair,
At that dire Thought, their inbred Furies were:
They'gainst just Heav'n with utmost Malice fraught,
Discharge full Vollys of Blasphemous Thought;
Curse all the Host Angelick, and Mankind,
Wishing their Might like their Rage unconfin'd;
And vainly the celestial Pow'rs desie,
To force the Trenches where their Legions lie.

Proud Lucifer, e're he the Fight commenc'd,
With Art had organiz'd, of Air condens'd,
A monstrous Form, which e're he had rebell'd,
In the divine Idea's he beheld
A mighty Dragon, *Michael* to out-brave,
When Signal with a Blasphemy he gave;

As

As when in naval Fights a sailing Tow'r
 Outbraves a mighty adverse naval Pow'r;
 Top and Top Gallant in the midst of Foes,
 Stones, Darts, Spears, Flames, and Deaths on all Sides

(throws:

Lucifer's Bulk; which o're Expanse he spreads,
 His Teeth, Claws, Tail, Sting, and sev'n gaping Heads,
 Threaten Annihilation all around,
 To all who strove the Monster to confound.

Lucifer's Troops, at his blasphemous Cries,
 Embattle, and great *Michael* he defies;
Michael his Legion in Battalia drew,
 As from his Lips loud *Hallelujahs* flew:
 With Blasphemy, as with a poison'd Dart,
 The bad strike the good Angels to the Heart;
 They to the bad give deadly Wounds each Time
 They name *J E H O V A H*, and upbraid their Crime.
 If from a Wolf and Lamb, two Nerves you rend,
 And near each other both of them extend,
 Strike but the Wolf, the Lamb strait bursts for fear;
 Live Passions in the Lifeless Strings appear;
 Thus partly by Antipathies they fought,
 And stabb'd each other through and through with

(Thought

The Passion was revers'd in Hosts accurs'd,
 And the fierce Wolfe at the Lamb's Presence burst:

Lucifer now in-dragon'd swell'd with Pride,
 Destructive Volleys shot on ev'ry Side:

Michael the brightest Beam that he could find,
 Chose out of all which from God's Glory shin'd,

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And in a momentaneous, darted Thought,
To vindicate his Honour God besought,
Struck through the Dragon with that radiant Spear,
Tore his dire Shape, and made it disappear;
The Fiends despond at their fierce Captain's Fall,
Yet for God's Mercy were too proud to call;
Their Swords they clash, with utmost Fury rave,
The loyal Host their radiant Weapons wave;
All at one Moment on the Rebels flew,
Who soon began their Blasphemies to rue;
Here Thousands drop their Arms, and trembling fly,
In Heaps their wounded Vehicles there lie;
Some lost their Limbs, others run through and
(through;

Some cloven down, none durst the Fight renew;
The Angels gave their brandish'd Blades no Rest,
Till bath'd in each proud Rebel's gloomy Vest;
Their wounded Vehicles felt raging Pain,
They griev'd they could be wounded, but not slain;
For soon their Wounds were by God's Vengeance
To keep them for infernal Pains dispos'd: (clos'd,
As Savage Beasts, who Sword and Spear defy,
Soon as they Fire behold, affrighted fly;
Thus Fiends of Darkness heav'nly Light detest,
With the bright Glories of their Foes oppress;
They wish'd for Flight, but Shelter sought in vain,
They who fly God, unshelter'd still remain.

Good Angels then, the Rebels to enslave,
To the North Pole in Chains of Darkness drave;

To Rocks of Ice, and Mountains of hard Snow,
 Which to the Atmosphere continuous grow;
 There to the rigid Blasts they them expose,
 Where their thick, muddy Vehicles were froze;
 Their cumbrous Coats they could no more extend,
 The stubborn Ice would to no Motions bend;
 When Winter Frosts a Cask of Wine invade,
 The Body of the Liquor Ice is made,
 While the spirituous Part still inward flies,
 Entomb'd in the Cylindral Ice it lies;
 Thus shrivell'd Spirits in hard Chrystal pent,
 Rack'd by Contraction, raving roar'd for vent:
Michael them next to the Zone torrid drives,
 By Heat extream to rarifie their Hives;
 In Cold of their Contraction they complain'd,
 In Heat by their Expansion they were pain'd;
 A Giant that into Dwarf's Armour squeez'd,
 Which made them groan, impatient to be eas'd;
 In Giant's Armour this a Dwarf enclos'd,
 To all Connat'ral Motions indispos'd;
 Subdued by Force, their Weakness they confess,
 And vow'd no more Heav'n's Quiet to molest:
 The Angels well the impious Liars knew,
 And would to their Alotments them pursue,
 Till the great Judgment Day Heav'n thought it fit,
 Their present Separation to permit:
 Hell's Scepter *Beelzebub* sank down to hold,
 Foul Mammon earth'd in subterraneous Gold;
 Proud *Lucifer* of Air assum'd the Sway,
Satan haunts o're the Earth for human Prey:

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In Anguish and Restraint each Legion lies,
Yet licens'd Souls to punish, try, chastise.

Hast up to Heav'n the loyal Legion made;
And gratefully exalt God's mighty Aid;
The Quire Above, who for their Coming wait,
Their Victory with Joy congratulate;
They as curs'd *Lucifer's* Defeat they ey'd,
Saw in his Fall *JEHOVAH* glorify'd;
Heard the Fiends howling loud in their Descent;
And trembling *Lucifer* himself lament;
All in harmonious Chords their Voices rais'd,
Sang their Foes Downfal, and their Maker prais'd.

How art thou fall'n, ambitious Prince of Light,
Now sunk a Slave in horrid, endless Night;
O vain, O curs'd Attempts; of all who try
With the Omnipotent for Mastery:
All Praise to God triumphant, O may all
God's Foes as hopeless and tormented fall:
Thus Angels sang, and God's all-gracious Eyes
Accepted both their Zeal and Sacrifice;
He to each Champion gave a Palm and Crown,
His Favours eternizing their Renown;
And that the Loyal might secure remain,
Such dire Temptations ne're should feel again,
God rais'd them tow'rds his Throne to Vision clear,
His Glories there so amiable appear,
That their Capacity, Desire, Delight,
Exhausted is by Goodness infinite;
They now unchangeably love God on high,
In endless, unremitting Extasie:

Due Thanks *Hymnotheo* to *Uranio* paid,
Who of curs'd Pride the Danger had display'd.

Uranio, tender of his Charge, perceiv'd
It was high Time the Youth should be reliev'd;
And on sweet, fruitful *Carmel*, stoopt his Flight,
To feast, to rest him, and his Eyes delight;
There stood the holy Prophet's lonely Cell,
His safe Retreat from wicked *Jezebel*;
Where a grave Solitary fix'd his Stay,
To Tear and Joy devoting all the Day;
To Tear, which for the wicked World ran down,
To Joy, for Views of his own heav'nly Crown:
Hymnotheo paid the Father Rev'rence due,
And to the Chappel for a while withdrew;
Off'ring a Hymn to the bright Mercy-Seat,
And begging Aid his Voyage to compleat;
Then for Repast the pleasant Fruits he cropt,
The Birds, watch'd by *Phylacter*, near him stoopt;
By Manna uncondens'd, and heav'nly Dew,
And od'rous Flow'rs, their Vigour to renew:
And while their weary Wings they there repos'd,
The Youth lay in *Elijah's* Grot enclos'd;
Harmonious Birds soon sang him there to sleep,
Uranio sitting by, his Soul to keep;
'Sitting it chanc'd (for it like Chance appear'd),
Though *JESUS* the propitious Motion steer'd,
That the good Angel rais'd his watchful Head,
And his bright Wings to full Expansion spread:
Hymnotheo's Soul, which while he slept remain'd
From its Organick Drudgery unchain'd,

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By his exalted, intellectual Eye,
Beheld him clap his Wings, prepar'd to fly;
Uranio, thought he, will you me forsake,
While you of beatifick Joys partake?
Ah, should I fall, when I am left alone,
I'll blame *Uranio* at the awful Throne:
Uranio, to whose Care *John* him consign'd,
Held Conversation with him Mind to Mind;
And now, in re-ejaculated Thought,
The Will of Heav'n thus to his Spirit taught;
The Day is near, in which great God decreed,
That Angels should to heav'nly *Sion* speed;
Hymnotheo's Soul loos'd from its fleshly Tye,
Trajected in Idea's this Reply.

Pass'd are the great Anniversary Days,
For off'ring solemn Sacrifice of Praise;
Pass'd is the Day when you re-sing the Strains,
Sung of Incarnate God to *Bethlem* Swains;
When to adore God's Son you were enjoyn'd,
And joy'd to see the Saviour of Mankind;
Or when you sing the Lamb unspotted slain,
Who on the Cross o're Sin began his Reign:
Or when you sing his Rising from the Dead,
When captivating Death he Captive led:
Or when you the ecstastick Songs renew,
Sung when he to his filial Throne reflew:
Or when the third of the co-glorious Trine,
Shed on the Faithful, Grace and Gifts divine:
Or when the Seraphs, veil'd with humble Wing,
The Three I A M with Voice eternal sing.

Is it the Day, when first you rose to Light
 From nothing, then the highest Stars more bright,
 When first you all your great Creator sang,
 And of God's Praise the Arch Celestial rang?
 Are you to sing the Strain which solemniz'd
 The hallow'd Day, in which God sabbatiz'd;
 When you devoutly the new World admir'd,
 And Admiration Poetry inspir'd?
 Or is't the Day, when you the Songs recite
 Triumphant, for fall'n Angels put to Flight;
 And trod by you to Darkness under Ground,
 For which with Wreaths of Beams your Host was
 Or *Hallelujah's* are you call'd to sing, (crown'd?
 In a full Quire for some converted King,
 And mighty Realm, who *JESUS* Laws embrace,
 And the Cross o're the Crown Imperial place?
 Or are you summon'd fully to declare,
 The various Influence of your Guardian Care;
 With some fresh, heav'nly Favours to be paid,
 For your successful, zealous Guardian Aid?
 Or are you some new Orders to receive?
 Or must fresh Angels the old Watch relieve?
 Or will great God, from his omniscient View,
 Give Warning of some Schism or Errors new;
 That you may watch where, when, and how they rise,
 And guard your proper Charges from Surprise?
 Is the Assembly call'd of God's first-born,
 Which you with your full Splendors must adorn?
 Or are there some new Plots which Tempters lay,
 Souls to delude, afflict, affright, betray?

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Or have the Pow'rs Infernal forc'd their Chain,
And fresh Angelick Troops must them restrain;
While they all swelling with a seven-fold Ire,
In the Excision of the Church conspire?
Have the Accusers of the Saints appear'd,
To blacken them, who must by you be clear'd?
Or have you Leave from Posts below to fly,
To meet the Saints whom you have lodg'd on high;
While all you Guardians in a sweet Contest,
Vye Numbers which your Cares have rendred blest?
Is it the Day, when all God's Sons of Light,
Present themselves to their dread Father's Sight;
When cursed *Satan*, insolent and proud,
Is wont among the blessed ones to crowd?
For which of these are Angels call'd to meet,
And fly to visit their congenial Seat?

Your Guesse, said *Uranio*, dearest Saint,
Of Curiosity betray a Taint;
Souls, who to God entire Submission pay,
No Questions ask, but what God wills, obey;
Yet since your Doubts have a religious Air,
By God's Permission I'll the Truth declare.

The Angel in the Sun, who spake so loud,
That the Fowls heard, who fly beneath the Cloud;
The heav'nly Ensign was enjoin'd to rear,
Just in the midst of the Etherial Sphere,
Where once the Angel hover'd to and fro,
When he proclaim'd a trine tremendous Woe;
And whence the Angel, whom great God design'd
To preach his Truth, was heard by all Mankind;

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His Trumpet then he lifted to his Head,
 As loud as the last Trump, which wakes the Dead;
 But sweeter far benignly to invite,
 Angels to meet in the Celestial Height:
 Soon as the heav'nly Summons reach'd my Ear,
 Which none but the Angelick Host could hear,
 I clapt my Wings, raising tow'rd's Heav'n my Eye,
 Feeling sweet Languor for the Joys on high;
 Your Spirit, as I mov'd my Wings, awake,
 Begg'd in warm Thought I would not you forsake;
 That be far from me, dear *Hymnotheo*, I
 Will lodge you safe from Danger as we fly;
 To *Ephesus* the Voyage is too great,
 Blest'd *John* knows well we must to Heav'n retreat;
 You safe on *Sion* Edypall shall stay,
 To the Archetypall, 'tis in my Way;
 Your Wish to hymn sweet *JESUS* you'll obtain,
 Both *Sions* sing the Lamb unspotted slain;
 The Devils, during our Angelick Flight,
 Will take Advantage to exert their Spite;
Ecclesia's Bosom best, with Watch and Pray'r,
 Will you secure from Hellish Rage or Snare.

Hymnotheo's Soul serenely then retir'd,
 And in Vacation with his Limbs conspir'd;
Uranio, while the Youth and Hermit slept,
 To the bless'd Guardian of the Chappel stept;
 He saw the Ensign, and for Flight prepar'd,
 And what he knew, he mildly thus declar'd:
 Our gracious God, on some benign Intent,
 Had down to Earth a radiant Envoy sent,

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Who as from Ether into Cloud he pass'd,
 Off for a while his splendid Vesture cast;
 And in a cloudy Mantle chose to fly,
 Lest he should dazzle a Saint's feeble Eye:
Satan, as over the Expanse he rang'd,
 Saw where his Vehicle the Angel chang'd;
 And watch'd just at the utmost Brink of Air,
 The Moment when to Heav'n he should repair;
 And soon as he again in Ether shin'd,
Satan himself in the dropt Cloud enshrin'd,
 That no true Angel, who the false should meet,
 In Vest Angelick, should suspect the Cheat;
 Just o're this Chappel he long hov'ring staid,
 To see what Angel best might be way-laid;
 And as from Heav'n he one descending spy'd,
 Whose Line of Flight ran nearest to his Side;
 Praise be to God, you bless my Sight, he cries;
 The Angel, not discerning his Disguise,
 Him with a *Hallelujah* re-salutes;
 Our gracious God, said *Satan*, me deposes,
 To guard that goodly Temple there in Sight,
 In which, to rest your Wings, I you invite;
 I'll call together all the Sacred Quire,
 Which I, inspir'd by God, with Hymn inspire;
 My heav'nly Guest with Hymns I'll entertain,
 Not much below our high Angelick Strain:
 The Envoy Thanks to the Mock-Angel paid,
 But great God's Message could not be delay'd;
Satan foresaw what must be his Excuse,
 And chose that Way his Guile to introduce;

Hymn,

Hymn, Quire, and Temple, his Aversion were,
And well he knew he no Command had there;
Yet since he saw his Cheat was undescry'd,
He to the Angel thus himself apply'd:

While you in Heav'n, my dear Angelick Friend,
Eternal Day in Joys ecstastick spend;
I wast my Time, fix'd on that lonely Mount,
Of heav'nly News can rarely get Account;
God wills I to those Walls should be confin'd,
And to God's hard Command I live resign'd;
Pity me then, and, if you can, infuse,
What will revive me, some Celestial News.

'Twas the Discourse, the Angel said, on high,
As I receiv'd Commission down to fly;
That God e're long, for some good End unknown,
Will summon all the Guardians to his Throne;
That his Angelick Sons must all await
His Pleasure in the Beatifick State;
A Height too pure, too glorious, too sublime,
For damn'd Apostate *Satan* e're to climb;
Had they met heretofore in that blest'd Sphere,
Satan had ne're attempted to appear;
But while the Guardian Host in Bliss remains,
Devils will force Hell-Gates, and break their Chains,
Like Liberty they for a while enjoy'd,
When boasting that they *JESUS* had destroy'd;
Like Liberty the Fiends will re-acquire,
Soon as the calm Millennial shall expire:

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This said, the Angel on his Message flew,
And *Satan* sank to his infernal Crew;
I Angel of this Church then flying near,
What *Satan* did or spake could see and hear;
And trac'd his Flight to the sulphureous Deep,
Where from the Angel, *JESUS* chose to keep
The Keys of Death and Hell; I learn'd what past
Among the Fiends in the infernal Vast;
They all in Vehicles with Sulphur flam'd,
To *Satan* hast, who open Hell proclaim'd.

Illustrious Pow'rs, who 'gainst *JEHOVAH* dare
Long War to manage by a brave Despair;
Some Ghosts detach'd from the aerial Sphere,
With those who on the Earth my Call revere,
Have hitherto the Drudgery sustain'd
Of tempting Man, while you below restrain'd,
In horrid Torture, your Duration spent,
And God, who Mercy boasts, would not relent;
But he relents at last, and quits the Field,
Tir'd with Defiance which disdains to yield;
The Day is fix'd, when by Command severe,
Angels in Heav'n are summon'd to appear;
We shall, when no Angelick Watch is set,
Full Freedom for mischievous Ranges get;
One fatal Day sank us from Bliss to Pain,
And one free Day improv'd, may Bliss regain:
Experienc'd Spirits, what will you advise,
Heav'n, while we have our Freedom, to surprize?

From his aerial Throne, the Prince of Pride,
With jealous Eye *Satan*'s Descent descry'd;

And

And fearing some Design against his Crown,
Flew after him to the dark Kingdom down;
But this Harangue, soon as he heard him make,
His Jealousy quite vanishing, thus spake;

Heroick Fiends, for whom God made this Hell,
Whom yet his feeble Vengeance cannot quell;
Our Spirits as invincibly are proud,
As when from Ether we were trod to Cloud;
We all the Value of our Beings know,
And Servitude can less endure than Woe;
Though for a while we absent are from Bliss,
Yet we reign Sovereigns of this wide Abyss;
Our Realms with damn'd Mankind are hourly stor'd,
And we on Earth in Temples are ador'd;
God has Adorers few, in a short time
We shall expel him out of ev'ry Clime;
Atheism you see, has universal Spread,
Men now are ridicul'd who God-head dread:
In hard'n'd Atheism may they all expire,
Soon as they feel what they burlesque our Fire;
We'll teach them Faith to aggravate their Grief,
And bid them then from Atheism draw Relief;
Soon as this lower World becomes our own,
We with Success may reassault the Throne;
'Tis true, we of our Heights intended fail'd,
Two Thirds of Heav'n against one Third prevail'd;
We were oppress'd by Number more than Might,
We must maintain a more sagacious Fight;
Wisdom defects of Number must supply,
Once more we to re-enter Bliss will try;

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We now the most God can inflict sustain,
And worsted, cannot feel increase of Pain;
We may endanger God's Imperial Seat,
And nothing lose, should he our Troops defeat.

Beelzebub crown'd with circling Flames, and fry'd
In his high red-hot regal Throne reply'd,

I gladly would regain our native Sphere,
Were I to reign a Monarch there, as here;
But common Angels there would us upbraid,
That we our King celestial disobey'd;
We should for Rebels pass, and live disgrac'd,
Below the Populace of Heav'n debas'd:
In Heav'n we only a new Hell should find,
Worse than the Old to a true noble Mind;
But should we on mature Debate combine,
To fight the Host of the now regnant Trine;
How shall we rise to the celestial Height,
Who lost our Wings in the Angelick Fight?
On Plumes of rav'nous Birds we swim in Air,
But they to Heav'n our Spirits cannot bear;
Then sit contented with your hopeless Doom,
On vain Attempts 'tis Folly to presume.

The Serpent, *Eve's* sly Tempter, then rejoin'd,
We'll mount on Wings of an impetuous Wind;
Such as we rais'd, *Job's* Children to confound,
Which blew their House of Feasting to the Ground;
We on those Wings as well may upwards tend,
As on those Wings *JEHOVAH* may descend.

Abaddon then, ready for Rage to burst,
Spake next, for Blood unquenchably a-thirst;

Brave

Brave Fiends, who God our great Tormentor hate,
 And live superiour to a direful Fate;
 Proud *Lucifer* gave Intimations true,
 That the *JEHOVAH's* Vot'ries are but few;
 And were those few destroy'd, Heav'n must confess,
 That we should wholly the low World possess,
 And may attempt the upper; we must strive,
 God of his few Adorers to deprive.
 Should we Plague, Famine, War, at once let loose,
 Destruction universal they'll produce:
 They with God's Vot'ries will involve our own,
 And to spite God, we shall our selves dethrone:
 Our Vot'ries we with Care alive must keep,
 That they new Sins upon their Heads may heap:
 Damn them too soon, and when they sink below,
 They, to our Grief, endure the milder Woe.
 When living Men, who have of Heaven and Hell
 The Option offer'd, Grace divine repel;
 They more God's Mercy grieve by their Neglects
 Than we, from whom he no Regard expects.
 Fierce Persecution best will suit our Aims,
 Which may consume God's Vot'ries in the Flames.
 Some may become our Vot'ries out of Fear,
 And of God's Subjects we the World shall clear:
 The persecuting Fury but retrieve,
 And God to us must his lost Empire leave.

Belial, one of the Devils most defil'd,
 Who God's light, easie Yoke, tyrannick styl'd,
 Rose, and with Looks which all Controul disdain'd
 Thus impious Fiends attentive entertain'd:

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Abaddon Persecution would persuade,
 With more Success God's Empire to invade;
 But 'tis Hell's Int'rest rather to spread Guilt,
 Than to exult in Blood of Martyrs spilt;
 At Martyrdoms we more than Martyrs groan,
 Torments in which they joy, increase our own:
 We hasten them to Bliss, and at the Stake,
 To our Confusion, they oft Converts make.
 The Church, when Blood of Martyrs overflows,
 Of Saints a hundredfold more pregnant grows.
 Error and Vice unchain'd affront God more
 Than all the Tortures Martyrs ever bore.
 Tempt Men God's Revelations to decry,
 And ev'ry Upstart will give God the Lye.
 Let Latitudinarian Spirits strive
 All Heresies long buried to revive.
 Atheism to the licentious Youth suggest,
 Urge them Consideration to detest;
 With opposite Religions to comply,
 And Christ for Gain or Safety to deny.
 Sage *Epicurus* best could Gods devise,
 Gods for the Mob, but *Idle* for the Wise.
 Polytheism Men hardly will digest,
 One intermundian God must be profess'd:
 But that one *Idle* God, the same with none,
 Who shall exact no Duty to his Throne:
 Teach impious Wretches Conscience to o'errule,
 Martyrs and Judgment-Day to ridicule:
 Prompt them to shameful and unbridled Lust,
 To think no Sin disgraceful or unjust:

Let

224 *Hymnotheo* : Or,

Let Latitude be Moderation styl'd,
That Souls may be by that soft Name beguil'd;
Make Prelates such as those once *Egypt* bore,
Wont *CHRIST* with foul *Serapis* to adore;
JESUS on Earth his Flock was forc'd to call
A little one, then he'll have none at all;
At his next Coming he no Faith will find,
And will in vain have suffer'd for Mankind;
When to this Pitch Apostates shall arrive,
Out of this World we shall *JEHOVAH* drive;
When driven, then will be the proper Time
To think how we to native Heav'n may climb.

Moloch, by cruel Rage intensely fir'd,
In whose red-hot Embraces Babes expir'd;
From human Blood long Fasting kept, arose
The Fiends for Height of Fury to dispose;
Curs'd be damn'd Ghosts, who Ills by halves design,
I to exert our utmost Rage incline;
If Famine, War, and Pestilence, are ours,
Why should we Devils curb mischievous Pow'rs?
Let Persecution, Vice, and Error loose,
All the malicious Force of Hell unluce;
All *JESUS* little Flock we'll overwhelm,
And rob him of his mediatory Realm;
Which to regain, he'll tamely with us treat,
And we'll capit'late for our heav'nly Seat.

All Hell, to what fierce *Moloch* spake, agreed,
And to exert their utmost Spite decreed;
Hell thus set open, Devils free from Chain,
Think in what Danger faithful Souls remain.

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Vol. III.

Hymnotheo waking, to the Chappel went,
His Morning Hymn for Off'ring to present;
When bright *Urania*, waiting till he rose,
Began for Flight his Spirit to dispose.

During, said he, the Stay we make on high,
Fiends o'er the World will scatt'ring Mischief fly;
Long they'll not reign; but while they domineer,
Saints are best shelter'd in *Ecclesia's* Sphere:
God there is wont his Jewels to collect,
Heav'n to foretast, and from Hell Powers protect:
'Tis thither I, *Hymnotheo*, you invite,
And gladly will accompany your Flight:
All saving Truths are clearly there reveal'd,
And all God's faithful Voteries are seal'd:
And should ten diabolick Legions join,
To hurt one honour'd with the Seal divine;
They to fresh Torture would in Hell be doom'd,
Who to assault a Vot'ry seal'd, presum'd:
As in the Flood the Seas disdain their Bound,
And all the lofty Mountains Heads were drown'd;
The lower seem'd with Waves supernal join'd,
Nothing was seen but Ocean unconfin'd;
God *Noah* in the Ark in Safety kept,
When Waves to Hell outrageous Sinners swept:
While *Adam's* Race in Sin thus delug'd lies,
And Hell is loose, the Careless to surprize;
All who are seal'd with the Celestial Mark,
See the World plagu'd, safe in *Ecclesia's* Ark:
All who their Errors and their Sins abjure,
Or God adore with an Intention pure;
Vol. III.

Or keep great God in reverential View;
 Or their baptismal solemn Vow renew;
 Or Mercy beg with fervent, humble Pray'r,
 Find Entrance and benign Acceptance there:
 Saints who below in Daughter Churches stay
 Will safe remain, while they shall watch and pray;
 They'll be by Hell in various Conflicts try'd,
 But humbly sure that God is on their Side;
 They'll feel when try'd God's Love and theirs in-

(creafe,

That their War ends in Victory and Peace;
 But Saints self-jealous will their Flights up-take,
 We'll follow of the first the radiant Wake;
 With that they in the Chariot mount on high,
 And had the Globe Terraqueous in their Eye.

Angels were just on Wing, when Hell in Shoals
 Flew to delude, pollute, and murder Souls;
 The most self-confident the soonest fell,
 Neglect of Pray'r Advantage gave to Hell;
 The Guardians Warning gave, which few would

(heed,

Of Guardian Aid some thought they had no need
 Some in Preciseness would the Flight decline,
 Left on the Seal the Cross should be the Sign;
 Some on Enthusiastick Dreams rely'd,
 Others decreed to Bliss could not backslide;
 Lust, Av'rice, Pride, abhorr'd the heav'nward Course
Satan prevail'd much more by Wile than Force;
 Opposite Sects to heav'nly Truth laid Claim,
 And each usurp'd *Ecclesia's* sacred Name;

O're

O'relook'd the ancient Church, to build a new,
And would not see what always was in View.

When *Moses*, warn'd of Hail, which should con-
All that continued on *Egyptian* Ground; (found
They who to God paid Veneration due,
Into their Walls with Slaves and Cattle flew;
And when the Hail descended, mix'd with Fire,
God's Vengeance making Opposites conspire;
All that in Field grew, fed, or were employ'd,
The Herbs, Trees, Cattle, Servants, were destroy'd:
While they who God's meek Envoy's Voice obey'd,
Safe from the Tempest in their Dwellings staid:
Thus God by Guardians Warning deign'd to give,
That faithful Souls unviolenc'd might live.
Hymnotheo looking down, with Tears bewail'd
The num'rous Souls, whom Hell with Rage assail'd;
Just and wise God, proud Rebels to chastise,
Who Mercy inexcusably despise,
Gave Hell the Liberty, by Force or Guile,
To be his Executioners a while:
In Hymn, his Thanks to God, *Hymnotheo* paid,
For his Deliv'rance by Angelick Aid.



BOOK VIII.



Round Earth's Central Point a Region
(lies)

Planted with Mountains of an equal
(Size)

Like a thick Grove they stand, and on their Heads
A sov'raign Mountain its large Basis spreads;
In perpendicular to God's bright Throne,
To all, wash'd in the mystick Laver, known;
High *Ararat*, on which the Ark repos'd;
Sinai, where God his awful Will disclos'd;
The snowy *Liban*, with tall Cedars crown'd;
Pisgah, o'relooking *Jury*'s utmost Bound;
Bashan, whose Oaks outbrave the furious Wind;
Tabor, where *JESUS*, when transfigur'd, shin'd;
Carmel, where from the bord'ring Sphere of Flame
Bright Fire came down, the Godhead to proclaim
Horeb, once great *Elijah*'s bless'd Retreat,
The Denizons of neighb'ring Heav'n to meet;
The verdant *Gilead*, on whose od'rous Top,
Balsamick Gums, like liquid Amber, drop;
The Hills which leap'd at the Ark passing by,
Exulting to behold their God so nigh;
Each stooping to the Ground his lofty Crest,
With the dear Load contending to be blest;

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Illumin'd by its Heav'n enkindled Light,
Pay Homage to its venerable Height.

Thither the best belov'd Disciple flew,
And of new *Salem* had a rapt'rous View;
On his own Eagle the great Saint aspir'd,
Till in mid-Way the vig'rous Bird was tir'd;
When his good Angel flying by his Side,
With kind, vicarious Wings, his Place supply'd:
No Cloud, no Tempest, there is ever seen,
No Change it feels, but ever is serene;
It needs no Sun, enjoys perpetual Day,
Lightned by *JESUS* Majestick Ray;
The spicy Mountains, and the od'rous Hills,
Where Myrrh and Frankincense from Trees distils;
Such sovereign Restoratives ne're knew,
As in the Fields of Sacred *Salem* grew;
Which in Consumptions ghostly Life repair,
And make one dead, of Life Eternal Heir.

Ecclesia, God Incarnate's lovely Bride,
Form'd from the second *Adam*'s wounded Side;
Catholick Mother of the hallow'd Tribes,
Whom *JESUS* in the Book of Life inscribes,
When by the new Creation she was fram'd,
That lofty Mountain for her Mansion claim'd;
Above all sublunary Joys she sits,
And Entrance to no Vanity permits;
There Faith is free from all destructive Blites,
Servile Compliance with *Judaick* Rites;
Or Fondness for vain Philosophick Schemes
Or Imitation of Paganick Dreams;

Or baneful Luxury, Pomp, Wealth, and Pride,
 Or Schisms, which Union Catholick divide;
 Or Heresie, which saving Truths denies;
 Or Politicks, to make it temporise;
 Saints there a discontinued Sabbath keep,
 And daily Crops of Joy Sabbatick reap;
 There they are taught God's Precepts to obey,
 And to secure their Souls, to watch and pray;
 There of the World they have a Prospect clear,
 And dawning Sight of the Celestial Sphere;
 And taught all Joys evanid to despise,
 And on Eternal Bliss to fix their Eyes.

The hallow'd Mount is by all Nations seen,
 And Pilgrims from all Climates there convene:
 All Parts frequented the devoted Town,
 When on the Saints the Holy Ghost fell down;
 From *Parthia, Media, Flam*, and the Ground
 Which *Tygris* and *Euphrates* Streams surround;
 From *Jury, Cappadoce*, and *Asian Coasts*,
 Who of their heav'n-fall'n Image make their Boasts
Phrygia, Pamphylia, Pontus, and the Soil
 Impregnated by overflowing *Nile*,
 From *Rome, Crete, Lybian* and *Arabian Sands*,
Cyrene, and all habitable Lands,
 To keep the Pentecost *Judaick* flock'd,
 And saw God's Kingdom to the World unlock'd:
 Thus on *Ecclesia's* Mount, from ev'ry Wind,
 Saints, their bless'd Mother to salute, combin'd;
 All faithful Souls her awful Form rever'd,
 And Dictates with entire Submission heard.

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Ecclesia's Mansion was God's House of Pray'r,
Her Company the Saints who worship there;
She with the Sacramental Wine and Bread,
Was at the Holy Table daily fed;
A Cross erect she for her Chair design'd,
To keep her Saviour's Passion in her Mind;
Of the Protuberance she made her Seat,
On which were staid her dear Redeemer's Feet:
The goodly Mount devoted was to God,
And Saints with naked Feet the *Arca* trod;
Within the Temple, on a Throne repos'd,
The sacred Volume Day and Night unclos'd;
That all the Faithful, with attentive Heed,
God's Law for Conduct of their Lives might read;
No Master she in Faith but God would own,
His Book she read, while kneeling at his Throne;
All that she read, she, like the blessed Maid,
By holy Meditation re-survey'd;
Her Pastors Knowledge from that Fountain gain'd,
And heav'nly Myst'ries to their Flocks explain'd;
To Councils she, next to that heav'nly Source,
And Catholick Tradition, had Recourse;
The College Pastoral she chose for Guide,
When Pastors singly could not Doubts decide;
Cells all around the fair capacious Plain
Were built, *Ecclesia's* Sons to entertain;
The Window in each Cell the Temple fac'd,
Which in the Center of the Mount was plac'd;
And all, when off'ring up to God their Cries,
Like *Daniel*, tow'rd's the Temple turn'd their Eyes.

Eſtypal *Salem* here is in their Eye,
 The Model of Archetypal on high;
 The Joys, the Glories, which above appear,
 Have all in Miniature their Patterns here:
 Down from high Heav'n the holy City came,
 Devoted to the great Triunal Name;
 Within a ſolid Cubick Frame, the Plan
 Was drawn by the Omniſcient God-Man;
 He built the City of tranſparent Gold,
 And Jaſper-Walls the *Area* to enfold;
 Twelve precious Stones, whoſe Splendors never fade,
 Are of the Walls the firm Foundations made,
 Excelling thoſe on the bright Peſſ'ral plac'd,
 And with a Luſtre more Celeſtial grac'd:
 Twelve Gates are of twelve Pearls ſupernal fram'd,
 Tranſcending all for which the *Eaſt* is fam'd;
 And the Eternal Word, at ev'ry Gate,
 Enjoins an Angel Sentinel to wait,
 Arm'd like the Cherubs with a flaming Blade,
 That no Apoſtate ſhould her Seat invade;
 None who renounce, or ſlight baptiſmal Paſt;
 No Wretch, who dares Abominations aſt;
 None who their heav'n-born Souls with Luſt deſile;
 None who Infernal Ghoſts their *Numens* ſtile;
 None who the Steps of the Arch-murd'rer trace,
 Or ſnarl like Dogs at the Regenerate Race;
 Or with their Father the Arch-lyar vie,
 In forming, or in propagating Lie:
 Should theſe attempt the Mountain to aſcend,
 The watchful Guardians, who the Gates attend,

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Would headlong throw them down to lowest Hell,
 With the like Force by which the Devils fell:
 But though lov'd *John*, to all that's bright and fair,
 Was taught *Ecclesia's* Beauty to compare;
 Yet Pearls transparent, Gold, and Precious Stone,
 Beneath new *Salem's* Graces all must own;
 Benign, pure, lovely, awful, charming, bright,
 Discern'd by only heav'n-assisted Sight.
Ecclesia's Gates stand always open wide,
 And to no Suppliant Entrance is deny'd;
 A Tree of Life just in the middle grows,
 Fairer than that whence *Adam's* Fall arose;
 Twelve Sorts of Fruit the Tree immortal store,
 Whoever eat, could never hunger more;
 Each Fruit is with appendent Virtues grac'd,
 And of the Tree above gives precious Taste:
 All griev'd with ghostly Maim, Disease, or Sore,
 Feel its balsamick Leaves their Health restore:
 Bless'd Fruit! bless'd Leaves! That heav'nly Graces
 (paints,

This the sublime Examples of the Saints.

A River glides to bless'd *Ecclesia* near,
 Like that out of the Throne, and Chrystal clear;
 All who are wash'd in this devoted Stream,
 Of heav'nly Joys have an initial Gleam;
 Or are from lep'rous Guilt that Moment pure,
 Like *Niaman* wash'd in *Jordan* for his Cure;
 Or though to heav'nly Things born blind, derive
 Their Sight, like him in *Siloam* bid to dive;

Or

Or feel long sinful Habits chas'd away,
 Like him who at *Bethesda* watchful lay ;
 The Refuge Cities, though design'd to save
 Involuntary Criminals, ne'er gave
 Such Safety, as from Hell good Souls have found,
 While shelter'd on *Ecclesia's* hallow'd Ground.
 Of Angels, an innumerable Host,
 Passing Expanse, salute *Ecclesia's* Coast :
 Some to her Sons give Ministerial Aid,
 Some learn God's Wisdom by her Lips display'd :
 Some into Myst'ries Evangelick pry,
 To hymn afresh *Philanthropy* on high :
 Some for their Saints there lodg'd their Joys renew,
 Felt when they first shed penitential Dew :
 Others congratulate the Cross, which join'd
 Good Angels in dear Friendship with Mankind,
 Who ey'd with Enmity the World defil'd,
 Till 'twas to God by *JESUS* reconcil'd :
 Guardians of Saints, and Churches on her wait,
 And of her Children the Concerns relate :
 Her Quire devout Hymns, Psalms, and Anthems sings,
 And in the Concert strike melodious Strings :
 Their Harps more charmingly the Hearer please,
 Than those of the sonorous Almond Trees :
 Here Hallelujah's Multitudes repeat,
 In Sounds as loud as Thunder, and yet sweet,
 As if Heav'n put the Nitrous Clouds in Tune,
 To chant in Symphonies the great Triune :
 In beatifick Vision, Hymn, and Love,
 The Blessed spend Eternity above :

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In Hymn and Love *Ecclesia* spends her Might,
And Meditation makes amends for Sight.

All God's choice Jewels on the Mountain shine,
In various Lustres of a Life divine:
There of Remembrance lies an open Book,
On which the Saints may at their Pleasure look.
The Angel, who array'd in Linen fine,
Made from his Inkhorn on each Saint a Sign,
Attended it, and as the Scribe of old
Wrote from the Prophet's Lips what he foretold;
Thus all that pass'd in bless'd *Ecclesia's* Square,
In that Record was wrote in Letter fair.
Ecclesia's Diptycks, there the Lives contain'd
Of exemplary Saints, who Glory gain'd:
The bless'd Apostles, who Truths heav'nly taught,
Who Miracles to seal it, liv'd and wrought:
Martyrs, who tortur'd, dy'd for *JESUS* Sake,
All who stood Candidates to embrace the Stake;
All lib'ral Souls, who *JESUS* Brethren fed;
All pious Authors, worthy to be read;
Prelates, who num'rous Souls to Glory sent;
Bless'd Poets, who in Hymn their Genius spent;
Bless'd Kings and Queens, who spar'd no Care, no
Our holy Church to foster and enlarge: (Charge,
Good Shepherds and good Sheep, of *JESUS* Fold,
Have there their Graces faithfully enroll'd.

Saints sweetly here discourse, and heav'nly News
Into each other only co-transfuse;
What supplemental Joys good Souls acquir'd;
With what new tuneful Hymns they were inspir'd:

What

What glad Advances Converts made to Bliss;
 With what true Love they gave the peaceful Kifs;
 What Conquest This had o're the tempting Host;
 In what sweet Transport That gave up the Ghost:
 What Floods of penitential Tears were sow'd;
 What plenteous Crop of Joys were to be mow'd:
 How Heav'n's blest'd Kingdom rose, and Hell declin'd;
 How, while the humble saw, the proud were blind:
 How Providence, just, gracious, wise, appear'd,
 When from Mis-apprehensions human clear'd:
 What Cordials best invigorate a weak Heart;
 What of a wounded Spirit eas'd the Smart:
 What would the Saints in various Want relieve;
 What Comfort suited best with those who grieve:
 With what Assurance Saints on God rely'd,
 Who had the Truth of ev'ry Promise try'd:
 What a continual Heav'n foretasting Feast,
 Was Conscience from the Guilt of Sin releas'd:
 What wondrous Aids Saints from the Angels gain'd,
 When guided, warn'd, deliver'd, or restrain'd:
 What Med'cinal Afflictions Saints refin'd;
 What Ravishments they felt in Wills resign'd:
 Of the Saints Pray'rs how mighty was the Pow'r,
 Plagues to avert, or Blessings down to show'r:
 How tenderly God treats all Hearts sincere,
 Who tow'rds Mistakes unfundamental-veer:
 In Faith, in Practice, how he Frailty weighs,
 And never damns involuntary Strays.
 Thus Saints discourse, and pious News relate,
 Who chiefly mind their everlasting State.

Ecclesia

Ecclesia on her Mount has Prospect clear,
Of all that passes in the Vale of Tear;
And to secure her Childrens Virtues, shews
How in the World Religion ebbs and flows;
She Ages past presents to faithful Eyes,
From their Effluvioms floating in the Skies;
These in their pristine Form she can combine,
Painting them to the Life by Art divine;
Chymists, no Plants can from their Ashes rear,
Which more like their Originals appear;
There her first-born are honour'd, who were Saints,
And liv'd in Evangelical Restraints;
Kept holy Faith as pure, entire, and bright,
As first it stream'd from Fontal, boundless Light:
But now, alas! the World degenerate grown,
Lets foul Concupiscence usurp the Throne;
In Lands below a Mixture sad appears,
The Tares out-number far the loaded Ears;
A Sight which grieves *Ecclesia* to the Soul,
Her Daughters with the Mother Church condole:
As a chaste Dove, meek, patient, when forlorn,
Is wout upon her Perch to sit and mourn;
For her dead Mate a lively Love retains,
And in continued Languishment remains;
That all who her soft Lamentations hear,
By Sympathy Propensions feel to Tear:
Thus sad *Ecclesia* sits, and makes her Moan
For her lost Children, who their God disown:
Rachel, when wak'd by dying Infants Cries,
She saw their Murders, and with bleeding Eyes,
Her

Her dearest *Jacob's* Sons bewail'd, ne're shed
 Such Streams, as fell from sad *Ecclesi's* Head;
 To which the World, which dares God's Vengeance,
 Their Respite from deserv'd eternal Woes. (owes

Her Food is hidden Manna, which Saints tast,
 And on the World no future Passion wast;
 To do God's Will, like *JESUS*, is her Meat,
 The Angels Food when they to Earth retreat;
 The Water of pure Life her Thirst relieves,
 Spending for God her Strength, she Strength re-
 (trieves:

Her Robe of Godlike Righteousness is made,
 The Linen in which Angels are array'd;
 Which while retir'd, she on her Mount remains,
 Admits no Rent, or Patch, or Spots, or Stains:
 Oft-times she leaves a while her Seat on high,
 The Wants below of Children to supply:
 As when the Spouse by Night her Lover sought,
 And by the Watchmen of the City caught,
 By cruel and remorseless Hands assail'd,
 Was wounded, bruise'd, and thrust away unvail'd:
 Thus when her charitable Walk she took,
 The various Legions, who her Mount forsook,
 Made their Assaults upon her as she went,
 Her Vest they rudely stain'd, patch'd, spotted, rent;
 And had not *JESUS* Promise her sustain'd,
 Hell over her a Victory had gain'd;
 Lodg'd in his Wings she to her Mount took Flight,
 And in his Blood wash'd all her Vesture white;

She

She clos'd the Rents, away the Patches threw,
 Her ancient Dress she lov'd, averse to new;
 Apostate Angels, who in Mem'ry keep (Deep;
 God's Wrath, which hurl'd them to the dol'rous
 And oft essay'd in vain, with utmost Spite,
 To wreak on JESUS their revengeful Might;
 Despairing God incarnate to destroy,
 Against his Spouse belov'd their Rage imploy:
Beelzebub, Satan, Lucifer, whose Hosts
 Range o're infernal, earthly, airy Coasts;
Ecclesia, from her lofty Mountain, strive
 Into the State invisible to drive;
 Innumerable Forges they erect,
 All Metals and all Minerals collect,
 From which they may offensive Weapons form,
 Or batt'ring Engines, which the Mount may storm;
 All Tortures which prolong a Martyr's Groan,
 And Nature force, their Deities to own;
 All the Artillery of Hell and Air,
 To make the Faithful of Heav'n's Aid despair;
 Sin, Error, Lust, all that may Souls pollute,
 All Arguments God's Being to confute;
 Vertigo, Latitudinarian Pride,
 All sensual Pleasures which the Will misguide;
 Storms, Earthquakes, Thunders, and Tornado's dire,
 Schisms, Heresies, which lying Ghosts inspire,
 On ev'ry Side against the Mountain flew,
 While Show'rs of fiery Darts they on it threw:
 Yet still *Ecclesia* safe from Hurt abides,
 Firm on her Mount she their Assaults derides;

She

She to God's Word infallible adherés,
 By that and Pray'r she all her Conduct steers;
 All the infernal Forges cannot frame
 A Weapon, that can give her mortal Maim;
 Hell, o'er the Mount unable to prevail,
 Resolv'd *Ecclesia's* Children to assail,
 Who at the Font themselves to *JESUS* give,
 And should devoted to his Glory live;
 In the loose World they frequent Conquests make
 Of faithless Souls, who their first Love forsake;
 While Saints, who watch and pray, on God rely,
 And the united Force of Hell defy. (Land,

Both Angels with their Charge now reach the
 Where they beheld the holy Mountain stand;
 The Youth below they on the Ground dismiss'd,
 Both yet continued careful to assist:

The Storks then free, up with the Chariot fly,
 And breaking loose, o'erturn it in the Sky;
 And People wondred at the od'rous Showers
 Descending from the dissipated Flowers;
 Angels give super-effluent Aid in Need;
 But when Saints no Necessity can plead,
 With their Endeavours only they conspire,
 God and our Guardians our Efforts require.
 Bless'd *JESUS*, when he three Disciples drew
 To *Tabor*, his preludial Rays to view,
 Winglefs himself, to them no Wings would lend,
 That all on Foot the Mountain might ascend.

Hymnotheo, when set down, for like Intent,
 Strait to a suppedaneous Mountain went,

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And eying the top Mountain at first Sight,
He in Despondence seem'd to reach its Height;
But heav'nly Aids invig'rated his Mind,
He on the Angels all the Way reclin'd:
The Mountain he ascended by Degrees,
And forward stept with an encreasing Ease.

The Angel posted at *Ecclesia's* Gate,
Of all who came enquir'd the Ghostly State;
Angels and Youth a free Admittance gain'd,
While Souls less purged, much longer were detain'd.
Uranio and *Phylacter* then present,
To bless'd *Ecclesia*, the dear Penitent;
Their Rev'rence paid, and then began their Flight,
Putting off Cloud to put on Ether bright.

Hymnotheo to *Ecclesia's* Care consign'd,
She shew'd her self distinguishingly kind,
In Languor, till his Soul he could unlade,
Ecclesia with alacrious Zeal obey'd.

Men all combine in the Desire of Bliss,
The most ne're find what it is hard to miss:
The Sensualists are wont Essays to make,
The Happiness they aim at to mistake:
Inextricably all the worldly wise
Embroid themselves, while they should sabbatise:
Philosophers o're Globe Terraqueous roam,
To find that Bliss they might possess at Home;
Strange Madnefs on the Sea and in the Dark,
To seek that Shoar, at which they all embark.

Almighty Wisdom, who all his Works creates,
In co-harmonious Numbers, Measures, Weights,
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To ev'ry Rank of his own Works assign'd,
 The native Ends to which he them inclin'd;
 On lifeless Things Propensions he impress'd,
 They in their Stations always are at Rest:
 His Wisdom by Instincts brute Creatures steers,
 They know, they choose, they love their proper
 Man honour'd is with Reason for his Clue, (Spheres:
 His Bliss in this World's Labyrinth to pursue:
 And did not Sin our native Reason blind,
 Bliss is congenial to immortal Mind.

God with Restraints inferior Natures made,
 But no Restraints on Souls immortal laid:
 God, who ne're form'd Capacity in vain,
 For boundless Good, must boundless Reach ordain:
 God only our Capacities can fill;
 God is the native Center of our Will:
 His Blessings here we use, and grateful prize,
 But in none but himself can *Sabbatise*:
 God is our Bliss, to God, by Love divine,
 Our Spirits rise in right ascending Line:
 A Flame not more connaturally ascends,
 Than an unbounded Soul to God propends:
 By Sin our Virgin Nature is deflower'd,
 And by a Force unnat'ral over-power'd:
 By Sin it Wounds receiv'd, but was not slain,
 We still our vast Capacity retain;
 Our Souls proportion'd are to God alone,
 And when they think, no other Bliss can own:
 Sin with by-rills devaricates the Stream,
 And raises Idols to our fond Esteem;

But

But when right Reason has the Chancel freed,
To disembody in God we flow with Speed.

Wealth, Honour, Pleasure, cannot quench my
They common Portions are of Souls accurst; (Thirst,
They vain, vexatious, short, uncertain are,
They no Proportion to my Spirit bear;
The Pious them as Trials only use,
Still dreading the Contagion they infuse; (Springs,
When Souls tow'rs God make humble, vig'rous
They clog, like Birdlime, their aspiring Wings;
They perfect not, they only Souls enslave,
Imbitter Sickness, leave us at the Grave;
They only gratifie the baser Part,
Are damnable when they usurp the Heart.

Some who gross Sensuality despise,
To Pleasures more refin'd exalt their Eyes;
Their Minds to Knowledge take more noble Flights,
They tire themselves in Theoretick Heights;
And tir'd return in intellectual Woe,
That searching all, they nothing truly know;
Had Love instead of Knowledge flown that Track,
They to repose had flown enlightn'd back.

At Happiness in Virtue others aim,
But Virtue, void of God, is empty Name;
Without a Sail, Helm, Tackling, Anchor, Oar,
It floats on Waves, bound for no certain Shoar:
Degenerate Man, to sensual Pleasures prone,
Would, if no Deity, no Virtue own;
God only can our Souls to Virtue draw,
And give it full Reward, due Aid, and Law:

Had God left Mortals in the Dark to grope,
 Without a Byass to a certain Scope;
 No Choice could ever terminate the Soul,
 In Infinitum, 'twould to Follies roll;
 Instable, vagrant, restless and confus'd,
 By each destructive Vanity abus'd;
 But for himself our Spirits God design'd,
 We, out of God, no Rest, no Bliss can find.

I to an all-sufficient Bliss aspire,
 Which satiates, and which terminates Desire;
 Which stores my Spirit with Idea's bright,
 With a meridian, universal Light;
 Proportion'd to Propension unconfin'd,
 Which leaves no one Vacuity behind;
 Where no Deficiency, Trouble, Change, Alloy,
 Can lessen or my Indolence, or Joy;
 Which to Eternity will fully please,
 Transcendent, yet attainable with Ease;
 Has Loveliness unbounded to endear,
 From the least Atom of Pollution clear;
 Which elevates my Soul to utmost Height,
 And ne're withdraws its Beatifick Sight;
 Which in immense Benignities outstreams,
 While all my Pow'rs imbibe their Fill of Beams;
 A Bliss which none but JESUS Love supplies,
 Like God himself, in God to Sabbatise.

From thee, great God, our Spirits took their Start,
 Thou our sole *Alpha* and *Omega* art;
 Spirit with Spirit suitably is join'd,
 Finites in Infinite true Fulness find;

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'Tis our sole Bliss eternally to be
United to thy All-Sufficiency.

The Spirit, where it would be, then remains,
And lodg'd in Thee, feels neither Wants nor Pains;
But how shall Man, Lord, reach that glorious Height,
Or Dust and Ashes with great God unite?

Is it thy Will that Union to delay,
And Bliss reserve till we shake off this Clay?

'Tis here, my God, the Union is begun,
Seal'd with the Blood of thy Eternal Son;
Souls here by Love with God united grow,
And feel anticipated Heav'n below.

Ye worldly Joys, which court my Choice, adieu,
My Soul was made for God, too great for you;
Go seek a Heart, with sensual Philtres drunk,
Or to low animal Propension sunk;
With JESUS only I in Love can fall,
My Centre, God, Exemplar, Saviour, All.

Soon as the Office clos'd, he walk'd about,
Feasting his Curiosity devout;
The Temple was of polish'd Marble made,
Whose Walls within were artfully inlaid
With Letters of the purest *Parvaim* Gold,
In which bless'd JESUS's Story was enroll'd;
Twelve goodly Pillars stood on either side,
The stately Roof to bear, and Wings divide;
Each Pillar was with Cedar Tablets grac'd
By Lovers, who there felt the rapt'rous Taste
Of JESUS Love, and thankful for their Lot,
Their votive Hymns, in Pearls thick studded wrote,

That ev'ry Way a Vot'ry cast his Eye,
Of JESUS he Memento's might descry,
Memento's, which more heav'nly Thought excite,
Than Images, which grosser Sense delight.

Soon as the whole Assembly were dispers'd,
The Temple Prelate with the Youth convers'd;
Ferventio, who with dearness him embrac'd,
And in a Cell, to his full liking plac'd:
There soon as they repos'd upon their Seats,
Devout *Ferventio*, thus *Hymnotheo* treats:

Next to your constant consciencious Care,
Of solemn and ejaculated Pray'r,
By which the Incense of a Heart contrite,
To God Triune is fuming Day and Night;
The Book inspir'd, exacts your utmost Zeal,
There God vouchsafes Truth saving to reveal;
With heav'nly Graces 'twill enrich your Soul,
'Twill teach you all your Passions to controul;
There all Inflammatives of Love Divine;
There all sublime Illuminatives shine;
There are of heav'nly Consolations Store;
There sovereign Balfams for each ghostly Sore;
There God's whole Armour to resist Surprise;
There all Artill'ry of Salvation lies;
There Wildom Plots Satanick to disclose;
There Force infernal Legions to oppose;
There no bless'd Subjects for Poetick Heat;
There all Preparatives for Glory meet;
'Tis God's own Word, and has a God-like Might,
To make Souls God-like, and to God unite.

Know

Know Son, 'tis not bare reading I commend,
 You must choice Hours in Meditation spend;
 When reading has for ghostly Food purvey'd,
 'Tis Nutriment by Meditation made;
 Look round the Temple, whose bright Walls record
 Inflaming Stories of our dying Lord;
 Thence some one moving Subject freely choose,
 On which your Soul is most dispos'd to muse:
 As *Moses* to the Cloud once made Retreat,
 Where he the Honour had, great God to meet;
 From all Distractions here below withdraw,
 And vehicled in Cloud with sacred Awe;
 Think that All-glorious God is present there,
 And for his gracious Aid make humble Pray'r;
 Then with serene, fix'd, intellectual Sight,
 Behold the Subject in each different Light;
 Its Motives, Properties, Effects surveigh,
 Maturely all its Circumstances weigh;
 On all that Memory can recollect,
 Employ your Meditation to reflect.

When you have drawn the Copy in your Mind,
 Note how your Soul is by the Draught inclin'd;
 When efficacious Truths you lay to Heart,
 They will devout, comat'ral Passions dart;
 Our Frailties humble Thought, God's Blessings praise,
 His Promise Hope, his Threatnings Terror raise,
 Commands Obedience, Comforts, sweet Delights,
 His tender Love preventing, Love excites:
 When heav'nly Things you thus in Thought re-
 Think into what Devotions you dissolve; (volve,

The Gains you thus by Meditation reap,
 For your Improvement, you in Mind must keep,
 Live in habitual Taste of what you feel,
 'Twill heighten, 'twill invigorate your Zeal;
 Pray that the World may not that Taste elude,
 And Meditation with a Hymn conclude.

Think not that 'tis fatiguing, tedious, hard,
 To fix on Things celestial your Regard;
 Men practise Meditation ev'ry Day, (stay;
 Their Thoughts long Time on Things terrestrial
 Mechanick, Statesman, Lawyer, Merchant, Clown,
 All Callings in the Country or the Town,
 Meditate Day and Night upon their Gain,
 Yet of Fatigue in thinking ne're complain;
 They by revolving Business in their Mind,
 In temporal Affairs Improvement find:
 If in evanid Things Men steer this Course,
 And feel of Meditation kindly Force;
 Should they their Thoughts on Things celestial set,
 For Heav'n they like Advantages would get.

Hymnotheo heard with Application due,
 And soon Proficient in that Learning grew;
 In Cell, or Temple, he by Day or Night,
 Where he could take most undiverted Flight;
 With Heav'n a Conversation still maintain'd,
 Such Joys, and such celestial Riches gain'd,
 That when his Meditation fell, he griev'd,
 He to the World should sink, or Heav'n bereav'd.

Ferventio, who *Hymnotheo*'s Progress ey'd,
 Best for his Perseverance to provide;

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Him to *Vigilio's* Charity commends,
And gladly he to the old Saint ascends.

Vigilio kept his Flock still in his Sight,
And in the Temple Tow'r watch'd Day and Night;
The Tow'r, which seem'd its Head in Cloud to hide,
Whence he the Compass of the World descry'd;
A wakeful Cock was his Companion there,
And his Alarum to his Midnight Pray'r;
Before him a fair Bible open lay,
From which his Eyes long Time would never stray;
A Silver Trumpet hung up by his Side,
Like that God order'd *Moses* to provide;
Which when the Priests by God's Appointment blew,
To the Assembly they all *Israel* drew.

No Judgment could approach *Vigilio's* Ground,
But he gave Warning by his Trumpets sound:
A Harp *Davidick* on his Desk was plac'd,
With that, away he ghostly Slumber chas'd.

Of all the various Orders of Mankind,
To Pastors God strict Watching has enjoin'd;
Impending Dangers o're their Flocks to spy,
And with the Trumpet warn them they are nigh:
If drowzy, they neglect the Trump to blow,
They shall incur a confluent Woe:
The Blood of all, unwarn'd by them, who die,
With their own Blood will on their Conscience lie:
But if they blow, the Souls who take no heed
Shall perish, and the Watchman's Soul is freed.
Devout *Hymotheo*, from his Stand on high,
Look'd round about with an astonish'd Eye;

here

There was a glorious winged Host in View,
 Which to and fro o'er the Horizon flew,
 Full of bright Eyes before, and full behind,
 Each like a Confluence of Suns outshin'd;
 Each arm'd with Sabre, Helmet, Spear, and Shield,
 Against some Foe prepar'd to take the Field;
 O Father, said *Hymnotheo*, who are they,
 Who o'er Expanse such num'rous Suns display?
 They Watchers are, *Vigilia* strait reply'd,
 The same which *Babylon's* proud King descry'd,
 When they from God pronounc'd his Doom severe,
 And to your Eyes in Rays benign appear;
 They are Angelick Troops, by God assign'd
 To be the watchful Guardians of Mankind;
 Their num'rous Eyes, nor Day nor Night they close,
 They spy each Motion of infernal Foes;
 God, who employs them, slumbers not, nor sleeps,
 With wakeful Care, he Men and Angels keeps.

Next on the lower World *Hymnotheo* gaz'd,
 And found himself a second Time amaz'd;
 He saw, as of the Earth he took survey,
 Disseminated Darkness at Noon-Day;
 When *Egypt*, said the Saint, felt dismal Night,
 The *Jews* had in their Mansions chearful Light;
 Thus ever since the Source of Light appear'd,
 And with his healing Beams the Faithful cheer'd;
 Against those Beams, Souls hard'ned shut their Eyes,
 And more than heav'nly Light thick Darkness prize,
 The Sons of Light and Darkness intersperse,
 And with strange Mixture fill the Universe;

They

They keep a Light still shining in their Breast;
By these, even native Light is quite suppress'd;
Their Lamps burn bright, and are with Oyl supply'd;
These have their Lamps extinguish'd, and Oyl dry'd;
They wakeful, for the awful Day prepare;
These drowzie live, devoid of ghostly Care;
With those, the Hosts of heav'nly Watchers dwell;
With these, Spirits of Slumber sent from Hell;
They weep, hymn, watch, read, meditate, and pray;
In Vanity and Sin those waste the Day:
They to encounter Death, their Hearts dispose;
And these, till damn'd, their Eyelids ne'er unclose:
They often feast on the Immortal Bread;
These are with ghostly Opiates only fed:
Tears from the Eyes of those for Slumberers glide;
These stupid, all who mourn for them deride:
They all improve the Talents in their Trust;
These idle, hide them from their View in Dust:
They sleep in Death, to endless Joys assum'd;
These wake in Death, to endless Mis'ry doom'd:
The ghostly Watcher, from the slumbring Drone,
As Light from Darkness, is as clearly known:
With their Loins girt, and Weapons in their Hand,
In God's whole Armour clad, the Watchers stand:
This World to them is not their Home, but Inn,
They fight their Ways through Ambuscades of
(Sin:
They Strangers here, are Denizons on high,
Still keep their heav'nly Country in their Eye.

As

They

As *Jews* were of the Paschal Lamb to tast,
 With Staff in Hand, shod, girded, and in Haft:
 On this Side Heav'n thus Pilgrims never rest,
 Till pass'd this Life, they are compleatly blest'd:
 Think, Son, if sinless *JESUS* watch'd and pray'd,
 How much more Sinners by Hell Pow'rs way-laid!
 Think, Son, that *JESUS* keeps you in his Eye,
 And bids you watch and pray, for Danger's nigh.

Hymnotheo, who the aged Saint rever'd,
 Apply'd to his own Spirit all he heard;
 Himself a sacred Watcher he profess'd,
 And took his Leave when by *Vigilio* blest'd.



BOOK IX.



Happy Days, when all the new-born Race
 Receiv'd from Heav'n of Hymn the
 (lovely Grace,

When on *Ecclesia's* Mount no Speech was heard,
 But Psalm and Hymn, and Song with Faith endear'd;
 When Melody and Truth together join'd,
 And to harmonious Love tun'd rude Mankind;
 When Musick wedded was to Song divine,
 Musick, whose Force, like God himself, is Trine;
 Musick and Song, the Business of the Blest'd,
 Who never weary, though they never rest;

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Musick and Song, which Saints with Zeal promote,
And humbly to the God of Love devote;
Musick and Song, at which the Pagans aim'd,
By Lust, by Wine, or vicious Gods inflam'd;
Musick and Song, which Christian Bards deprave,
And to all Purposes of Hell enslave;
Musick and Song, which troubled Spirits ease,
Indulg'd by Heav'n, both to instruct and please;
Saints feel an Elevation sweet and strong
In sacred Musick, and celestial Song;
Saints, who just Songs could to all Passions fute,
Accompany'd with Organ, Harp, or Lute;
By JESUS Love, and the bless'd Spirit fir'd,
All were with sacred Poetry inspir'd:
Ecclesia, taught by the all-gracious Dove,
Spake the sole Language which is spoke Above;
In Songs she with her Sons convers'd, and they
Were wont in Song their Mother to repay.

Next, to *Ferventio's* Song all Audience gave,
Instructive, and melodiously grave.

Should there concur in our corporeal View
Fit Object, proper Medium, Distance due;
Yet if the Eye be not dispos'd aright,
Falacious and imperfect is our Sight:
Thus when our Thoughts to heav'nly Truth ascend,
Unless we freely to that Truth propend,
With a devout, warm, docile, humble Mind
And Will, to practise what we know resign'd,
We either that high Truth shall disbelieve,
Or not its native Loveliness perceive;

The

Musick

The highest barren Knowledge Men obtain,
Serves but to cumber, not enrich the Brain.

God is the Object which the Saints propose,
From him all Knowledge, Love, and Blessing flows;
The Medium Nature's Light, and sacred Writ,
They both his Rays beneficent transmit;
Pray'r gives the Distance due, by which our Eye,
God's Glories unafflicting may descry;
And if our Soul, the Organ, be sincere,
From Passions, Vice, and Prejudices clear;
If we God's Mercy infinite implore,
And study God, that we may God adore,
God in bright, gracious Beams will on us shine,
We then shall see, and love the Truth divine.

All who Celestial Knowledge strive to gain,
Must in blest'd *JESUS* School their Spirits train;
He has of Knowledge the true Method shewn,
To rise to Truths abstruse, from Truths well known:
Repent, believe, and love, is what he taught,
Knowledge by these is to Perfection brought;
His Truths in all a general Faith suppose,
From Reason this, and nat'ral Conscience grows;
Repent, this is wise *JESUS* first Command,
Which all may at first hearing understand;
All Men themselves as Sinners still bemoan'd,
The World its Guilt by Sacrifices own'd;
Like Penitents with God the Pagans treat,
Have Mercy Lord, they in their Pray'rs repeat:
Repentance then must be your first Essay,
That best removes all Hindrance in your Way;

Concupiscential Fumes eclipse the Mind;
A Heart set on the World, to Heav'n is blind:
Lust is of Infidelity the Cause,
The Unbeliever quarrels with God's Laws;
Were God less holy, his Commands less pure,
He then his Revelations would endure;
Goodness and Truth essential to God Trine,
None who are his Disciples can disjoin.

Soon as we have the Obstacles remov'd,
Our Faith will by Repentance be improv'd;
Sorrow for Sin, the Source of all our Woes,
The Need of a Redeemer will disclose;
And lively Faith when JESUS it beholds,
That dearest Saviour in its Arms enfolds;
Saviour, beyond what Man could wish to have,
Who dy'd a Victim to redeem his Slave;
Faith will dear JESUS keep in strict Embrace,
And on his Cross entire Reliance place;
Bless'd JESUS for its King and Prophet own,
As well as Priest, God's Anger to atone;
Most firmly, to the Truth he taught, adhere,
Obey his Laws, and Empire mild revere;
Faith, God's immense Philanthropy displays,
And God All-lovely, highest Love will raise;
The Intellect and Will must both unite,
The one contributes Heat, the other Light;
Still as the Light expands, the Flames aspire,
Each Truth we learn adds Fuel to the Fire.

Faith, when it JESUS holds within its Arms,
Feels of his boundless Love enam'ring Charms;

With

256 *Hymnotheo*: Or;

With heav'n-enkindled Love, all o're it burns,
 Into all Love by self-transfusion turns.
 The Soul for Holocaust to *JESUS* gives,
 And crucify'd in Resolution lives:
 Repent, love God, and you'll enlightned grow,
 Lovers God best by sweet Experience know.

Devoto next his Lute harmonious took;
 To sing her chief Delight, God's sacred Book:

Since 'tis thy Will, Lord, I should be;
 Alike to Vice and Error free,
 That I might on this mortal Stage,
 In due Probation spend my Age;
 And both my Mind and Will excite,
 To know and love Love Infinite.

Since Knowledge must precede, and none
 Can truly love what is unknown;
 Since, Lord, no human-bounded Mind
 Can comprehend Love unconfin'd,
 How can my Love to thee aspire,
 When wanting Thought to give it Fire?

Yet to be lov'd with all our Might,
 Is thy just Due, and thy Delight;
 The Saints beneath, the Bless'd above,
 Are only happy in their Love;
 Ah, how shall I thy Goodness know,
 Thence to begin my Heav'n below?

Lord

Lord, when thy Book is in my Sight,
That casts Illuminations bright;
In that I hear thy gracious Voice,
Which guides my Will to happy Choice;
In that thy Lovelineffes shine,
And to thy Love our Souls incline;

Hell Pow'rs for ever will contend
Thy Truth to damp, pervert, or blend;
They'll various Schemes of Error frame,
Injurious to thy lovely Name;
They'll vain Philosophies disperse,
To render Souls to thee averse.

But all Hell Pow'rs their feeble Spite,
In vain shall 'gainst thy Truth unite;
The World was never yet so bad,
But for thy Word it Rev'rence had;
All Ages, Regions, Sects combine,
In its Original Divine.

Thou, gracious Lord, dost thus contrive,
To keep Inflammatives alive;
Such Energies thy Word enforce,
Such Tinctures of its heav'nly Source;
That we our selves, not thee, must blame,
If we are cold amidst that Flame.

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When

Lord

When Doubt, Pain, Error, Tempter, Grief,
 Assault me, there I find Relief;
 My proper Anodyne, Rule, Guide,
 Arms, Comforts, are from thence supply'd;
 By all-sufficient Love decreed,
 To correspond to ev'ry Need.

My God, O may I Day and Night
 Fetch from thy Word Heav'n kindled Light;
 And with that light Celestial Heat,
 In Hymn thy Favours to repeat;
 Love never reaches its full Height,
 Till wing'd with Hymn it takes its Flight.

Down from his Tower the good *Vigilio* came,
 The Youth to counsel was his zealous Aim;
 The Youth thank'd God, who thither had him sent
 And sat with Rev'rence, to his Song attent:

To *Abram*, God's own Friend, the ghostly Sire
 Of Saints, who to supernal Bliss aspire,

All-gracious God a Visit made,

And thus his awful Will display'd:

I am God all-sufficient, me revere,
 Before me walk, and keep your Heart sincere.

O gracious Truth, which God himself instils,
 For the safe, watchful Conduct of our Wills,

Entirely may my Soul imbibe,

What 'tis God's Pleasure to prescribe;

Motive and Duty he has sweetly join'd,

May both continue lively in my Mind.

Lord

Lord, I thy All-sufficiency adore,
Enjoying thee, I cannot wish for more,

All Blessings worthy of Desire,

In thy Infinity conspire;

Wile Man! O how immensely art thou blest,

To be of all-sufficient God possest!

In Infamy, Want, Danger, Sickness, Pain,

When Men and Devils strive to work my Bane,

When Nature is fatigu'd and frail,

When Death my Body shall assail,

In thy All-sufficiency find Relief,

And strong Supports, which overpoise my Grief.

Thou art my King, Judge, Father, Friend and Guide,

In thee dread, love, obey, in thee confide;

While thou art in my wakeful View,

I can all Rebel Lusts subdue,

To this false World no one Propension warps,

Thy All-sufficiency my Soul absorps.

While I the World and thee, my God, compare,

Nothing find but Insufficiency there;

It what it promis'd ne'er bestows,

But Disappointments gives and Woes;

Strange Choice! the all-sufficient to forsake,

And utter Vanity our Refuge make.

Since thou, Lord, all-sufficient art to me,
 I should live wholly sacrific'd to thee;
 Cheer'd by thy omnipresent Ray,
 My Mind from thee should never stray,
 But while I languish in this Vale of Tear,
 My Thought will often from thy Presence veer.

O all-sufficient Temple in my Soul,
 My Instability of Mind controul,
 And when my Thoughts from thee decline,
 The Wanderers O re-confine:
 Of my own treach'rous self I live in Fear,
 Keep me, though weak, from wilful Strayings clear.

O all ye Creatures, who God's Power declare,
 O all Efforts of Providential Care,
 O Book inspir'd, in whose each Line,
 Truths heav'nly in full Splendour shine;
 O sacred Guides, O Saints who God obey,
 Be my Remembrancers of God to Day.

To Day! O never your Memento's cease,
 Till from forgetful Flesh I have Release;
 When I of God the Rev'ence lose,
 O then Memorials fresh infuse;
 I, if each Hour you warn me that God fees,
 Shall blush, dread, grieve, his Goodness to dis-
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Warn me thy self, Lord, should I these neglect,
On thy own Laws each Minute to reflect;

O may I nought design, or do,

Unworthy of thy awful View;

Nought I may be asham'd, or fear to own,
When Death shall call me to thy awful Throne.

Saints, who enjoy thy beatifick Sight,
Take in thy Love immutable Delight;

They all impeccable remain,

O they can never sin again;

I the more mindful I of thee abide,

The less shall be in Danger to backslide.

The Youth the Song up in his Mem'ry laid,

And his Preservative from Evil made:

Vigilio then returning to his Tower,

Hymnotheo Notice had, that 'twas the Hour,

Which bless'd *Ecclesia* for sweet Hymn design'd,

To elevate, devote, and cheer her Mind.

The Youth by Pride seduc'd, by Lust inflam'd,

At meek Humility not only aim'd;

But Purity, that pure Angelick Grace,

Which would the Filth of *Daphne* best efface;

And to his Angel thus himself applies,

Appearing to his intellectual Eyes:

Bless'd Angel, to whose Guard my Mind,
 God from the hallow'd Font consign'd,
 To give God humble Homage due,
 I strive like you.

But there's another lovely Grace,
 Which brightens your Angelick Race;
 To which I ever shall aspire,
 With warm Desire.

The Grace most tender, heav'nly, nice,
 Yet most bewitching is the Vice,
 While to our Appetites depriv'd,
 We live enslav'd.

I never think my self secure,
 Even in my Pray'r for Spirit pure,
 Hell Pow'rs Impurities suggest,
 Which I detest.

Detest, my Angel then replies,
 Your Safety in detesting lies,
 We to your Sex the Guardians are,
 And to the Fair.

We see both Man and Womankind,
 Each other to pollute inclin'd,
 Both fresh Provocatives present,
 Lust to foment.

All that Imagination taints,
Dress, Gesture, Plays, Balls, Picture, Paints,
Unclean Converse, Songs, Stories, Books,
And wanton Looks.

Enforc'd by Riches, Sloth, Excess,
Through Hand, Eye, Ear, the Soul possess,
And kindling foul Thought, Tendence, Gust,
Purveigh for Lust.

With such false, transient Joys as these,
Souls daily heighten their Disease,
And everlasting Bliss disclaim,
For Filth and Shame.

Like God, with unpolluted Eye,
When we polluted Souls descry,
From Guardianship in sacred Ire,
We strait retire.

Chast Souls we shelter in our Wings,
When fiery Darts curs'd *Satan* flings,
The Points are blunted by our Plumes,
The Fire consumes.

Thus when Incentives Saints abhor,
While they with Lust maintain a War,
Satan with no one fiery Dart
Can gore the Heart.

They wisely manage ghostly Fight,
 Less by assaulting than by Flight,
 Their Arms defensive nicely skill,
 To shield the Will.

Of Sense they watch all Avenues,
 Left Hell its Poison should infuse,
 Of God all-seeing, and his Law,
 Have filial Awe.

The Serpent in its Birth they choak,
 With Pray'r and Fasting God invoke,
 A Saint by these unhurt, withstands
 Infernal Bands.

Themselves God's Temples they revere,
 From Defecrations keep them clear,
 Pure God in Temples cannot dwell,
 Dispos'd for Hell.

The Chast alone Bliss heav'nly gain,
 There Virgins follow the Lamb slain,
 Sing Hymns, array'd in purest white,
 In Mansions bright.

Chast, married Saints, who meet Above,
 Change mortal to immortal Love,
 They from Beds undefil'd arise,
 Pure in God's Eyes.

In our first Fontal, earthly Sire,
God deign'd to honour nuptial Fire;
But in our Fontal heav'nly Head,
The Virgin Bed.

I'll clear your Intellectual View
Of Things, to form Idea's true;
Behold, two Beauties coming there,
Them now compare,

Though both may amiable seem,
This merits Scorn, and that Esteem;
That modest, pure, this full of Stain,
Unblushing, vain.

Sweet *Agnes* Looks Reserv'dness shew,
Lasciva's wander to and fro;
That Temple is of Love divine,
This Sty for Swine.

That Courtship flies, this courts Mankind;
That staid, this fickle as the Wind;
That loves by Judgment, this by Sight,
And Fancy light.

God's Image that unsoil'd enshrines,
This to the Rank of Beast declines;
With Closet-Pray'r her self that arms,
This studies Charms.

That

That radiates and sublimes the Mind,
From all the Dross of Flesh refin'd;
This damps all Heav'n enkindled Light,
And covets Night.

That aims at Glory, where the Just,
Like Angels, know nor Sex, nor Lust;
The gaudy World this most admires,
And ne're aspires.

That at last Day at God's right Hand,
With JESUS spotless Lambs shall stand;
This with foul Goats to Torment doom'd,
Burn unconsum'd.

Great God, the Virtue to secure,
Enjoin'd to keep his Temples pure,
'Gainst Lust peculiar Vengeance shews,
In num'rous Woes.

Stink, Rottenness, tormenting Pains,
The Lecher while alive sustains,
Men shovel into his cold Bed,
His Limbs when dead.

Even Worms from his foul Carcase fly,
Toads only suck his Poison dry,
And Fiends Steams pestilential drain,
For humane Bane.

He's to the Hell self-damn'd that lies
In a the *Satan's* tempting Eyes;
Still extromitting lustful Flame,
And damping Shame.

When here, or in Infernal Shade,
He feels his Conscience him upbraid,
Hell can no Torment equal make,
To Lust awake.

He'll wish he Martyrs Racks had felt,
With Basilisks and Scorpions dwelt,
Less tort'ring than the Kiss and Guile
Of Women vile.

Curs'd Devils, who foul Worship chose,
Which most God's Worship should oppose,
In filthy Myst'ries took Delight,
Pure God to spite.

The pure and foul survey, you'll know
How those for Hell, Hell undergo;
While to gain Heav'n, of Heav'n the chaste
Enjoy the Taste.

When Thoughts unclean your Soul surprize,
'Tis in Consent your Danger lies;
Detest like us, you'll pure remain,
And Conquest gain.

My

My Angel then in Cloud withdrew,
 May I like him keep Heav'n in View;
 Where purest God will none endure,
 But Spirits pure.

Here the Assembly in the Realm of Light
 Concluding, down the Guardians all took Flight;
Uranio and *Phylacter* then reflew,
 Their Charge of dear *Hymnotheo* to renew;
 Both to *Ecclesia* made a Rev'rence low,
 Such as to *JESUS* Spouse the Angels owe.

Uranio brought with him, when down he came,
 Horses and Chariot of celestial Flame;
 'Twas one of those to blest'd *Elisha* sent,
 From Syrian Rage his Mischief to prevent;
Solomon's Chariot only had its Floor
 Of Love, this was Enamourment all o're,
 Of Flame benign, unscorching, and perfum'd,
 Like *Moses* Bush, it bright'ned, not consum'd:
Hymnotheo to *Ecclesia* bad farewell,
 She sweetly wept as on his Neck she fell,
 And with a Kiss of Peace, her Blessing gave,
 Just as he mounted to the airy Wave;
 The Wheels, the Air unfurrow'd lightly kiss'd,
 Swift flew the Horses from the Curb dismiss'd,
 As a Fleet-Roe on od'rous Mountains treads,
 On the unbonded waving Spices Heads;
Elijah, when he in his Chariot flew,
 Of Universe scarce had a freer View;

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And when they had that wide Horizon gain'd,
Oratio thus *Hymnotheo* entertain'd.

Cast your Looks down on those vast desert Plains,
Where Desolation, and wild Horror reigns;
Even rav'nous Beasts will never harbour there,
Even noxious Plants die in that pois'nous Air,
That foul Seven-headed Dragon there was bred,
With his own Pestilential Vomits fed;
Black Scales are round the moving Mountain roll'd,
His seven Heads glitter with ten Crowns of Gold,
A sevenfold Force, and tenfold Craft he boasts,
Blasphemes Great God, defies the heav'nly Hosts;
Breaths Pestilence sevenfold at his seven Breaths,
Scatt'ring around ten thousand baneful Deaths:
Each of his Mouths has a quite different Bore,
The Damn'd can never in worse Discords roar:
In his seven Heads, each of his impious Brains,
One of the seven curs'd deadly Sins contains,
Pride, Envy, Sloth, Intemp'rance, Av'rice, Ire,
And Lust, his Nostrils as he moves transpire,
His odious Heads ten Crowns imperial wear;
God's sacred Decalogue to over-bear;
He now to Sight seems a vast naval Hulk,
And fills the whole Horizon with his Bulk;
That Bulk, lest it affright a Sinner's Eyes,
He can shrink up to a familiar Size;
But when he Heav'n outbraves in fierce despite,
He vainly strives to swell to infinite;
Diseases, Sorrows, Pains disastrous Fate,
And Deaths innumerable on him wait,

Shame,

And

Shame, Curses, Anguish, his Attendants are,
 And Horrors, which wrack Conscience with Despair;
 Sword, Famine, Deluge, Plague, wild Beasts and Fire,
 The Executioners of heav'nly Ire,
 His Liſtors are, his Vaſſals to chaſtiſe,
 When to the Height permitted they ariſe;
 Hell next thoſe Judgments big with Vengeance goes,
 Tranſmuting temp'ral to eternal Woes;
 A horrid Light'ning from his Eyes he darts,
 Which in their fleſhly Scabbards ſcorches Hearts;
 Scythes crooked, edg'd, and pointed are his Clawes,
 Tuſks tall as *Liban* Cedars plant his Jawes,
 Each Limb ſeems made for Terror and for Strength,
 His Tail is equal to a Comet's Length,
 Which he, in ſpite of God, inſulting brags,
 Shall ſweep down Conſtellations as it wags:
 As the Torpedo, hunting for his Prey,
 Strikes with his Tail ſmall Fiſhes in his Way;
 Which, when benum'd, to ſtruggle have no Pow'r,
 And he at Pleaſure can his Foe devour;
 Thus at his Tail he has a Scorpion's Sting,
 Deadly, like that of the locuſtian King;
 By which he Poyſon into Souls inſtils,
 And ghofly Stupefaction e're he kills;
 With all the Saints he is at mortal Strife,
 Whoſe Names are written in the Book of Life;
 With them good Angels their Confederates join,
 And to oppoſe his Tyranny combine;
 All who Reſiſtance make, his Jawes eſcape, (Shape
 Damn'd Ghoſts in their own likenefs form'd his

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Yet wicked Men his Favours still implore,
O'er all the World the Monster they adore:
Earth's Monarchs at his Feet their Sceptres lay,
And to his Crowns obsequious Homage pay:
He reigns a King o'er all the Sons of Pride,
And to gain Hearts, sends Legions far and wide;
O'er his Idolaters mean while insults,
And in their everlasting Pains exults.

That Harlot, who herself in Mischief prides,
Is *Porne* call'd, she on the Dragon rides:
The cursed Serpent gorg'd with Poysons crude,
And undigested, her foul Carcase spew'd;
The Beast is Sin, the Strumpet Error styl'd,
Man is by this deceiv'd, by that defil'd;
Her baneful Charms she artfully can mask,
To cheat poor Mortals, is her daily Task;
See how she sits perfum'd, thick painted, curl'd,
The lewd, the common Strumpet of the World;
On her curs'd Bulk she wears a scarlet Robe,
Rolling her Eyes, and Venom o're the Globe;
In precious Gems, and orient Pearls array'd,
Which by the Stench she breaths in Lustre fade;
As a young Brood of Crocodiles, who swim
In *Ganges* Stream, or play upon its Brim;
When they espy a sudden Danger near,
Fly down their Mother's Throat, and disappear;
The lying Spirits, thus by *Porne* bred,
Retire unto her Paunch, and there are fed;
And when themselves they with her Venom cloy,
Disgorging it, they all Mankind annoy;

Some-

Yet

Sometimes without they play around the Whore;
 And suck her poysonous Blood at ev'ry Pore,
 Till down the Leeches drop, and Men pursue,
 That they may out on them their Surfeits spew;
 The Golden Cup, which in her Fingers shines,
 She boasts is fill'd with Paradisian Wines,
 Which vig'rous Heat renew, the Spirits cheer,
 Exalt the Soul, and Intellectuals clear:
 The stigious Potion is in Hell distill'd,
 When empty'd, from the Vault infernal fill'd;
 All that abominable is, and foul,
 Are the Engredients of that deadly Bowl,
 See how Mankind deep of her Gobblet drink,
 And never more of God or Duty think;
 Distracted, and intoxicated rave,
 And only things which heighten Madnefs crave;
 Talk idly, on the Brinks of Tophet laugh,
 And their Souls poyson with a Gusto quaff;
 Put off the evil Day from Year to Year,
 To good Advice stop their impatient Ear;
 Their own Damnation zealously pursue,
 Their disappointed Follies still renew,
 For short-liv'd Trifles, endless Joys foregoe,
 No *Bethlem* ever could such Madnefs show;
 'Tis Choice in those, but 'tis Surprize in these;
 There it is Sin, but here it is Disease.

Dragon and Whore oft Ravage in Disguise,
 And seem innocuous to enchanted Eyes;
 His Foam, her Philtrums, while they you amus'd,
 A Poyson worse than ten mad Dogs infus'd:

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In their true Shapes they now themselves display,
And all their Horrors and their Spite betray;
Shin'd on by God, your Spirit took no Rest
Till you expell'd the Poyson from your Breast:
Your Pray'rs, Fasts, Alms, Vows, Cell with Tears
(bedew'd,
Enforc'd by *JESUS* Love, your Soul renew'd;
JESUS be ever prais'd, the Youth rejoin'd,
Whose Love I keep in my enamour'd Mind.

While in the Chariot towards lov'd *John* they
Hymnotheo spy'd beneath a sandy Wast, (chast,
With the un-numbered Prints of humane Feet,
Where most went onward, and few made retreat:
Bless'd Angel, said the Youth, what is that Place,
Which seems frequented by all humane Race.

With due Attention, said *Uranio*, gaze
On all the Turns of that entangling Maze:
There Paradise once flourish'd, when enclos'd,
But now lies common to the World expos'd:
Alas! how dear one Sin the Sinner cost,
Which Innocence and Bliss together lost!
Just in the Place where hung forbidden Fruit,
Which ban'd all humane Offspring in the Root;
Where the curs'd Tempter his first Vict'ry got,
And still frequents the inauspicious Spot;
Near the sweet Grove, where the immortal Tree
Stood bow'd with Fruit, approachable and free,
Where with their brandish'd Flames Cherubick
(Bands
Fenc'd the immortal Tree from mortal Hands;

Satan his Palace of Temptation built,
 Insulting in his Conquest and Man's Guilt;
 The Serpent wav'd his Carcase o'er the Ground
 Backward and forward, angular and round,
 Giddy with Turning, he himself would reel,
 Maze within Maze, and Wheel within a Wheel;
 In his own Slime the Ichnography drew,
 That all his Legions might the Work pursue:
 A Glory uniform in Nature shines,
 Satan could draw no straight, no equal Lines;
 No Cell's alike, Proportion in no Part,
 It seem'd a Building rais'd by Chance, not Art;
 Innumerable Tracks the Choice confound,
 Satan himself was lost on his own Ground:
 The *Thusean* Habitation of Mistakes,
 The Labyrinth of which *Crete* boasting makes,
 Where even the Architect, without his Clue,
 The Sketch of his own Building never knew.
Egypt's vast Maze with num'rous Temples stor'd,
 For all the wild Delusions there ador'd;
 Dead *Rome* of living *Rome* the spacious Drain,
 Where walking Ghosts ne'er find their Grave again
 All which with strange Perplexities amus'd,
 Unguided Mortals were far Lost confus'd;
 With Diabolick *Eden* them compare,
 They regular, and extricable are;
 One at first Sight would guess their artful Man,
 Seducing Spirits here contriv'd the Plan;
 The Avenue is wide, pass'd through with Ease,
 And narrows into Turnings by Degrees;

Unwary

Unwary Souls, of God who never think,
 Into these guileful Intricacies sink,
 And when once in, they wander to and fro,
 And from eternal Bliss still further go;
 Thither when you by Pride delir'ous grew,
 Satan with Spite, unheeded, waisted you;
 To *Daphne* thence your treach'rous Will ye train'd;
 Till you Effrontery in Sin had gain'd;
 Then turn'd you loose with Villains on the Hill,
 To take of all Impieties your Fill,
 Till in pure Pity *JESUS* you beheld,
 Brake your hard Heart, and Satan's Force repell'd;

The Tempter there the cursed Realm controuls,
 Father of Lies, and Murderer of Souls;
 The crafty Tyrant humane Tempers sifts,
 And as they vary, his Temptations shifts:
 Sometimes he like a Lion takes his Range,
 Then to some harmless Shape himself will change:
 About the World his Harpies are dispatch'd,
 And heedless Souls are in their Talons snatch'd;
 One watchful Fury on each Mortal tends;
 Sometimes he seven, sometimes a Legion sends;
 Who, when cast out, the Soul who careless lies,
 With seven-fold Force and Malice re-surprise;
 He with prestigious Objects Sense deludes,
 And by the Sense into the Heart intrudes;
 With waking Dreams Imaginations fills,
 Strives to obstruct all good, promote all Ills;
 In Mischief potent, exercis'd in Fraud,
 Of Insolence, which hardly is o're-aw'd;

Of shameless Impudence, unwearied Spite,
 Disguising Wiles with feign'd Angelick Light;
 Against Mankind he cruel War declares,
 Maintain'd by Violence, Calumny, and Snares;
 Of sovereign Pride, which since he fell aspir'd,
 For this World's Idol God to be admir'd;
 That very Sin where his Assaults succeeds,
 He at God's Bar for Man's Damnation pleads.

Satan is with Man's in-born Lust in League,
 Both of his Ruin manage the Intrigue;
 This World his Magazine his Rage supplies,
 There the Artill'ry of Temptation lies;
 He by Injections into Hearts can slide,
 By treach'rous Friends oft leads a Soul aside;
 Oft with fallacious Argument perswades,
 With violent Attacks a Soul invades;
 Oft overwhelms Man's Spirit by surprize,
 Sometimes Man's Hurt in Ambuscadoe plies;
 He tim'rous Souls with Difficulties frights,
 Tires some by frequent and protracted Fights;
 He into Looseness dissipates vain Minds,
 Some to impracticable Rigours binds;
 Draws most unsightly Figures of the Saints,
 And Vice in meretricious Colours paints;
 Some Sins he venial, some he calls Mistakes,
 Some he by good Intentions hallow'd makes;
 Some needful are, for Safety, Ease, or Gain,
 Some are Mens Temper, which none can restrain;
 Some Sins for once securely Men may try,
 Their Folly by Experience to descry;

In some, Mens lawful Callings them engage,
Some are too mean for an Almighty Rage;
Man's Duty should be siz'd to lower Rates,
Congenial Weakness all his Guilt abates;
Hell, he a Place of Torment will not own,
But habitable, like the torrid Zone;
Heav'n he calls nothing but a tedious Sight
Of God's All-dazling, over-pouring Light;
But who the numberless Deceits can tell,
Which in that Diabolick Region dwell?
The Depths of Satan, none but God can sound,
By which he strives laps d'Mortals to confound;
Yet in all Garbs Fiends take, they still retain
Characteristicks of infernal Bane;
This for Man's Safety gracious God decreed,
None are deceiv'd, who pray and live with heed:
For all deprav'd Propensions of Mankind,
There Mansions ready furnish'd are assign'd:
Just in the Centre Satan keeps his State,
Where tempting Legions his Commands await:
His Regal Throne he there ordain'd should be,
The hollow Trunk of the forbidden Tree;
And on the Branches, still entire, though dead,
His Privy-Council perch around his Head;
With his curs'd Senate there, he Night and Day
Lays Plots, Mankind most likely to betray:
When wearied with the Labour of Intrigue,
To ease their intellectual Fatigue,
Malicious Spirits in a Moment start,
They act the Tempter, and the tempted Part;

They dext'rously assume each Sinner's Shape;
 And all their Follies ridicule and ape: (praise,
 They scoff, they grin, their own Atchievements
 Yet in damn'd Ghosts no real Mirth can raise;
 Time serving Changeling, *Machiavillian* Fourb,
 Proud Schismaticks, who holy Church disturb;
 The brutish Glutton, and the drunken Sot;
 Vile Letchers, who with Strumpets stink and rot;
 Affected Gallants, and the squandring Heir,
 The heft'ring Bravoës, who the Cowards scare;
 The rich starv'd Miser, and the churlish Hog;
 The cos'ning Gamester, who a Die can cog;
 The Sensualist in intermundian Ease;
 Poets obscene the gaudy Mob to please;
 The fawning Courtier kissing great Men's Feet,
 The wild Enthusiast, the Religious cheat;
 Curs'd Hereticks, who saving Truth deny;
 The Philosophick Fops, who God defie;
 Haughty Contemners of the Good and Wise,
 The smooth-tongu'd Villain with enchanting Lies;
 The lewd Monk, wanton Nun, licentious Priest;
 Prelates, who starve their Flocks, themselves to feast;
 All *Satan's* Spies, and doubly damn'd Decoys,
 Whom to tempt others, daily he employs;
 These and a Thousand Humours more they hit,
 With an insulting, and satyrick Wit.

The Tempters for each Vice fools Coats prepare,
 And when they act, those Fools their Coats they wear
 Each scoffing tells with what a trivial Wile,
 He to that Folly could his Fool beguile;

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And for flight, deadly, momentaneous Toys,
Made him renounce eternal heav'nly Joys;
Sometimes with horrid Blasphemies they rave,
Bragging they more can damn, than God can save.
When a tremendous Thunder rends the Stage,
The Devils tremble at *J E H O V A H*'s Rage;
And for just Vengeance, angry God deputes,
The watchful Guard of the immortal Fruits;
They swiftly flie, and with their flaming Blades,
Scatter fresh Horrors o're infernal Shades;
Despair, and hideous Yellings, seize them all,
They think they hear the Trump to Judgment call;
Their Stage is in a dire Confusion left,
Satan himself is of his Wits bereft;

But when the threatned Terrors disappear,
He Impudence resumes, and chides their Fear;
J E H O V A H thus the Tempter's Malice bounds,
And when he pleases, all his Rage confounds.

As the wise Men, with Heed consid'rate ey'd
The Star which God created for their Guide;
And by the various Pointings of its Ray,
Which perpendicular shin'd all the Way;
Through the untrod, and vast *Arabian* Wild,
Conducted were to the Almighty Child:
Thus keep Great God in reverential Sight,
And his Commands will cast unerring Light,
They'll you thro' all the Tempter's Mazes steer,
You from your heav'n-ward Course will never veer;
Souls into endless Labyrinths decline,
When they abandon God's directing Line.

Angel and Youth now from the airy Sphere,
 Perceiv'd that they to *Ephesus* drew near;
 And at the Oratory soon alight,
 Where *John* was wont to take his heav'nly Flight;
 The Chariot, of a Driver had no Need,
 And to its heav'nly Station flew with Speed:
 They find the lov'd Disciple on his Knees,
 Who rises soon as he *Hymnotheo* sees;
 With Kiss of Peace, and with Embraces dear,
 With Eyes which melted into joyful Tear,
 He welcom'd him, and gracious God ador'd,
 Who had *Hymnotheo* to himself restor'd;

It was the Day the lov'd Disciple chose,
 His bright Illuminations to disclose;
 The seven grave Prelates there together met,
 O're the seven *Asian* Mother Churches set;
 To the Apostle they had made Request,
 To stop the Progress of a growing Pest,
 From *Ebion* and *Cerinthus* first deriv'd,
 Who *JESUS* of his Deity depriv'd:
John begs Assistance from their Fasts and Pray'rs,
 While to his Oratory he repairs,
 To spend in Contemplation Day and Night,
 Till God vouchsafed him super-effluent Light:
 Soon as divine Impulse upon him falls,
 He to the Chappel the seven Bishops calls;
 Whom their seven Angels carefully attend,
 Ordain'd by God their Churches to defend:
 All seven *Hymnotheo* tenderly embrace,
 And hymn his welcome to that holy Place;

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Wise God *Hymnotheo's* coming thither tim'd,
That by their Zeal his Love might be sublim'd;
All took their Seats, their Angels standing by,
Who on the lov'd Disciple fix'd their Eye,
Expecting from his Lips high Truths to hear,
Which should their Love enflame, their Knowledge
The lov'd Disciple then by Heaven inspir'd, (clear:
Thus with his Ardours the Assembly fir'd:

In the Beginning, when the minute Prime
Gave Rise to the successive Flux of Time;
The WORD his consubstantial Beams display'd,
And his first mighty Fontal Effluence made:
The WORD, Effulgence of Co-eval Light,
Adequate Image of God's glorious Might:
The WORD, who with God co-eternal reign'd,
He was true God, yet with true God remain'd;
To be true God, and with true God, imply,
Distinction in co-equal Deity:
The WORD all Things into Existence spake,
Great God without his Word would nothing make:
The WORD, of ghostly Life is boundless Source,
Our Weakness draws from him Sin-conqu'ring Force;
But darkned Souls, who 'gainst him shut their Eyes,
Are justly doom'd to Night, who Day despise:
To him his bless'd Forerunner Witness gave,
That he alone Apostate Man should save:
The WORD is Light, and lightens all Mankind,
Darting his Splendor on each clouded Mind:
He in the World convers'd which he had made,
The World, who their Creator disobey'd:

He

He to his own peculiar People came,
 His own, who dar'd their Saviour to disclaim:
 All who the co-eternal WORD believ'd,
 God, as his Children, in his Arms receiv'd;
 They by a heav'nly Birth are born again,
 Birth, which shall cleanse them from congenial Stain:
 The WORD assum'd our Flesh, among us dwelt,
 The Saints his Glory saw, and Goodness felt:
 He like God's only Son all-glorious shin'd,
 Unbounded Grace and Truth in him combin'd:
 We from his Fulness Grace for Grace derive,
 And his Perfection to resemble strive:
 Our *Moses* taught dark Types, and Laws severe,
 But *JESUS* Grace, and Truth benign and clear:
 No Mortal ever yet God's Glory saw,
 From the Eternal WORD we Knowledge draw:
 He in God's Bosom joys in sweet Repose,
 He only can salvifick Truth disclose:
 Of Sin and Error he dispell'd the Night,
 And made broad Day of Evangelick Light.
John like a Lover spake of Love divine,
 Love dictated, Love worded ev'ry Line: (stor'd
 The seven grave Saints, and their seven Angels,
 With nobler Light and Love, Trine God ador'd;
 And to their Flocks return'd with ardent Zeal,
 The heav'nly Truths they tasted to reveal:
Hymnotheo, wrapt with *John's* celestial Flights
 Fix'd his whole Thought on those enam'ring Heights
 He lean'd on *John's*, as *John* on *JESUS* Breast,
 And was with *John's* Light, Love, and Joy possess'd.

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Whene're *John's* Spirit had been lodg'd on high,
 To bring of Inspirations fresh Supply,
 His Gospel to compleat, the pious Youth
 Had the First-Fruits of that salvifick Truth
 Spoke, while the glowing Ardour *John* retain'd
 Of Heav'n, where the Inflammatives were gain'd:
Hymnotheo thus heard all the Gospel out,
 And turn'd it into Nourishment devout;
 But when lov'd *John* tow'rd's the Conclusion told,
 How to keep *Peter's* Love from growing cold,
JESUS thrice ask'd him, *Simon, lov'st thou me?*
 My *JESUS*, said *Hymnotheo*, I love thee:
 That lov'st thou me, a wondrous Force disclos'd,
 He thought the Question to himself propos'd:
 I love thee, Lord, he thrice like *Peter* cry'd,
 And gladly will for thee be crucify'd:
 Our Lord, to fix his Love, a Relish gave
 Of those high Joys the Saints in Glory have;
 A Relish, which should raise entire Disgust,
 Against the World and ev'ry flatt'ring Lust:
Hymnotheo from that Moment all forsook,
 A solemn, steddy Resolution took,
 Himself to God entirely to devote,
 God's Glory, Man's Salvation to promote:
JESUS, of *Peter's* Love the Fruits to reap,
 Commanded him to feed his Lambs and Sheep:
Hymnotheo had like Zeal for *JESUS* Fold,
 Among his Shepherds long'd to be enroll'd.



BOOK X.



O V'D *John*, when to supernal Views
 (he soar'd,
 Learn'd how in Bliss the Saints great
 (God ador'd;
 How Love by beatifick Vision fir'd,
 And how that Love ecstasick Hymn inspir'd;
 Wrapt with the Youth, pray'd God his Hymns to
 In raising Love celestial with Success: (blest,
 His Blessing then he gave to all the Quire,
 Which made them to their sev'ral Cells retire:
John to the Youth made Visits ev'ry Day,
 The Youth was just each Visit to repay;
 With Love divine *John* warm'd *Hymnotheo's* Heart,
 Who ne're without a Hymn let *John* depart:
 The Youth a Visit made him, to entreat
 His Aid, his good Intentions to compleat;
 Enlightned *John*, who his Propensions weigh'd,
 And the Proficiency he in Love had made,
 To Holy Orders sweetly him invites,
 And to prepare himself for sacred Rites:
 Devout *Hymnotheo* overjoy'd to find,
 That with his own Desires *John* co-inclin'd,
 With the lov'd Vor'ry's Counsel gladly clos'd,
 Himself for Priesthood zealously dispos'd:

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He, *JESUS* like, made forty Days Retreat,
That nothing of the World might damp his Heat,
Or interrupt his recollected Thought,
With heav'nly Meditations fully fraught:
Bless'd *John* alone his Solitude frequents,
His ferv'rous Zeal guides, tempers, or foment,
His Sins and his backslidings he reviews,
And all his penitential Vows renews;
In Tears, Pray'rs, Fastings, Alms, spends Day and
Imploring Sacerdotal Love and Light; (Night,
His Thoughts on *JESUS* spotless Life reflect,
His own by that Idea to direct;
Bless'd *JESUS* Past'ral Love to his lost Sheep,
Upon his Spirit made Impressions deep,
And humbly he besought the Throne on high,
That *JESUS* like he might live, love, and die;
His Thoughts, as they dear *JESUS* Motions trace,
Convince him that the truly Christ-like Grace,
Is to save Sinners; and his fix'd Intent
Was, that his Life might in that Grace be spent:
When his set Time was finish'd, he appear'd,
Knew by his Love enflam'd, his Pray'rs were heard;
And on the Day kept holy to God's Name,
He with Devotion to the Temple came,
Where *John* invok'd the holy Spirit's Aid,
His Apostolick Hands upon him laid;
Then with lov'd *John* he to the Altar went,
Himself a whole Love-off'ring to present;
Of Love divine he there full Influence felt,
JESUS in him, and he in *JESUS* dwelt.

As

As *Paul*, when humbly he his Sins confest,
 And was with all the Joys of Pardon blest;
 Had for his conterraneous Kindred Zeal,
 That they the like transporting Joys might feel;
 And rather than those Joys they should not gain,
 With'd on himself Translation of their Pain,
 Would gladly the Exclusion undergo,
 From the Communion of the Saints below:
Hymnotheo thus had an intense Desire,
 That his dear *Smyrncots* might to Heav'n aspire;
 Content himself, so God would them forgive,
 In a perpetual Martyrdom to live.

By this the Youth reach'd *Smyrna*, and took Care
 With Reverence to salute the Faithful there;
 All hymn'd God's Grace, gave him the holy Kiss,
 O'rejoy'd at his recover'd Hopes of Bliss;
 There by his Brother's unexpected Fate,
 He was the rightful Heir to an Estate;
 The Tidings he disinterested heard,
 And no Complacency in his Look appear'd;
 His Love of God exhausted his whole Mind,
 No worldly Joy could there Admittance find:
 He publick Notice gave that all should meet,
 Who had from him receiv'd injurious Treat;
 There he his wealthy Patrimony sold,
Zaccheus like, restor'd to all four-fold;
 Decreed the Poor the Overplus should have,
 Sway'd by the Counsel which bless'd *JESUS* gave
 To the young Man, whom he saw Wealth admire,
 To sell his All, and heav'nly Bliss acquire;

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His own Expence he from that Day confin'd,
To the small Portion to each Priest assign'd.

Unclog'd from Wealth, he now had nought
But *JESUS* Imitation to pursue; (to do,
The Charity which out from *JESUS* beam'd,
When Sinners he instructed, bless'd, redeem'd;
He most implor'd, that to his native Place,
He might be Herald of salvifick Grace;
And to keep *JESUS* lively in his Mind,
He of his Love in Song this Draught design'd.

JESUS, O that dear Name, I cannot speak,
But into rapt'rous Love and Praise I break;
'Twas *JESUS* deign'd frail Nature to assume,
To save lost Sinners from eternal Doom;
His Love first loving, Sinners Love prevents,
And to all Needs has boundless co-extents;
His Miracles propitious Blessings were,
The Soul and Body both had gracious Share;
The Hungry he convicted, whom he fed,
Quickned a Sinner when he rais'd the Dead,
He, when from Souls He Devils dispossess'd,
Offer'd himself within those Souls to rest;
He cur'd the Sick, Lame, Lepers, Deaf and Blind,
To cure the like Distempers of the Mind;
He was still ready in Distress to save,
Upheld his sinking Vot'ry on the Wave;
To do all Good he daily went about,
And un-implor'd search'd piteous Objects out;
Mens Miseries he feelingly bemoan'd,
At his Friend's Grave his troubled Spirit groan'd;

Great

Great Alms he gave out of his slender Stock,
 Paternal Care took of his little Flock;
 Wept for Mens Sins, and for the Publick Woes,
 Was constant Benefactor to his Foes;
 Innocuous, patient, condescending, sweet,
 And humble to wash clean his Vot'ries Feet;
 Of Temper soft, compassionate and mild,
 To Anger slow, prone to be reconcil'd;
 Among the *Jews*, wherever he convers'd,
 He brightest Rays of heav'nly Truth dispers'd;
 He to all Persons would Addresses sute,
 Invited Sinners vilest in Repute;
 Toil, Travel, Care, he Night and Day endur'd,
 He taught, call'd, warn'd, upbraided and adjur'd;
 Compliance gracious to Man's Frailty shew'd,
 And on his Shoulders laid no heavy Load;
 Beneficent to the obdurate *Jew*,
 While in the Face he of his Saviour flew;
 He *Judas* long with Gentleness could bear,
 And the false Kiss which train'd him to the Snare;
 To Heav'n, for Pardon of his Foes he cry'd,
 A painful Death for his Tormentors dy'd:
 Such Charity benignest *JESUS* taught,
 Which more than Miracles Conversions wrought.

This sung, he laid his tuneful Harp aside,
 And to himself, each Line he sang, apply'd;
Smyrna's Salvation was his sov'reign Care,
 For that he made reiterated Pray'r.
 As good *Hilkiah's* Son, by Heav'n inspir'd,
 Had in his Bones his very Marrow fir'd;

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The Flame Celestial circled through each Vein,
And he his Tongue could not from Speech restrain,
But out it brake for Honour of his God,
And warn'd the Land of his avenging Rod:

Hymnotheo felt himself thus overpower'd,
A Zeal for God his Faculties devour'd,
His Body seem'd by a new Soul inform'd,
With Sacerdotal Love his Spirit warm'd,
Impatient till he could fit Objects find,
To vent the Conflagration of his Mind;
He loving *JESUS*, long'd with utmost Might,
To *JESUS* Love his *Smyrneots* to excite;
Bless'd *JESUS* of his ardent Love approv'd,
And to exert it, thus his Lover mov'd.

When his next Lauds devout *Hymnotheo* sang,
All *Smyrna* Streets of famous *Homer* rang;
It was his Festival *Hymnotheo* knew,
His Zeal had thence a providential Cue;
The *Smyrneots* *Homer's* Temple crowd that Day,
And to his Image Adoration pay;
To their God Poet sacrifice a Goat,
And Poets their First-Fruits of Verse devote:
The *Homerists* there take their wonted Seat,
And singing to their Harps, his Songs repeat:
The *Iliadists* in Scarlet Robes are dress'd,
The *Odysseists* in Sea-colour'd Vest;
And either, as they take their Turns, hold Wands,
Of Colour like their Vestments in their Hands:
Both by their Institution were design'd,
To picture what they sang of to their Mind:

That, Wars, and Blood of *Greeks* and *Trojans* slain,
 This, *Odyssæan* Risks upon the Main;
Hymnotheo jealous for his God appears,
 Full of that Love which casts out servile Fears;
 Upon a rising Ground himself he plac'd,
 Which at small Distance *Homer's* Temple fac'd:
 There on his Harp he play'd with Master's Skill,
 And drew the *Smyrncots* round about the Hill,
 His Voice then on a sudden join'd his Strings,
 And thus to the attentive Throng he sings:

Your Ears to me, my dearest *Smyrncots*, lend,
 I a just Song of *Homer's* Name intend:
 The noblest Genius which our *Grecia* knows,
 Who his high Birth to happy *Smyrna* owes;
 You him of mortal Man a God have made,
 You aggrandize your selves, and him degrade;
 To make a God shews a diviner Might,
 Than the made God with his precarious Height;
 But if the Model of the God you make,
 You from our conterraneous Poet take,
 You sink him lower than he was before,
 And should the Poet, not the God, adore;
 The Gods, of whom our native Poet sings,
 Are vile, mean, worthless, despicable Things;
 Are Drudges to Mankind, feel Pain, and weep,
 Beget and are begot, eat, drink, and sleep;
 Are jealous, live in a perpetual Feud,
 Treat one another with insultings rude;
 Adulterous, insatiate in their Lust,
 Ill-bred, injurious, spiteful and unjust;

Are captivated, wounded, bound in Chains,
 And ev'ry odious Vice among them reigns;
 Our greatest Sages have condemn'd of old
 The Tales, which of the Gods, our Poet told;
Plato from his District would him expel,
Pythagoras devoted him to Hell;
 Even *Jove* is not from foulest Crimes exempt,
 And Follies, which expose him to Contempt;
 Even *Jove* himself subjected is to Fate,
 Such Gods as these you may at Will create;
 They are the Dotages of human Brain,
 And Men to Vice, not to Religion, train;
 They are infernal Ghosts, they Men delude,
 And from our Thoughts the one true God exclude:
 If *Homer* you to such a God debase,
 And herd him with so profligate a Race,
 Within their Brothel-Heav'n, much rather I
 Would be the Mortal, than the Deity.

Our Poet had a Genius too sublime,
 To prize such Gods, or deify a Crime;
 To *Egypt* he, to cultivate his Mind,
 A Voyage made, his Knowledge there refin'd;
 There of the Books inspir'd he had a View,
 Which at the first our God vouchsaf'd the Jew;
 Traduc'd from them to Christians, who behold
 That now fulfill'd, which Prophets there foretold;
 You of those Books have often heard the Fame,
 They in each Page the One true God proclaim:
 And 'tis from them our noble Poet drew,
 All that of Vertue, or of God he knew;

Which he in Fable clouded, to engage
 Attention, in a loose, deluded Age:
 But when he pleas'd, he could the Cloud disperse,
 Truth oft betrays its Splendor in his Verse;
 To *Jove* alone he gives the Sov'reign Sway,
 And makes all Men and Gods his Throne obey;
 And the true Knowledge of the God supream,
 Shall of my Songs be the perpetual Theme.

Then o're the Throng *Hymnothero* casts his Eyes,
 There Atheists, here Philosophers descries;
 There Poets, here promiscuous Crowds, who came
 Out of mistaken Zeal to *Homer's* Name:
 The Rumour strait the Temple flies about,
 And Curiosity allures them out;
 Forth one by one his next Companion calls,
 The *Homerists* sit singing to bare Walls;
 The list'ning Crowd charm'd with his Voice and
 With universal Vote a Song desire: (Lyre,
 God steer'd their Thought by an Impulse unseen,
 That saving Truths they from his Songs might glean;
 Upon *Hymnothero's* Lips their Ears were hung,
 Who touching his harmonious Strings, thus sung:

Great God, of all Existence boundless Source,
 Of thy own Being help me to discourse;
 That *Smyrneots* may thy glorious Godhead own,
 And pay due Adoration to thy Throne!

Sweet *Molos*, near your Banks, the solar Beam
 First *Homer* kiss'd, his Nectar was your Stream;
 No Poets who on fork'd *Parnassus* dwell,
 And take large Draughts of the *Castalian* Well;

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Or drink their Fill at the *Beotian* Spring;
Songs so sublime as he could ever sing;
He blind himself, by his *Idea's* bright,
Gave to the World and his dear *Smyrna* Sight;
Had *Athens*, disputatious, noisy, proud,
To our great *Homer's* Master-Genius bow'd;
As *Rome* his Imitator once rever'd,
When he at publick Spectacles appear'd;
They had long since illuminated grown,
And rais'd no Altars to the God unknown.

Kind Heav'n, which *Homer* form'd, in Song to
The sinking Sense of Deity to revive; (strive,
The Herd of Gods, which his *Olympus* stor'd,
He mean'd, should moraliz'd be, not ador'd:
And when he sings the Vices of those Gods,
As all great Wits are wont to do, he nods;
Or to their Vot'ries he expos'd their Shame,
Mankind from such foul Idols to reclaim:
And when he sang the Truth from Fable freed,
One independent Being was his Creed;
The one great God, and his sole sov'raign Reign,
He pictures lively in *Jove's* golden Chain;
His Care Paternal, Wisdom, Power divine,
Throughout his Verse illustriously shine:
Ah, had he known the glorious Truth inspir'd,
His Songs all *Greece* with heav'nly Love had fir'd:
All Schemes in Atheistick Schools devis'd
He skill'd, and all their Dotages despis'd;
Dotages rais'd by Hell upon the Stage,
The impious World's Credulity to gage.

Some immaterial Being would disclaim,
 Since they of that could no Idea frame;
 They might as well material Things deny,
 Since Matter ne're was naked to the Eye;
 By Attributes alone Men Matter know,
 And God's seen Works his unseen Being shew.

(Birth

Some Dotards dream'd, that Fortune could give
 To all this goodly Frame of Heaven and Earth;
 That Atoms, next to nothing in Degree,
 Should rise from nothing in Vacuity;
 And fluttering in a *Vacuum*, should by chance
 All jump into a World, and end their Dance:
 Fools, who from God Omnipotence detract,
 Think Atoms can omnipotently act:
 Can what they never had, profusely give,
 Lifeless themselves can make their Creatures live;
 Insensible themselves can Sense create,
 Thoughtless themselves can Thought communicate:
 To think such Order, Texture, Beauty, Art,
 Apparent in the whole and ev'ry Part,
 That Plants and Insects Rarities contain,
 Beyond the utmost Search of humane Brain;
 That all Things should harmoniously agree,
 In a reciprocal Subserviency;
 To think all made by Chance, betrays a Mind,
 As much as Chance it self to Knowledge blind.

Some Dotards Godhead in dull Matter own,
 On Purpose their Creator to dethrone;

Dream

Dream that Things Beings from themselves deriv'd,
That Animals self-born were yet short-liv'd:
Sure Fontal Men, who to themselves were Sires,
Might have still kept self-kindled vital Fires;
They frightful Death as little lov'd as I,
What Fools were they spontaneously to die?

Atheists, who all mysterious Truths deny,
Yield up their Faith to some notorious Lie;
Matter self-form'd, self-mood, self-steer'd, exceed;
The Mysteries in all the Christian Creeds:
Thus Men unlearn what God and Nature taught,
To spawn proud, novel, crude, bewildred Thought;
To form a Faith which patronizes Ill,
And to believe, not with their Mind, but Will;
God's holy Laws, not Mysteries, Atheists grieve,
Would God indulge their Lusts they would believe.

Nothing could be, had nothing ever been,
Since from pure nothing, nothing can begin;
Something then always was, which Being gave
To all the Wonders in Air, Earth, or Wave;
That Fontal Being can no other be,
Than the One all-creating Deity;
Men, when the Sun shines in full Splendor out,
More justly may of his Existence doubt;
Then God's Existence disputable deem,
While cherish'd by his providential Beam;
Our intellectual Certainty transcends
All that on Sense more fallible depends:
We in his wondrous Works our Maker find,
His Deity he graves on humane Mind:

Through the whole World, Men, though most
(savage grown,
Some kind of God, some kind of Worship own:
Or should Impiety God's Fear efface,
They are *Anomala's* of humane Race;
All who consider may as clearly know,
This World must from some Fontal Being flow,
And could not make it self, as we can tell,
Some Mortals built this *Smyrna* where we dwell;
A Being good, wise, powerful, since all three
We in the admirable System see.

Man's Spirit with Perplexities oppress'd,
In a first all-wise Pow'r can only rest;
When guilty Conscience lashes him within,
Whence all those Horrors, if no God, no Sin?
What makes him in the Midnight Darkness quake,
And his proud Heart at Death's Approaches ake?
In Sickness, Storms, and Dangers, Heav'n invoke,
And when it thunders, tremble at the Stroke?
To stifle God, such Violence undergo,
And yet believe whether he will or no?
In radiant, inextinguishable Lights,
God on our Souls thus his Existence writes.

The Deists, who of Atheism grow ashamed,
To sue their Vices, a fit *Numen* fram'd;
One who exacts no Worship, gives no Laws,
Who Sinners with no Fear of Judgment awes;
Who while he snores in intermundian Ease,
Precarious Vot'ries act whate'er they please:

Thus

Thus by the God they for themselves have made,
They Deity, not honour, but degrade;
This modern Idol Hellish Fraud contriv'd,
Deism is sinking, Paganism reviv'd.

Glory to God, who on each humane Breast
The Knowledge of his Deity impress'd;
That all who with themselves acquainted are,
May offer up to Heav'n due Praise and Pray'r.

With that *Democrito*, who, pert and bold,
In *Epicuro's* Sect himself enroll'd;
The Sect which in the Schools *Athenian* rose,
The Doctor of the Gentiles to oppose;
Who other Sects of Sages dis-esteem'd,
And humane Soul a Heap of Atoms deem'd;
Hymnotheo warmly with this Question ply'd,
Where and when he the Souls Idea ey'd?

Hymnotheo to the impudent rejoins,
I saw it well describ'd in *Homer's* Lines;
In him you of *Patroclo's* Soul have read,
Appearing to *Achilles* from the Dead;
From sacred Books our Poet this deriv'd,
That our immortal Souls our Flesh surviv'd;
What *Homer* sang, the *Smyrncots* all confess,
Of the immortal Soul a Song request:
He mildly yielding, took his Harp again,
And sang this new, and this instructive Strain.

Great God, who at Creation didst inspire,
With an immortal Soul, our Fontal Sire;
O'breath on me, that with my Pow'rs combin'd,
I may adore thee from my heav'n-born Mind.

My

My Soul, by thy sweet Influence I sing,
 Thou of my Thought art the connat'ral Spring;
 Thou art my Intimate, my nobler Part,
 By thee I know, yet know not what thou art;
 Thou God's bright monumental Lamp dost burn,
 Dost warm and lighten my terrestrial Urn;
 My Bulk is Sepulchre, is only Shell,
 And what within inhabits, cannot tell;
 'Tis by thy Rays all other things I see,
 And yet those Rays are most obscure to me;
 The Sun unseen, is felt by one born blind,
 I thus perceive my immaterial Mind;
 Something that thinks within me I still feel,
 Which cannot its Activity conceal,
 Which in my Flesh ubiquetary dwells,
 Works Wonders which corporeal Power excels.

Brutes ne're reflect, they only things descry
 Corporeal, single, present to the Eye;
 They not by Choice, but dust of Nature steer,
 Their Souls no Heav'n desire, no God revere;
 Have with their Bodies sympathetick Tye,
 With them they flourish, sink, decay, and die;
 Whether they act by Souls from Matter free,
 Form'd narrow, sensual, mortal by decree;
 Lodg'd in the Blood inflam'd, there kept alive,
 From which all their Sensations they derive;
 Or by a Force impress'd on ev'ry kind,
 By the first *Fiat* of the boundless Mind:
 A Power, Instinct, Impulse, by which they tend,
 In all their Motions, to their proper End;

And

And Reason ape, no Mortals can define,
Who in themselves feel something more divine.

Our Souls, Effects to their prime Cause pursue,
And by Abstraction Universals view,
From Ages past antique Memoirs derive,
Dead Heroes from their Monuments revive;
Improve old Projects, and then new Design,
And Things to come, from what they see, divine.
Lick into Shape the Notions which were rude,
What they seek out, from what they know, con-
In crasie Bodies active are and free, (clude.
Exulting in their Independency :

Curb all the Passions when rebellious grown,
Force prostrate Sense their Sovereignty to own :
With steady Thought o'er fickle Will preside,
Its undetermin'd Choice to Virtue guide :
Choose sacred Duties, which low Sense abhors,
With carnal Will are at perpetual Wars.
The Universe sway, Temper, and outwit,
Make fiercest Tygers to their Rule submit :
Set the whole World a working, conquer Fate,
Animate Kingdoms, sound the Depths of State :
With sailing Castles, the proud Waves controul,
Measure the vast Expanse from Pole to Pole ;
The Heights and Orbits of the Stars compute,
Erroneous Judgments of the Sense confute ;
Which not by Reason guided, but the Eye,
Esteems them little Spangles in the Sky :
Leap from their Organs, highest Orbs surmount,
All Orders in the Sphere Angelick count :

Up

Up to the awful Throne much higher soar,
 See God like Ocean, where Men see no Shoar;
 Rise up with strong Enthusiastick Spring,
 In lofty Numbers God's Perfections sing;
 And bright Idea's to their Cells confin'd,
 Into one Co-harmonious System bind;
 No Atheists Brutes to Poets could refine,
 All own that Grace for Matter too divine;
 As Heat and Light, a Fire when hidden shew,
 Thus by spiritual Acts we Spirits know,
 Which active, simple, thinking, pure, exist,
 They of no disagreeing Parts consist;
 Immortal, indissolvable abide,
 What has no Parts, Time never can divide;
 Their Beings no Corruption can devour,
 Annihilable by sole boundless Power.

Should smooth round Atomes in apt Concourse
 In Order exquisite, in Texture fine; (joy
 And form a Compound never so exact,
 Who from Insensibles can Sense extract?
 But that those Atomes should Man's Soul compose,
 In the Idea of a Godhead close;
 Should up to pure spiritual Worship rise;
 Should teach the World to offer Sacrifice;
 For Vice and Virtue, standing Laws create;
 Act with Free-Will, expect a future State;
 Believe God-man for Sinners should atone,
 And hymn trine Godhead on his glorious Throne,
 Are Dreams, which like their Atomes Men advance
 Whose Thoughts meet not by Reason, but by Chance

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We feel, we think, and we by Thought retain
The Images of Objects in the Brain;
What are those Images, or how impress'd,
How various, and how drawn, is vainly guess'd;
Or how those lively Images are wrought,
And pass the Labyrinthal Ducts to Thought;
How when arriv'd, those num'rous Forms we there
Minutely judge, sort, lodge, review, compare;
Something within we feel, all this transacts,
And Knowledge from those Images extracts;
Something within us conscious that it knows,
And as it pleases, can those Forms dispose;
Something from Bulk distinct, which in us reigns;
Matter and Motion quickens or restrains:
Something which Immaterial in us sways,
Which can imbibe God's immaterial Rays.

This Life is our Probationary State,
We till the next for our Awards must wait;
Just God the Guilty never will acquit,
Cannot the Sin approve he may permit;
May respite a Saint's Bliss, or Sinner's Grave,
But both at last shall their due Measures have;
Strange Inequalities we see below,
Good Men are empty, while the bad o'reflow;
We are assur'd, a future Judgment must,
God Retributions in both Lives adjust,
And Souls shall be Immortal, that they may
Feel the last Sentence of that righteous Day;
God here free Option will to none refuse,
And justly gives to Sinners what they choose.

Life.

Life oft is loaded with afflictive Trains
 Of Cares, Vexations, Sickness, Sorrows, Pains;
 Should God no Hope of Bliss eternal give,
 Not to exist, were better than to live;
 Just, Wise, Good God would never Life bestow;
 For no one Cause, unless to work our Woe;
 All other Creatures Providence befriends,
 With the Fruition of appropriate Ends;
 From boundless Aims, which God ne'er gave in vain,
 We know Souls form'd a boundless Bliss to gain;
 As we conclude the Brutes for Earth design'd,
 By their Propensions earthly and confin'd.

Father of Spirits, from thy Breath alone,
 Their Origin immortal Spirits own;
 From Thee they stream'd, and languish here in Pain,
 Till to their Fountain they flow back again:

O may we mindful of our glorious Stem,
 Aspire to native Heav'n, this World condemn.

Think Sirs, e're long you must to Death submit,
 This mortal Life for an immortal quit,
 Till how you may eternally be bless'd
 You learn the Way, your Souls should never rest.

A Sage then standing up, with Aspect grave,
 Who nice Attention to *Hymnotheo* gave;
 Who flagitick Errors had imbib'd,
 And to the World Eternity ascrib'd;
 Whose Origin *Hymnotheo's* Song maintain'd,
 Could keep no longer Pagan Zeal restrain'd;
 With a compos'd, but yet contemptuous Look,
 Asks when, and how, the World Beginning took.

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From God, said he, all things which are proceed,
The when, and how, 'twas God alone decreed,
The Works of God, tho' darkly are reveal'd,
In Basse-relievo on *Achilles's* Shield;
The Sun, Moon, Stars, Heav'n, Earth, and Ocean's
Our Poet there with Art Poetick graves, (Waves,
While he stiles *Hector's* Carcase senseless Earth,
He knew the Oar which gave our Bodies Birth;
From Paradise, which God for Man prepar'd,
E're by infernal Ghosts he was ensnar'd;
Our Poet borrow'd his Poetick Flowers,
To grace the pleasant Pheacensian Bowers;
You by those Views may rise to nobler Light,
And by inspir'd Idea's clear your Sight;
All felt of Curiosity the Heat,
And begg'd a Song should of Creation treat;
Hymnotheo readily the Crowd obeys,
And thus began to sing his Maker's Praise.

Father, Son, Holy Ghost, great God Triune,
Whom Saints believe, adore, and importune;
Who out of nothing freely didst decree
That Heav'n and Earth should con-created be;
Heav'n with Angelick Orders overspread,
Earth a meer Chaos, dark, confus'd and dead,
Till from thy pow'rful Word to rude dull Mass,
Life energetick should diffus'dly pass;
Speak in my uniform'd Mind, that by thy Might
I of thy Works may humble Songs endite;
Thoughts, Words, and Numbers, O create in me,
Thoughts, Words, and Numbers, all shall sing of Thee.

When

When God sat from Eternity alone;
 Self-knowing, Self-complacings on his Throne;
 Coeval Time; Existence; Place he gave (Wave
 To Matter, which form'd Heav'n, Earth, Air and
 God spake, and dark confus'd vast Heaps appear'd,
 A dismal Chaos out of nothing rear'd;
 As o're her Eggs, a Bird in her soft Nest,
 Hovers with tender Wing and downy Breast;
 Patient she sits; forgets her daily Food,
 Less pleas'd to live herself, than hatch her Brood;
 Her Incubations by Degrées dispence,
 Parts, Form; Life; Motion, Nutriment and Sense;
 Till they full grown, their Prisons open fling,
 And Shelter seek in their glad Mother's Wing:
 The mighty Spirit thus his Plumes dilates,
 In Chaos plastick Influence creates
 Kind Loveliness, and Order to disperse
 Through ev'ry Part of the wide Universe;
 All the Expanse, as he pursu'd his Flight,
 Was strow'd with Rays of ante-solar Light;
 Which when the Sun in Heaps, unshapen lay,
 With the preceeding Dark, made Night and Day.

God spake again, the great Abyss obey'd;
 And in its Waters Separation made;
 The heavier Parts to the dull Earth subside;
 The lighter into Air were rarify'd;
 Some rais'd by God, ascend a nobler Height;
 Where they above the Firmament unite;
 Which on the second Day our Maker fixt,
 Lest those high Waters should with low be mixt.

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God spake, and into Seas the Waters swell,
Earth into Tremblings and Convulsions fell;
Its lab'ring Bowels up whole Mountains throw,
To open Channels where the Waters flow;
They to repay the hospitable Shore,
As to their Rendezvous they hast, leave Store
Of Springs and Streams, which with kind Moisture
The infant Plants, and nurse the *Embrio* Seed, (seed
Bedeck the Ground with Herbs, Trees, Flow'rs and
As to their Mother Sea they sporting pass; (Grass,
Whilst other little Fountains gently strain
Through ev'ry hidden, subterraneous Vein;
Which marry'd to the diff'rent Earths they wet,
Stones, Metals, Gems, and Minerals beget.

This was the third Day's Work, God spake again,
And the bright Parts of the Etherial Main
Concenter into Stars, from ev'ry Star
Our Maker chose the brightest Beams by far;
Which sheau'd up in one Orb, the Sun produce,
Who for his borrow'd Light still pays them Use;
Plac'd in the Firmament by God's own Hand,
The Stars in most harmonious Order stand:
Stupendious Orbs, which though the Vulgar deem
But little Specks, so small to us they seem,
All this terrestrial Globe, by just Account,
In a Proportion wonderful surmount:
Vast Canopy, which shrowds so great a Store
Of spacious Orbs, and yet has Room for more!
But vaster far, the Waves in which it rolls,
Vast above all the Sphere of happy Souls:

The Moon and Stars are form'd to rule the Night,
 They on wide Seas guide Pilots by their Light;
 The Sun reigns o're, and cheers the welcome Days
 With Heat benign, and fertilizing Rays;
 The Annual, Monthly, and Diurnal Space,
 Spring, Fall, Heat, Cold, are measur'd by their Pace:
 Wise Goodness thus the fourth Day's Work con-

(triv'd,
 And Earth from Heav'n kind Influence deriv'd.

God spake, and strait the Waters Being gave
 To all Inhabitants of Air and Wave;
Leviathan, and all his scaly Train,
 First take Possession of the watry Plain;
 And up towards Heav'n the Airy Legion soars,
 Rowing themselves aloft with feather'd Oars.

God spake again, and all things to compleat,
 From Earth fermented by the solar Heat;
 Beasts, Serpents, Insects, ev'ry living thing,
 All in a Moment into Being spring;
 He bless'd them all, and as first Air they drew,
 All by instinct, their Food and Station knew;
 O'rejoy'd with Life themselves, each courts its Mate,
 And in their Young themselves perpetuate:
 Thus the sixth Day, God this great World prepares
 For Man's Reception, chiefest of his Cares.

Amazing 'tis to a short-sighted Mind,
 That God should form such Glories for Mankind;
 Yet boundless Love gave infinitely more,
 The Blood of God, vile Sinners to restore;

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Lord, all the Creatures thou for Man hast made
Sould fire our Zeal, and Coldnesses upbraid;
My God, make all thy Works I daily see,
Incentives and Memorials to love thee!

The Blessed Three consulting, co-decreed
Man's fair Idea, while with awful Heed,
Angels the Throne attending whispering say,
What mighty thing intends our God to Day!
All other Things God into Being spake,
But Man, the trine Creatour deign'd to make
With his own Hand, who of the glorious Three,
The Master-Piece, and Image was to be.
A Lump of reddish Earth our Maker chose,
That Lump tow'rs manly Figure to dispose;
He hardens first, then parts that humane Ore
Into Three hundred various Bones and more;
All these he ties, he rivets, he cements,
With Sutures, Gristles, and strong Ligaments;
With Muscles then the Skeleton he cas'd,
In fibrous Tendons fastened and enchas'd;
To expedite their Motions he anoints,
With Balsam mucilaginous, the Joints,
O're them he mantles throws of softest Skin,
And all the great Vacuities within
He fills with Bowels, with the Brain and Heart,
And with Canals which run to ev'ry Part;
Nerves, Veins, and Art'rys, which should ev'ry way,
Life, Spirits, Motion, Sense and Blood convey;
So curious was the Casket, so refin'd,
Where his own brightest Image God enshrin'd;

308 *Hymnotheo* : Or,

Into the perfect Form, God breath'd a Soul,
Which all the Parts should actuate and controul;
In ev'ry Limb it kindles vital Heat,
The warm Blood circulates, the Pulses beat;
The Lungs to draw fresh Air, their Lobes extend,
The Muscles move, the Joynts all plyant bend;
Through all Life's Channells vig'rous Spirits flow,
He rises up, and then attempts to go:
He sees, he hears, he thinks, and he desires,
And the new Being which he feels admires;
And well he might, each Motion had such Grace,
So full of Empire was his manly Face;
Such healthy Vigour, such Majestick Air,
Which yet had ne're known Sorrow, Pain, or Care;
Quick Sense, which nothing could delude or 'scape,
Such sprightly Youth, such well proportion'd Shape;
And so erect, Ambitious still to View
High Heav'n, from which his Soul so lately flew;
Majestick Mein, and Loveliness exact,
Both Awe and Love from Creatures to attract.

Thrice Happy Man! When coming from the
Of God's Similitude, the lovely Print; (Mind)
He his immortal God-like Spirit felt,
In different Parts which undivided dwelt;
He God the Author of his Being knew,
And all that was to his Creator due;
Such Grace Victorious fortify'd his Will,
Which down from him should to his Race distil;
All that is dark to us, to him was clear,
He knew the Stars and Motions of each Sphere;

What

Whate're Earth, Water, Fire, or Air produce,
He knew their Natures, Properties, and Use;
All Creatures God presented to his Eyes,
That proper Names he might for all devise;
Each Name, each Creature, in one Word explain'd;
And fully its Philosophy contain'd;
No vain Desire he yet had e're commenc'd,
With no undecent Thought had e're dispens'd;
O're all his Passions Reason sovereign reign'd,
All the first Springs of Action it restrain'd:
A perfect Harmony his Soul possess'd,
His Will, tho' free as Air, still chose the best;
Yet to choose Ill; full Freedom he retain'd,
That Bliss by due Probation might be gain'd:
Our Maker mutable would Man create,
That his Obedience might be Choice, not Fate;
His Spirit with Co-eval Love was fir'd,
His Pow'rs connat'rally to God aspir'd;
Love the true Pondus of his Soul, still weigh'd
His Soul tow'rds Heav'n; Love, God's Commands
Love never ceas'd his Wonders to adore, (obey'd;
But was of God himself enamour'd more:
Bless'd Innocence! e're our perverted Will
Felt a Temptation, or committed Ill?



BOOK XI.

Nothing could happy Man now happier
 (make,
 N But one who of his Blessings should par-
 (take;

A Native longing still he felt to see
 One like himself, to keep him Company;
 Birds of their Consorts, he observ'd made Choice,
 And Angels in Society rejoyce;
 All wanted mutual Helps, and 'twas for none
 But Self-sufficient God to live alone;
 That *Adam* then might have entire Content,
 God grateful Slumber to his Eyelids sent,
 And as he slept, without or Wound or Pain,
 Took out a Rib, and clos'd the Side again;
 Like Virgin-Wax, he soft'ned the hard Bone,
 And wrought it till to female Shape 'twas grown;
 In her, when all her Organs finish'd were,
 As first in Man God breath'd immortal Air;
 He more Majestick was, more lovely she,
 They both were tun'd with equal Sympathy,
 To Heav'n her Eyes at her first Rising roll,
 For with his Love God prepossess'd her Soul,
 Within her Lips a *Hallelujah* hung;
 God had the Firflings of her Heart and Tongue;

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Soon as she rose, Man wakened by her Side,
And God presented him his beauteous Bride;
From hence we Marriage deem a Thing divine,
Since God himself would the first Couple joyn;
Both with God's Love and Praises overflow'd,
To whom they Lives and Loves much dearer ow'd;
As Aromatick Spices most refin'd,
When they in hallow'd Ointment were combin'd;
Cynnamon, Calamus, and Cassia bruis'd,
Their Odours interchangeably transfus'd;
So the first Kiss their Virgin-Lips e're press'd,
Transfus'd their Souls into each other's Breast;
Bone of my Bone, Flesh of my Flesh, he said,
Of two, we now one compound Soul are made;
All but our dearest God, who made thee mine,
I will forsake, to be entirely thine:
Dear fair one, view these Ribs, how near my Heart
Thou layst before, but now thou nearer art:
Kind pow'rful Heav'n, which from one Rib didst
So fair a Creature; which my Arms has fill'd (build
With such a Consort; and has charm'd my Sight
With such rare Mixture of pure Red and White;
Your Love, fair Dear, all but God's Love excels,
In you my Love Ubiquetary dwells:
O mighty Pow'r, which Heav'n to Beauty gives,
It conquers the first Moment that it lives!
Sir, the young fair One said, to God I know,
Much more for you, than for my self, I owe;
God has a Part made equal to the Whole,
Equal in Love, not equal in Controul;

If equal Loves, in Lovers Hearts can rest,
 For in our Love, each loves each other best;
 My dearest self our God design'd in you,
 All other earthly Blessings to outdo!

God then presents a Garden to their Sight;
 Enrich'd with Plenty, Beauty and Delight;
 By Heav'n's high Fav'rites fit to be possess'd,
 And e're they enter'd, thus the Couple blest'd:
 Be fruitful, lovely, pair, and fill the Earth
 With Innocent, successive num'rous Birth;
 You my Vice-gerents I henceforth ordain,
 And o're all Creatures give you Right to reign,
 O're all that swim in Air, or on Earth creep,
 O're all that plough their Passage in the Deep;
 Your Food shall be Fruit, Herbs, and what the Field,
 By Nature, Art, or Industry can yield;
 One little thing I to your Use deny,
 That I may your intire Obedience try;
 'Tis a Command you may obey with Ease;
 Amidst the num'rous Store of pleasant Trees,
 I one except, which in the Middle stands
 Of the whole Garden, lay on that no Hands;
 For I have solemnly decree'd no less
 Than that you mortal be, if you transgress;
 And that to all imaginable Woes,
 You shall your Selves, and your whole Race expose;
 And now of that fair Place Possession take,
 Which I on Purpose planted for your sake;
 Look to my Garden well, and happy live,
 For Wages I'll my daily Blessings give.

This

This said, they Prostrate glorious God rever'd,
And with twin'd Arms they to the Garden steer'd;
Naked they walk'd, but had no bashful Sense,
Shame on the Ruins rose of Innocence;
Both entering in, from the first Tree they found
Their Supper crompt, and eat it on the Ground:
Then a sweet Bed of Violets they chose,
Yielding themselves to undistur'd Repose.
Thus God one World created in six Days,
Who in one Moment could a Thousand raise;
He each Day's Wonders ev'ry Night survey'd,
Saw all was Good, which boundless Goodness made.
Men, who to search the Eye, or Ear intent,
In that sole Study, a long Life have spent,
At last acknowledge Ignorance profound
Of the true Nature of or Light or Sound;
All in Extension of a Line agree,
Yet none know how its Parts connected be;
All Men in Bodies Gravity confess,
Yet its true Nature none could ever guess;
Proud Atheists then their Ignorance should own,
Who cannot solve the Falling of a Stone.

Vain Men bind God to low mechanick Rules,
To the absurd Conjectures of the Schools;
They boldly second Causes would assign,
Which should co-operate with Pow'r divine;
Scepticks the World, and their own Souls amuse,
And Doubts may to Eternity infuse;
They in their Fancies various Schemes revolve,
Which intricate the Truth they strive to solve;

Would

Would they own God, that Truth all Doubts would

(clear;

Nothing would then abstruse or hard appear;

Our Rest would be the universal Cause,

Which gives to ev'ry kind its stated Laws;

We should not then how things were made enquire;

But to adore our Maker should aspire;

They all Phænomena can solve, who know

God Good, Wise, Pow'rful, will'd and made them so;

Our Thoughts are short, imperfect, and obscure,

Till we know God we are of nothing sure;

Led by the Streams, the boundless Spring we reach;

The first Truths known, all Truths depending teach.

For the form'd World, thou Lord hast Laws de-

And now all Propagation is by Seed; (creed;

But Thou Almighty, to no Laws confin'd,

Dost all Things work by thy eternal Mind;

How thy bare Word the Chaos first dispos'd,

How into Animals rude Masses clos'd;

How e're the Sun had Being, there was Light,

And Alternations of the Day and Night;

How thou by Force impress'd, wise Laws didst give;

By which all Things spring, grow, encrease and live;

We vainly strive the Knowledge to acquire,

And only learn thy Greatness to admire;

Silence may Admiration best become,

Could Man survey thy Blessings and be dumb;

Thy Glory on mute Creatures is impress,

Man thou hast made to sing for all the rest;

The

The more thy Works Astonishment excite,
Our Hymns of thee should reach the nobler Height.

Scarce from the Morning's Womb Sabbatick Day
Began to shed abroad its Infant Ray;
But num'rous Angels earthwards flew to see,
Those living Pictures of the Deity;
Asleep they on their flow'ry Couch were laid,
Her radiant Head upon his Bosom staid;
O'er her white Neck his Arm he gently threw,
Both sweeter breath'd, all the sweet Air they drew;
Her scattered Tresses veil'd her from their Eye,
Which softly they to see her Face put by;
Her Form they view, with Pleasure and Amaze,
Thought they could ne're enough upon them gaze,
And with their Features rapp'd, try all they can
To mould up Air in Vehicles like Man,
Till strait a new extemporaneous Race
Of those Man-Angels peopled the whole Place;
And ever since, all who from Heav'n have gone
On God's high Errands, that lov'd Shape put on;
With Zeal they for a Sabbath Hymn prepare,
Some in three Parts compose the heav'nly Air;
Down to the four clear Channels others speed,
To gather Bundles of hard hollow Reed;
All these they size, then voice them with the Wind,
And in green Twiggs them up together bind;
In due Proportions all the Pipes ascend,
And o're the Compass of the Scale extend;
The Heav'nly Harpers then tun'd each his Lyre,
That their sweet *Strings* might with the *Pipes* conspire;
Both

Both Harps and Organs then began to play;
 A Prelude to the Anthem for the Day.
 The plyant Air mov'd by the warbling Sound;
 All the whole Garden circulated round;
 While the soft Ears of the fair two, who slept,
 The quavering Vibrations intercept;
 Which beating first the Drum, through the Nerves
 And play the Tune all over in the Brain; (strain,
 The Soul which all Night long its Motions ceas'd,
 Sun of the little World brake from its East,
 And rais'd by these sweet Notes, the Mists dispell'd,
 Which in deep Silence had the Senses held;
 The Sound seem'd to grow louder by Degrees,
 The more they wake, the more the Concords please;
 At last they rise, and with complacing Look,
 Shew what Delight in Harmony they took;
 Sweet Harmony, Delight of the most High,
 Of God Triune the binding Unity;
 When in your Airs God's Praises we rehearse,
 With God in his own Language we converse;
 Angels and Man in this with God agree,
 That Musick is connat'ral to all Three;
 Nature, without the Help of any Art,
 Taught each of these fair two to sing their Part,
 And they whene're their Voices they would join,
 Would in sweet Chords harmoniously combine;
 Just as they wak'd, their Wonder to prevent,
 One Angel spake for all to this Intent:

From Heav'n fair Creatures, we are come to
 Divinity exemplify'd in you:

(view,
 Belov'd

Belov'd of God, our Wonder and our Care,
For all the Heav'nly Host your Life-guard are;
Your Souls are to us Spirits near ally'd,
We to assume your lovely Shape have try'd;
That Heav'n and Earth this Day may make one

(Quire,
And in the Praise of our great God conspire.

This Day, when from Creation God takes rest,
And for the future each seventh Day has blest'd;
Angels then touch'd their Harps, and Organs blew,
While with the Songsters, sang the happy two.

Triune Creator, Glory to thy Name,
Thy Works, thy Wisdom, Goodness, Power pro-
(claim;

Wisdom projected what thy Power begun,
And Goodness gave the Blessing when 'twas done.

This sung, the Angels make pathetick Prayer
For Benedictions on the lovely Pair;

Adieu, dear Couple, said they all, adieu,
As the Ejaculation from them flew;

Rending their airy Vests, they nimbly rise,
Swift as the Lightning through the yielding Skies;

Their Shapes into the airy Deep reflow'd,
Their little Organs all the Garden strew'd;

Adieu, reply'd the two fair Friends, Adieu,
In Heav'n, we hope, one Day to visit you.

As to their native Heav'n the Angels soar'd,
The fair ones for their Visit God ador'd;

Then Hand in Hand they ore the Garden stray,
The Pleasures of their Empire to survey;

No

318 *Hymnotheo: Or,*

No Thunders, Lightning, Storms, or Earthquakes
(there,

Nothing that Man could trouble, hurt or scare ;

'Twas painted and perfum'd all o're with Flowers,

The Trees embrac'd each other into Bowers ;

Sweet Chrystal Floods wash'd it with Morning Dew,

And to their Channels silently withdrew ;

Paid for the Pearls which o're the Ground they shed,

With odorous Tinctures from each flowry Bed ;

In those sweet Streams they bath their Iv'ry Limbs,

While each glad Fish, to bid them welcome, swims ;

Tigres with Lambs for their Diversion play'd,

And no meek Doves of Vultures were afraid ;

To watch their Motions, Birds in Ambush lay,

And sang in Concerts as they pass'd that Way ;

The bowing Fruits strove which should first be

(crop'd,

Bees without Stings pure Virgin Honey drop'd ;

Sweet Rosebuds on unprickel'd Bushes blew,

On Earth uncurs'd no Plants empyson'd grew ;

The Sun not scorch'd but kiss'd them with his Beams,

Sound was their Sleep, and undisturb'd by Dreams ;

Transporting Sights around them charm their Eyes,

Which join'd, up to transporting Landships rise ;

Till Admiration all the Soul o'reflows,

And from admiring Poetry arose ;

They both at once enthusiastick grow,

Their Words into harmonious Measures flow ;

The Man on Heav'n fix'd his confid'rate Eye,

Which seem'd through all the Glories there to pry ;

And

And from that Prospect his full freighted Thought,
Back to his Tongue, Hymn, and Heroick brought.

Great God, in all Perfections unconfin'd,
Thy bright Idea raises, fills my Mind;
I all thy wondrous Works in Rapture weigh,
Which Power, Love, Wisdom infinite display;
All Plants, all Flowers, all Insects I behold,
A confluent Loveliness enfold;
My Admiration runs all Creatures o're,
All teach me their Creator to adore:
From Earth to the Celestial Spheres I fly,
The glorious Bodies there transport my Eye;
But when my Thoughts on my own Being rest,
And on thy lovely Image there impress'd;
When on my dearest Confort I reflect,
Her Graces, and her Beauties recollect;
When with all Creatures I us two compare,
See how they all to us subjected are;
Our Empire o're the Universe diffuse,
How all things are created for our use;
How our capacious Souls are form'd to reign,
O're all on Earth, in Air, or watry Plain;
How we with soveraign Intellects bear sway,
How all the Animals our Will obey.
How we the Heav'nly Orbs can comprehend,
What Influences they to serve us send;
How by Great God our Spirits are inspir'd,
With Love divine conaturally fir'd;
When all these Wonders in my Thought unite,
Thy boundless Love, exstatick Praise excite;

It

It shall below be my perpetual Aim,
To love my Maker, and to Hymn his Name.

Sweet Pastoral, as *Adam's* current stopp'd,
From his fair dear Companion sweetly dropp'd.
All Praise, all Glory be to God above,
By whom we live, by whom we sing and love;
This Air perfum'd, Plains verdant, Chrystal Flood,
This glorious Sunshine, and this shady Wood;
These sweet melodious Birds, these flowry Beds,
These pleasant lovely Fruits which bow their Heads;
Be they as fair, as sweet as they can be,
What are they all, best Life, when wanting thee;
No Sweets, no Beauties can with those compare,
Which in my dearest Self concentred are;
And yet as dear, as dear to me thou art,
A Dearer far, attracts from thee my Heart;
From earthly Joys to thee my Passions rise,
From thee to Gracious God my Spirit flies;
In God all Beatificals conspire,
And leave no room for any new Desire;
All Praise, all Glory, be to God above,
By whom we live, by whom we sing and love.
Thus they made Hymns, and sang them in sweet
And Reign'd below the universal Lords; (Chords,
All Joys they reap'd, when Joys were in their Prime,
Fresh Pleasures measur'd, and endear'd the Time;
Their Loves unfully'd, join'd in sweet contest,
Which lov'd each other, or their Maker best.

A Stoick then, whose supercilious Pride,
His Idol Self had vainly deify'd;

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Vol. III

Who brag'd he had Perfection full attain'd,
Despotick Empire o're his Passions gain'd;
Asks why he should not Paradise enjoy,
Since he of human Dross had no alloy:
Hymnotheo mild his Insolence repress'd,
Himself a Sinner humbly he confess'd;
And told, how by primeval Lapse Mankind
Had a distorted Will, and clouded Mind;
That Pride, audacious Pride, gave Birth to Vice;
Sin, Shame, Death, Hell, had coetaneous Rise;
The Angels fall, said he, who Man beguil'd,
And ever since all humane Race defil'd,
Our Poet paints, when Jove he feigns to throw,
Curs'd *Ate* down from Heav'n to Shades below;
To *Tartarus*, or the unfathom'd Deep,
There of her Crimes the due Rewards to reap;
That at which *Homer* made a transient Glance,
All pray he would to a just Song advance;
Soon o're the Youth their warm Desires prevail'd,
And in sad Chords he thus the Lapse bewail'd.

Curs'd *Satan* spies from the infernal State,
Dispatch'd what pass'd in *Eden* to relate;
Told him the Story of the lovely Pair;
He swell'd with Rage, ferments the sulph'rous Air;
His dire revengeful Looks made Tophet quake,
He foaming, thrice blasphem'd, and thus he spake:

Now draws the fatal wish'd-for Minute near,
When we'll on God revenge our Doom severe;
His Fav'rite Man, since he has made him free,
I'll make revolt, and serve no God but me;

322 *Hymnotheo* : Or,

We bravely fell, and Heav'n's great King defy'd,
And Man shall fall by our trajected Pride;
'Tis glorious Malice to infect the Root,
And all its numerous Cyons to pollute;
Curse, curse this humane Race, we now will try
Who this new World shall govern, God, or I.

This said, to Paradise he swiftly flew,
Took of the Place, and of the fair ones view;
Then he a fiery flying Serpent chose,
Whose Shape he best might for his Guile dispose;
A Crown-like Crest stood on his Head erect,
His Scales the Sun-Beams dazlingly reflect;
Himself into the glittering Form he darts,
And with new Motions actuates its Parts;
High on his Wings he hovers in the Air,
To watch which of the two he might ensnare;
While *Adam* dress'd the Trees, *Eve* o're the Ground
Pick'd Flowers, Herbs, Fruits, their Dinner to com-
The Fiend saw *Eve* alone, his Wings he clap'd, (pound
And then flew down, his Malice to adapt;
There's the bless'd Tree exultingly he cry'd,
I'll eat my Fill, till I grow deify'd;
With that to the forbidden Tree he flies,
His Voice and Shape attracts the Females Eyes;
She out of Curiosity drew near,
Who till she sinn'd, was undisturb'd by Fear.

The Tree was a large Vine, which widely spread
Into a pleasing Shade, its loaded Head;
Clusters of gen'rous Grapes hung all around,
Exceeding those the Spies in *Eschol* found;

N

No Tree in the whole Garden could produce
 A more spirituous and exalting Juice;
 No Tree was then more bulky than the Vine,
 Needing no Prop, on which it should recline;
 Till by Intemperance debas'd it joyn'd
 To other Trees, and on Supporters twyn'd,
 To teach fallen Men, who surfeit on its Juice,
 The Weakness they contract by its Abuse;
 With Gusto *Satan* the full Clusters gnaw'd,
 And thus began his Banquet to applaud:
 Fairest and best of Trees, the Angels Food,
 For human Race too noble and too good;
 While 'twas my Course on Godhead to attend,
 On the seventh Day I saw whole Hosts descend;
 All when they sang their Hymn full Clusters cropt,
 Their Re-ascent till they devour'd them stopt;
 When they return'd, I soon perceiv'd the Odds,
 I was but Angel still, and they were Gods;
 Soon as my Course was out, I flew in haste,
 Of this immortal heav'nly Food to taste;
 By ev'ry Grape I grow the more sublime,
 Till Eat, till I of Gods become the Prime;
 Till eat till I the Tree of Fruit bereave,
 Of Godhead I'll for Man no Reliques leave;
 Man, who with Foggs of servile Flesh oppress'd,
 Forbears to taste, unworthy to be blest.
 Eve lay in shady Covert all the while,
 She thought her self unseen, and suck'd the Wile;
 Then rising up, that she might *Adam* seek,
 The Fiend, who feign'd Surprize, began to speak;

Are you come hither, fair One, for this Fruit,
 Which into Gods us Angels can transmute?
 No other Tree, she said, God us denies,
 Of this, whoever eats most surely dies:
 You shall not surely die, the Fiend reply'd,
 But if you eat, you shall be deify'd;
 Your Eyes will open, and your Spirits fill
 With Notices divine of good and ill;
 God knows this well, and envies you this Tree,
 Lest you from Subjects should his Equals be:
 Eat, and be Gods, and then you're sure to live,
 And if you sin, you may your selves forgive;
 It cannot our All-gracious God displease,
 To see his Fav'rites taste the best of Trees:
 But ravish'd wth the Fruit, I've said too much
 We Angels wish you may no Cluster touch;
 The Fruit is only to us Angels due,
 It is a Food too much divine for you;
 But the Temptation soon shall disappear,
 At my Return I'll all the Branches clear;
 To Heav'n I'll take an Instantaneous Flight,
 And to the Tree Angelick Friends invite;
 We'll all be Gods by this high juicy Fruit,
 And for the Throne with regnant God dispute.

Eve lick'd the Poyson which the Fiend instill'd
 And in Angelick Vehicles unskill'd;
 She him an Angel heedlessly suppos'd,
 In that crown'd, volant, radiant Shape inclos'd
 Her Appetite, not Reason, was her Guide,
 On her own Judgment wholly she rely'd;

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Would not consult her *Adam* first, lest she
Should by his Counsel undeluded be;
Thus charm'd, she on the Tree cast longing Eyes,
Fain would she glorious be like God, and wise;
The Beauty, Virtue, Smell, possess her Brain,
At last she grew impatient to abstain:
A Bunch she cropt and kiss'd, made haste to eat,
As breeding Women a much long'd for Meat;
Her Heart exalted seem'd, Pride Empire gain'd,
She the plain Garb of Nature pure disdain'd,
And pick'd the gaudiest Flowers along the Ground,
Which she with Woodbine in two Garlands bound;
Hung on her Arm, to deck her self and Dear,
That both the more illustrious might appear;
As she by *Pison* pass'd, she made a Stand,
Pleas'd with the Gold which glitter'd in the Sand;
The Onyxs and Pearls look bright and gay,
Wash'd by the River down tow'rds *Havilah*,
She coveted the Riches of the Stream,
For Gold and Gems began to have Esteem;
As much she graspt as either Hand could hold,
One had the Gems, the other had the Gold;
Then she with speed to buisy *Adam* flew,
Come Dear, she said, you shall be Happy too:
First she the Garland plac'd around his Head,
Then crown'd herself, and on her Consort led.
Sin, like the Plague, feels Diabolick ease,
In furth'ring Guilt, and spreading the Disease;
She kiss'd him oft, and in her Arms enchas'd;
Her Kisses seem'd to have unusual Taste;

While under their Probation both remain'd,
 Both were pure Virgins, and all Lust restrain'd,
 And had they stood, Lust they had never known;
 Chast Love had kept right Reason on the Throne;
 Mov'd not by Lust, but Off-spring to embrace,
 To propagate a God-adoring Race;
 On *Pison's* Sands, said she, these Gems I found,
 Instead of Flow'rs, I would with these be crown'd;
 The Flowers soon fade, but these will always shine,
 O think how these I may together joyn;
 When at the precious Tree we both arrive,
 Their Union thou, my Dearest, shalt contrive;
 I'll wear them for thy sake on Neck and Wrist,
 Thou for each Jewel shalt be ten times kiss'd;
 Both walking on, to meet their dol'rous Fates,
 She the Adventure pass'd at large relates;
 Haste, haste, she cry'd, lose not this happy Hour,
 Lest Angels coming all the Fruit devour.

Soon as the Fruit she saw, know Dear, said she,
 All Paradise is couch'd in that one Tree;
Adam the Tree considerately ey'd,
 'Tis the forbidden Tree, my Love, he cry'd,
 We shall our selves and Off-spring all pollute,
 And murder too, if we but taste that Fruit;
 God, she said, something of not eating spake,
 But we the Tree, or God, must needs mistake;
 Trust me, who the Experiment have try'd,
 I tasted it, sweet Taste, and have not dy'd;
 Eat Dearest, and commence a God like me,
 I would not be a God, unless with thee;

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We'll both rise Gods from this rare Fruit to day,
 She kiss'd him then, as by the Tree he lay,
 Charm'd with soft Love, and with keen Hunger bit,
 His nobler Powers to lower Sense submit;
 With uncurb'd Appetite, both eat that Meal,
 Whose deadly Poyson all their Off-spring feel;
 Both with like sensual Pleasure eat their Fill,
 Intoxicating Mind, and staggering Will.

In Rebel Flesh they felt unknown Desires,
 The Calenture of Lust their Passions fires;
 No Thought of Off-spring, but impure Delight,
 Low, sensual, brutish, mov'd them to unite:
 As to their Children, Men we see transmit
 Their Humours, Features, their Defects, and Wit;
 Diseases too, hereditary are,
 And Lepers generate a leprous Heir;
 Concupiscential Fomes, which possess'd
 The Parents thus, was on their Race impress'd;
 The Source impure, outflowing Streams defiles,
 Pride, Gold, Wine, Woman, Lust, Man still be-
 Lust, the Distemper Penal of Mankind, (guiles;
 The Pain, not Pleasure, of a Heav'n-born Mind;
 Sated with Lusts, o'repow'rd with vinal Steams,
 They dropt asleep to rue their Guilt in Dreams,
 Curs'd *Satan* flew to the infernal Shade,
 Insulting boasts of the Success he made;
 Bragg'd with what Wile the Woman he deprav'd,
 And Guardians watching Paradise outbrav'd;
 Of the damn'd Ghosts, about him flew a Crowd,
 Vell'd his Applause with Acclamations loud;

They to immortalize the cursed Deed,
The Name of Murderer to him decreed;
All vow their utmost Force and Guile to bend,
The Bounds of their new Empire to extend.

Wise God was pleas'd the Angel to select,
Appointed Dreams instructive to project;
In Heav'n by Name of *Phylanax* well known,
Commanded to approach the awful Throne,
Ideas of the future World to view,
There from God's Presence lively Schemes he drew;
Of ev'ry Age, of all the grievous Woe,
That laps'd Mankind for Sin should undergo;
Him to the sleeping Pair, God sent to frame,
Dreams which should raise pale Dread, Remorse,
(and Shame:

Within ten Pulses down the Angel flies,
And views them with abominating Eyes;
Then from the Forms his Intellect enfolds,
He num'rous Phantoms into Landscips moulds;
Which through their Nerves he to their Brains con-
Where Sin, in its true Colours was display'd; (vey'd,
For both he painted the afflicting Scheme (Stream-
Of Laps'd Mankind, who from their Loins should

They saw their Race from God apostatiz'd,
By righteous Vengeance variously chastis'd;
The frightful Judgments, and the hellish Crimes,
Should in all Periods reign, and in all Climes:
Their First-born *Cain* with ghastly Look they view'd,
With reeking Hands in Brother's Blood imbrew'd;
They

They Creatures saw against their Offspring arm,
Sin gave them License sinful Man to harm;
They saw the Elements their Bounds disdain,
And grow impetuous, to work human Bane;
How Oceans with loud dreadful Noises roar,
And threaten Deluge to the curbing Shoar;
They saw the Poysons which on Earth abound,
And stinking Exhalations vail the Ground;
The subterraneous Mines of Sulphur fir'd (spir'd;
Vast Mountains, which dire Hell-like Flames tran-
The Atmosphere with noxious Vapours fill'd, (kill'd;
And with the Air they breath'd, their Children
How universal Nature seem'd unfram'd,
How Creatures all Apostate Man proclaim'd;
How in its Motions, Heaven excentrick grew,
And mourning Clouds o're all its Glories threw;
And with dark Spots the radiant Sun bespread,
Which damp'd his Lustre, and the Beams he shed;
To teach lost Man, by that instructive sight,
How Sin eclips'd their pure coeval Light.

They see the Terrors of the airy Sphere,
There they tremendous Claps of Thunder hear;
See the Bolts shot, and bearded Comets flame,
And with dire Vengeance vindicate God's Name;
Dread Lightnings there flash in their trembling Eyes,
And Fires from Heav'n outrageous Sin chastise;
Fierce Hurricanes from thence with Fury blow,
Striving the Globe terraqueous to o'rethrow;
They inward Horrors see which Sinners fright,
Who toil all Day, are scar'd with Dreams at Night;

The

The num'rous Troubles breaking their repose,
 How they with Sun are scorch'd, with Winter froze;
 Pierc'd with keen Winds, drown'd in tempestuous
 (Rains,
 With Earthquakes shiver'd, and convuls'd with Pains;
 With Flattery gull'd, with Disappointments cross'd,
 Shipwreck'd with Storms, and on proud Billows tofs'd;
 Cares to get Wealth, Dread to lose what they have,
 The Terrors of pale Death and gaping Grave;
 How the curs'd Ground Cockle returns for Grain,
 Baffling the Labour of the moiling Swain;
 They see Deliriums which besot the Mind,
 Lame, Ideots, Lunaticks, Deaf, Dumb, and Blind;
 The Maladies which every Limb torment,
 The Deaths, the Tortures, Tyrants could invent;
 Imposthumes, Cancers, Leprosies, and Scabs,
 Sore ulcerous festring Wounds from spiteful Stabs;
 Some Wretches roaring under Stone and Gout,
 Others their loathsome Ordure spewing out;
 The Lustful rotting, stinking while alive,
 Empoysoning those from whom they Help derive;
 Some snatch'd away, some dying by degrees,
 Some by Self-murder seeking a false ease;
 Some broil'd by Fevers, by Consumptions worst,
 Enslav'd by Sense, with violent Passions torn;
 With Anger chaf'd, with Lust set all on Flame,
 Chill'd with pale Fear, dash'd with confounding
 (Shame;
 Wasted with Envy, wrinkled with sad Care,
 With Malice ranker'd, rack'd with black Despair;
 Enrag'd

Enrag'd with fierce Revenge, to Quarrels prone,
Below the Beast by foul Intemperance grown ;
Fed with vain Hopes, with lingring Sorrows pin'd,
Fool'd with false Joys, in all Elections blind ;
Blown up with Pride, the Prelude to a Fall,
And cheated with Fruition most of all.

(spread,

Here Plagues with Carcases whole Kingdoms
And scarce leave Living to entomb the Dead ;
There Nations with pale Famine are distress'd,
The Mother eats the Babe who suck'd her Breast ;
Here bloody Wars Swords merciless unsheath,
Which Murders, Rapes, and Devastations breath ;
The Brutes usurp o're laps'd Mankind a Power,
To vex, to rob, to torture, to devour ;
Vile Insects work, and then insult their Woes,
While they want Force to quell their feeble Foes ;
Loud crying Sins through Empireum break,
Outragious Sinners God's dire Vengeance wreak ;
Strait he the heav'nly Floodgates open throws,
The Deep supernal then its Banks o'reflows ;
Down on the Earth it in Atlanticks rain'd,
As if God will'd, Seas heav'nly should be drein'd ;
On highest Hills no Plummets reach the Ground,
The Atmosphere seems in the Billows drown'd ;
Till the Celestial Waves, by Will divine,
Rose to their Reservoir, like Spouts Marine ;
Thus the whole World o'rewhelm'd in Ocean lay,
The Sinners perish'd, Sin yet resum'd its sway ;

Apostate

Apostate Spirits sat like God, enthron'd;
 And Men for Gods infernal Devils own'd;
 They saw their Race in Temples them adore,
 And drench their Altars oft with human Gore;
 The Isra'litick Tribes God only chose,
 To whom Himself and Laws he would disclose;
 But them they saw God's Patience oft assault,
 And of twelve Tribes, to Satan ten revolt;
 And of the two remaining, few appear'd,
 But their own Dreams above God's Law rever'd.

Down to Death's Region then the dreaming Pair
 Feel themselves lead, to see the Horrors there;
 The dismal Land of Graves then there behold,
 Their Offspring turn'd to their primeval Mold;
 Into the num'rous Coffins as they pry,
 Worms and Corruptions there afflict their Eye;
 They of their Generations smell the Stink,
 Too late of Death and threatned Terrors think;
 Next the last Trumpet they loud sounding hear,
 See how their wicked Race reunion fear;
 See human Ashes forc'd by God to join,
 In pristine Form, which they would fain decline;
 Hear how in vain to Marble Rocks they cry'd,
 From God's fierce Wrath their guilty Bulks to hide;
 See Hell wide gaping, and the Torments dire,
 Which Sinners feel in everlasting Fire;
 See God's Tribunal, which strikes Saints with awe;
 See Devils to the Bar the Guilty draw;
 Hear the last Sentence, see damn'd Wretches thrown
 Into Eternal Pains, and hear their Groan;

'Gainst

'Gainst their first Parents, how they Curses yell,
Who by their Sin rais'd Death, and open'd Hell.

With that they in a general Horror wak'd,
They sigh'd, they wept, and every Member quak'd,
Against each other they their Passions vent,
He blam'd her Charms, she his too loose consent;
They both each other's naked Body shun,
And neither durst reflect on what was done;
Fig-leaves with Twigs they both together ty'd,
That both their Shame might from each other hide;
Anguish, Confusion, Terror, and Despair,
Impell'd them to and fro, they knew not where;
Without, God's Vengeance they each minute dread,
Within, fresh horror they each Minute bred;
They startle at themselves, themselves they hate,
Fain from themselves would fly, to fly their fate;
But all in vain, Sin still is in their Views,
Faster they fly, the faster it pursues.

The Voice of God then reach'd their conscious
And both into a Thicket ran for fear; (Ear,
So stupid were they grown, to think to lye
Hid in a Bush, from God's all-seeing Eye;
Curs'd Sin had dimm'd their intellectual Sight,
'Till the blest'd Seed deign'd to become their Light;
With that God louder call'd, *Adam*, where art?
Then both came trembling forth with aking Heart;
With down-cast Eyes, and Looks as pale as Death,
And half-form'd Words, like one who gasp'd for
(Breath;
They

They own that they God's awful Voice had heard,
But seeing themselves naked disappear'd:

Who told you you were naked, God rejoin'd,

Have you to eat forbidden Fruit combin'd?

Both with Heart-breaking Sighs their Guilt pro-
(claim'd,

Adam the Woman, *Eve* the Serpent blam'd;

Just God then their appropriate Dooms declar'd;

The Serpent first in Condemnation shar'd;

Among brute Beasts be thou most curs'd of all,

Dust shalt thou eat, and on thy Belly crawl;

Of Legs and Wings, and of thy radiant Crest;

Thou for the future shalt be dispossest;

Thy Seed and Man eternal hate shall feel,

'Tis he shall bruise thy Head, and thou his Heel;

Reptile it thence became, and all its Kind,

Of his Debasement, to put Man in Mind;

And teach proud Satan his enfeebled spite,

Who when repuls'd, could fix no mortal bite.

Thou, O proud Dame, forward to be beguild,

In Pangs, said God, shalt rue it when with Child;

His Love, thou whom thou temptedst shalt implore,

He'll be thy Lord, who equal was before;

And thou fond Man, who thus without dispute,

To Female Charms thy self wouldst prostitute;

And mad'st thy God so cheap, curs'd be the Soil,

Curs'd for thy sake; and to augment thy Toil,

Thorns, Thistles, Weeds, its Furrows shall o're-
(spread,

In Sweat and Sorrow shalt thou eat thy Bread;

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'Till from a painful Life, thou to that Earth
Shalt molder, which first gave thy Carcase Birth.
Such was their Doom, but lest each guilty Wretch,
To the Life-giving Fruit their Arms should stretch,
From Paradise God drave them cloth'd in Skins,
New molted to do Penance for their Sins;
And Guards of mighty Cherubins he plac'd,
Who in their Wings the Tree of Life enchas'd;
Each brandish'd ev'ry Way his flaming Blade,
No Mortal can immortal Fruit invade.

The mournful Exiles wail their woful State,
Caus'd by their Choice, not by impulse of Fate;
Both try'd the Evening with a Hymn to close,
For Verse and Musick give sad Souls repose;
But they in neither could their Woes condole,
Sin Discords rais'd, and quite untun'd the Soul;
The Soul untun'd, a War within it felt,
Two mortal Foes which in one Body dwelt; (hal'd,
One drew towards Heav'n, towards Hell the other
Flesh oft o'repower'd the Spirit, and prevail'd; (in,
Foul Errors, impious Thoughts, and Doubts crept
All Hell's Artillery to heighten Sin;
Sin grew the constant Pondus of the Will,
The Needle turn'd from God, to point at ill;
Thus Man defac'd the Image God ingrav'd,
To Heav'n antarctick, and to Hell enslav'd.

Some necessary Notions yet were left,
Of their full native splendour much bereft;
Temper'd by God the humble Mind to guide,
And disappear to disputacious Pride;

Great

Great God's Existence, and a future State,
 The Power, by which we Vice and Virtue rate,
 Are in themselves congenial, certain, clear,
 That by these Lights, all might their Courses steer;
 When we know God, we learn his Will divine,
 By Thoughts in which all human Race combine;
 I certain am I must the Godhead fear,
 Since all Men unbrutis'd some God revere;
 The universal Morals all approve,
 Though they in Practice different compass move;
 Virtue and Vice discriminate as well,
 As they can various Wines by Taste and Smell;
 The sober Heathens are for Virtue fam'd,
 The Bad, are with Disgrace in Story nam'd;
 Ill Men do ill, with Terror, Shame, Regret,
 They on good Actions real Value set;
 They highly wise, benign, just Men esteem,
 True Copies they of God's Idea seem;
 Sad Lamentations for good Men are made,
 Men honour Virtues which their Crimes upbraid;
 No Liars choose a Liar for their Guide,
 In just Men only the Unjust confide;
 But Men, who Vice for their great Idol own,
 God, their tremendous Judge, would fain dethrone;
 And to indulge their Vice, without control,
 From Immortality degrade the Soul;
 They choke the Thoughts of God's Eternal Ire,
 They live like Beasts, and would like Beasts expire;
 Immensely some, the worst of Beasts out-act,
 They a Monstrosity in Sin contract;

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 Vol. II

Commit that Outrage which Beasts never knew,
Which Showers from Heaven of Fire and Brimstone
To such Effronteries Apostates rise, in vext (draw;
Who Souls, first made like God, Diabolise;
In Morals crooked we discern and right, but ill
As clearly as in Lines, by native Sight;
Yet being free, we freedom may abuse;
Instead of Strait, we may the crooked choose;
Our Wills perverse, congenial Light may damp,
And Works of Darkness may put out the Lamp;
But when we think, our Conscience then revives;
We blush when we recal our impious Lives;
The worldly Wife delirious grow sometimes,
God sends Judicial Folly for their Crimes;
Mothers by Nature love the Babes they bear,
Yet some unnatural and cruel are;
In humane Race corrupt, a monstrous Mind,
As well as monstrous Shape, we sometimes find;
But we must Nature's universal Law,
From Patterns regular, not Monsters, draw;
Prime Truths at their first hearing are believ'd;
Into the Texture of our Nature weav'd;
They gain Assent from a Well-meaning Soul;
As much as that a Part is not the Whole;
But Disputacity the Mind confounds,
And of the firmest Truths, destroys the Bounds;
Truths in which Minds connaturally rest,
By vain Philosophy unprepossess'd;
They of long Disquisitions had no need,
Till Atheists question'd our connatural Creed;

The sinful Pair from Paradise cast out,
 Disconsolately rovd the World about;
 Long they in vain sought quiet Seats to find;
 While Sense of Guilt unquiet kept the Mind,
 Till tir'd with Wandring they an Oak espy'd,
 Which shot its Arms into a Shelter wide;
 Like what the Angel sent to *Gideon* chose,
 Beneath its Shade, at *Ophrah* to repose;
 There they resolv'd a while to make abode,
 And Griefs into each other to unload;
 Their Guilt at first had their Affections sown'd,
 But Love at last their Variance overpower'd;
 Near to the Oak there graz'd a pretty Lamb,
 Wean'd newly, and forsaken by its Dam;
 Pleas'd with *Eve's* stroaking it, it meekly bay'd,
 And she co-pleas'd, the Lamb her fondling made;
 Near to the Oak there glided a clear Rill,
 Down from its Fountain on a neighb'ring Hill;
 Fruit-bearing Trees and Vines grew all around,
 Green Bushes, and sweet Herbs, bespread the Ground;
 Upon the Branches perch'd two Turtle Doves,
 Whose solemn Notes, and sympathetick Loves,
 And pretty Shape, the two sad Mourners pleas'd,
 And they themselves, by like condoling, eas'd;
 Their Drink was from the little Chrystal Brook,
 Their Food they from the Trees, Herbs, Bushes
 (took;
 But Fruits, Herbs, Berries, all insipid were,
 None could with *Eden's* noble Juice compare;

The

The Vines they in abomination held,
 Whose Grapes them both from Paradise expell'd;
 Between the Oak and Rill, there was a Stone,
 With a thick spreading Bush all overgrown;
 On a like Stone *Jacob* at *Bethel* lay,
 When God appear'd to him in gracious Ray;
 To a like Bush his Eyes once *Moses* turn'd,
 Amaz'd to see it flaming, and not burn'd.
 One Day as *Adam* walk'd the Place to view,
 The Doves at *Eve's* inviting to her flew;
 While on her Lap the Lamb repos'd his Head,
 Seem'd of his Rivals to betray a dread.
 The Doves stood on each Hand with Bills adverse;
 And Notes co-mournful mutually rehearse;
 Both mov'd by Heav'n that *Eve* their Notes might
 (hear,
 To melt her into penitential Tear;
Eve softned by their moan, her Guilt laments;
 Heav'n gracious Wonders works by small Events;
 Dear Birds, she cry'd, from whence this mournful
 (Tone,
 You innocent, no Sin have to bemoan;
 Your winged Neighbours, who inhabit Sky,
 In cheerful Sonnets with each other vye;
 'Tis for my Sin you thus condoling sit,
 Which forc'd me sweet dear Paradise to quit;
 Ah! shall you sinless Doves bewail my Soul,
 And I not mine and *Adam's* Guilt condole!
 Flow down my Eyes till Tears in Rivers glide,
 Which may exceed this Streaming by my side;

But ah ! I fear my weeping would be vain,
 Will God forgive our Sin, remit our Pain ?
 We both must die, of Death I am afraid,
 In our late Dreams its Horrors we survey'd ;
 One of us two, should God vouchsafe to spare,
 Since I in Guilt have the much greater Share,
 I much the more unworthy am to live,
 I'de die, so God my *Adam* would forgive.

The Man returning to their dwelling Shade,
 O're heard the Wishes his kind Consort made ;
 Each Wish to her his Passion more endears,
 Both with their Kisses mix their mutual Tears ;
 My Life, said he, for you I style my Life,
 A dearer Self God gave me in a Wife ;
 How can I torn from my best Self subsist,
 We two one Self, may still I hope exist ;
 For since from you my Life, Joy, Love, I stray'd,
 I God's Benignity devoutly weigh'd ;
 His Threatning, since he still prolongs our Breath,
 Implies Mortality, not actual Death ;
 With Life prolong'd, we num'rous Blessings reap,
 Which God on both is daily pleas'd to heap ;
 Which though they reach not happy *Eden's* height
 Retain kind force to nourish, and delight ;
 These Plants, these Fruits, and this refreshing Rill
 Sweets influential which from Heav'n distil ;
 The Comforts which our mutual Loves create,
 Bright Angels who commiserate our State ;
 This cheerful Sun, and this balsamick Air,
 Glad Symptoms seem of God's Paternal Care.

But when I call to mind the promis'd Seed,
Which gracious God upon our Lapse decreed;
Its full import I cannot comprehend,
God seems our Consolation to intend;
What greater Blessing can our God design,
What worthier of Benignity divine,
Than to forgive; but we, bedew'd with Tear,
Must as low Suppliants at his Throne appear;
Ah! should all Earth be with our Tears o'reflow'd,
Tears are too mean Exchange where Life is ow'd;
Death, only Death, can for our Guilt atone,
And Life is God's peculiar, not our own;
A strong Impression on my Spirit seiz'd,
That God would by a Victim be pleas'd;
O 'twas from God, for it becalm'd my Fear,
Rais'd cheerful Hope, and penitential Tear;
Since yet we o're the Creatures keep some sway,
And both our Deaths in kind we cannot pay;
Think on what Creature most we set our Heart,
With which we most unwilling are to part;
His Blood for our Atonement shall be spilt,
That God offended may remit our Guilt;
It no Proportion bears to our Request,
But God sees it our dearest and our best;
My Love, said *Eve*, where e're you cast your Eyes,
You may of num'rous Victims have Supplies;
Make your free Choice, I Doves and Lamb except,
The Doves, said he, shall die; with that she wept;
The dearer we, he adds, our Offering deem,
The more God will our Sacrifice esteem:

Strait then for two sharp Stones he search'd the
(Ground,

Such as the Confort of meek *Moses* found,
With which she circumcis'd her tender Son,
Adam and *Eve* held either of them one ;
Of Doves he had the Male, the Female, *Eve*,
When they should cut their Throats, they stop and
(grieve,

'At the intenerating Sight relent,
Both wanted Hearts to perfect their intent ;
The Doves they freed, who to their Tree reflown,
Joy'd for Deliverance from the murd'rous Stone.

The weeping Pair for Victims search'd the Place,
While *Eve* held fast her Lamb in her embrace ;
Soon as the Man to tenderness gave way,
His Mind could on no Commutation stay ;
All Creatures seem'd indiff'rent, till his Eye,
Saw in *Eve's* Arms the pretty Fondling lye ;
Dear, to them both, our Lamb, said he, we'll give,
By his vicarious Death we both may live :
More dear 'tis than our Doves, much more, said *Eve*,
Rather take Doves, and save my Fondling leave :
Our Lamb, said he, the dearest Thing we have,
We'll offer, that his Death our Lives may save :
Eve strait the Air with Lamentations fill'd,
My dear, dear Lamb, she cry'd, shall not be kill'd :
It shall be kill'd, said he, because 'tis dear,
'Twill easier free us from our Doom severe ;
Adam with *Eve* condol'd, yet Grief suppress'd,
The Lamb he tore from his dear Consort's Breast ;

His

The Penitent.

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His Guilt could love and pity overcome,
The Lamb was carry'd to the Slaughter dumb,
Submitting meekly to his dying Pain,
To picture the immaculate Lamb slain;
The Scene was all by Heav'n's Direction laid,
As the Lamb died, *Adam* inspir'd thus pray'd.

Great God! we our outrageous Guilt deplore,
We thy Forbearance gratefully adore;
The Blessings we enjoy, some Hope excite,
That in our Woe thou takest no delight;
Accept the Blood vicarious we now shed;
With-hold thy Wrath from falling on our Head;
Should we the Lives of all the Creatures join,
They Victims are too mean for Wrath Divine;
'Tis thy immense Benignity alone

Can make our Off'rings grateful at thy Throne;
Thy Goodness on our Minds thou deep hast grav'd,
On that we found our Hopes of being sav'd;
And hopes, thou some Atonement wilt ordain,
To free our Children from entail of Pain;
I some presaging Dawns of Mercy see,
The promis'd Seed will that Atonement be;
For the Seeds sake, Lord, hear our ardent Prayer,
Forgive our fontal Sin, and Offspring spare.
Strait from on high a radiant Lamp of Flame,
Down on the Bush upon a sudden came,
Such as made faithful *Abram's* Victim shine,
And to assure God's Promise, was the Sign;
The guilty Pair took *Irem* at first View,
On the fir'd Bush and Stone, the Lamb they threw;

Of Sacrifice thus Heav'n acceptance taught,
 Which never else had enter'd human Thought;
 Our Altars and Burnt-Offerings thence arose,
 Men gladly would on Brutes translate their Woes;
 But All-wise God a nobler End design'd,
 To paint God crucify'd to human Mind;
 When they had thus their dearest Off'ring made,
 They felt their Conscience eas'd, their Fear allay'd;
 Yet knew they were in infinite Arrears,
 Which they liv'd paying all their Days in Tears;
 Lord, as we Guilt from our first Parents drew,
 May we like them, shed penitential Dew!



BOOK XII.

AS the young Man to Jesus once address'd,
 To learn how to ascend to endless rest;
 Eugenio thus, who long had silent stay'd,
 And ev'ry Line *Hymnotheo* utter'd, weigh'd,
 For sacred Truth felt a Propension strong,
 And humbly begg'd to hear another Song
 A Song which should to Souls the Way explain,
 The Bliss, Man lost in *Eden*, to regain:
Hymnotheo then Celestial Truth to clear,
 With a fresh Song thus entertain'd their Ear:
 God, who all Things for his own Glory made,
 By Brutes can have no Adoration paid;

And

And in the Temple of the World, Mankind,
By the Creator, was his Priest design'd,
To offer daily Sacrifice of Praise,
Due from all Creatures cherish'd by his Rays;
Men by their native Light first understood,
To worship God, Just, True, Wise, Mighty, Good;
That God of all their Fruits should have the Prime,
Should have devoted Persons, Places, Time;
But Sin and Error which the World benight,
Damp'd and eclips'd our first connat'ral Light;
The Sense of Deity on Man engrav'd,
Which could not be extinguish'd, was deprav'd;
Men, when they robb'd God of his Worship due,
Unnumb' red Counterfeits of Godhead drew;
Activity, and influential Use,
Which God was pleas'd in Creatures to produce;
The Sun, Moon, Planets, Stars, which Heav'n o're-
(spread,
Brute Beasts, and Plants in their own Gardens bred;
The Elements, Earth, Water, Air and Fire,
A Benefactor, or a famous Sire;
Authors from whom they needful Arts receiv'd,
Or Martial Heroe's who bold Things atchiev'd;
These, and the like, laps'd Men their Numens made,
Their great Creator's Worship to evade;
Forfaking Truth, which steddy is and one,
They soon were to the height of Dotage run;
'Gainst Reason they God's Unity disclaim'd,
And Gods they of their very Passions fram'd;
Each

Each odious Vice, Lust, Avarice, and Pride,
 And damn'd Infernal Ghosts were Deify'd;
 Dumb Images of stupid Wood and Stone,
 More stupid Men, for Deities would own;
 Their Gods were all immoral and impure,
 Their Oracles false, dubious, or obscure;
 Magick prestigious, Divinations vain,
 Their Superstitions senseless, wild, profane;
 Virtue had no fix'd Rule, Reward, Esteem,
 Of future Life all they imbib'd was Dream;
 Their Worship, like their Gods, was spawn'd in Hell,
 Whole Massacres of Men for Victims fell;
 Their Rites too foul, too horrid to be nam'd,
 Our human Nature villify'd and sham'd;
 All their Religion, ev'ry Step they trod,
 Was Diabolick Outrage to spite God;
 I would use softer Words, but nothing less
 Such gross Abominations can express.

When Man was grown impure, Apostate, Blind,
 All-gracious God in Revelation shin'd;
 None but Great God Himself could Man instruct,
 And safely to Eternal Bliss conduct;
 The Patriarchs Truth from Fontal Truth deriv'd,
 Which Nature's Light exalted and reviv'd;
 But God his Will at large to *Moses* taught,
 And to confirm it, glorious Wonders wrought;
 That Law was only to the Jews confin'd,
 One Temple was too little for Mankind;
 Days, Circumcision, Sacrifices, Meats,
 And Washings, wasted their religious Heats;

That

That was in outward Ceremonies spent,
Their future happy State to represent;
They all dim Shadows are, and Scetches rude,
Which no internal Holiness include:
God ne're was pleas'd with outward pompous Rites,
Devoted Hearts are only his Delights;
To fix versatile Minds God them ordain'd,
They by those Curbs were from false Gods restrain'd.
Our *JESUS* they foreshew'd, and still attest,
With earthly Joys their Zeal was chiefly bless'd;
Their vain Traditions now God's Law oppose,
Their Virtues are mere Pharisaick Shews:
They had a dusky, a faint Lunar Ray,
Which is absorp'd by Evangelick Day;
Messias all Mosaick Types fulfill'd,
Much nobler Laws, much nobler Hopes instill'd.

God his eternal Son for Sinners gave,
Ah! none but he, apostate Man could save;
He humbly to assume our Nature deign'd,
And we our Hopes of Heav'n by him regain'd;
The Law he taught, its Author God displays,
The Sun is less notorious by its Rays;
He taught to worship God, and God enjoy,
Our Zeal in his sole Service to employ;
In his Almighty Goodness to confide,
To choose his boundless Wisdom for our Guide;
He Law congenial brightens and sublimes,
Teaches all Virtues, and forbids all Crimes;
Shews laps'd Mankind their Sickness and their Cure,
A peaceful Conscience, and a Conscience pure;

An-

Angelick Praises, filial Love, and Fear;
 Our Pow'rs enlarging to their utmost Sphere,
 Gives true Idea's of all worldly Things,
 Traces effects to their eternal Springs;
 For private, and for social Life gives Rules,
 Which far transcend all philosophick Schools;
 Controuls the Heart, our Inclinations reins,
 The Eye, Ear, Hand, the very Thought restrains;
 God's Image strives on Man to re-impres,
 To please great God by God-like Loveliness,
 Makes Men just, Holy, Merciful and Wise,
 Beneficent to all by due Supplies;
 God nought of God more worthy, more divine,
 Than his own Likeness can to Man enjoyn.

(Reach,

God-man taught Heights above all human
 Which none but God could comprehend or teach;
 Which not at Truth alone, but Goodness aim,
 And by that Union shew from whom they came;
 All with themselves, and all with God agree,
 In sweet harmonious Uniformity;
 All are contriv'd, could we no Heav'n ensure,
 Our worldly Peace, Health, Safety to procure;
 God can nought greater than himself bestow,
 The boundless Source, from whom all Blessings flow;
 To Lovers God himself is pleas'd to give,
 They all in his Fruition happy live;
 They shall to all-sufficient Joys aspire,
 Of Souls immortal the immense Desire;

Joys,

Joys, which Imagination far transcend,
Joys, which like God himself, shall never end.

God with no heavy Yoke, Man fall'n oppress'd;
Strive to be good, and you are truly blest'd;
Guilt, Error, Scandal, prostitute Mankind;
Who by Repentance will not be refin'd;
They shut their Eyes against that glorious Light;
Which cannot by their Blindness grow less bright;
Men Sin, as well as Error, must abjure,
That will facilitate the other's Cure:
God-man upon the Cross God's Wrath aton'd,
Our Sins as soon are pardon'd as bemoan'd;
God to our Weakness gives Almighty Aid,
All his Commands with Pleasure are obey'd;
His holy Spirit, Faithful Vot'rys cheers,
Afflictions to their Good eternal steers;
He ghostly Wants supplies, gives inward Joys,
Which most minacious Crosses overpoise;
Think how becoming God, God's Counsels are,
Rebels to lash, and Penitents to spare;
Repent, and in God crucify'd believe,
You'll happy be beyond what you conceive.

The bright, the native Goodness of God's Laws,
All who right Reason hear, to JESUS draws;
Yet he by Miracles our Faith assures,
And Love more irresistably allures;
By Miracles perform'd in publick View,
Strong Demonstrations what he taught was true;
By Miracles benign, in needful Hour,
Which shew'd a Goodness glorious as his Pow'r;

God-

God-man infernal Spirits dispossess,
 They forc'd by him, his Deity confess'd;
 Sick he made whole, Deaf hear, and Lame to walk;
 Wretches born blind to see, and dumb to talk;
 With Five small Loaves, above Five thousand fed,
 Cleans'd Lepers, Tempests calm'd, and rais'd the
 These in a Moment *JESUS* could effect; (Dead:
 And Pow'r divine, by his bare Word traject;
 He all fulfill'd which Prophets spake of Old,
 When taught by Heav'n, his Coming they foretold;
 His Virgin-Mother, Time, and Place, and Birth,
 His Doctrine, Wonders, and Converse on Earth;
 His Prosecutions from *Judaick* Rage,
 His Cross, God's dreadful Anger to assuage;
 Hell aw'd his rising the third Day again,
 His Flight to Heav'n with his Angelick Train:
 All these in our great God incarnate meet,
 Prophetick Inspirations to compleat;
 With Motives so divine, our Faith is grac'd,
 Ne're by infernal Pow'rs to be eras'd:

Bless'd *JESUS*, e're he Entrance made on High,
 Promis'd his Spirit should his Room supply;
 At *Pentecost*, the gracious Dove came down
 With fiery Tongues, his Votaries to crown;
 All Languages they in an Instant spake,
 Of various Nations Proselytes to make;
 All saving Truths entirely to reveal,
 And make them of each Truth the Virtue feel;
 Strait they began Truth saving to proclaim,
 Wrought God-like Miracles in *JESUS* Name;

Till

Till o're the World, Celestial Truth prevail'd,
To worship God, who to the Cross was nail'd.

Think how Mankind by Hell was captive led,
In Rites Idololatricks born and bred;
Those Rites enforc'd by Custom, Law, and Fear,
Which ev'n the Wise were zealous to revere;
Nature corrupt let loose, Vice unrestrain'd,
Pride, Avarice, Revenge, which lawless reign'd;
Lust practis'd by their Gods to baffle Shame,
Their Detestation of the Christian Name;
Philosophers, who loudly Faith decry'd,
Magicians, who their Pow'r with JESUS vy'd;
Orators, who with Eloquential Might,
Blackned bright Day, to guild infernal Night;
Fierce Tyrants, with their utmost Rage intent,
The Faithful to revile, destroy, torment;
Think in the World, what wondrous Change was
(made,

Soon as bright Truth dispers'd the deadly Shade;
Curs'd Fiends, late idoliz'd, were chas'd to Hell,
Their Sacrifices ceas'd, their Temples fell:
Orators scorn'd, Magicians over-ruPd,
All Philosophick Follies ridicul'd;
Impostures of their Priesthood open laid,
Fam'd Oracles which their own Cheats betray'd;
The Jewish State entirely overthrow'n,
In the same Manner JESUS had foreshewn;
Inveterate Lust subdu'd, wild Passions tam'd,
All Vice abhorr'd, all Errors foul disclaim'd;

Think

Think of Men mov'd Things worldly to forsake,
 The ignominious Cross to undertake;
 How the Saints gain'd by Persecutions Ground,
 How tortur'd, they could Torturers confound;
 Without all Force, such mighty Torrents stem'd,
 By Men poor, mean, illit'rate, and contemn'd;
 On the bare Hope of future Bliss untry'd,
 On Trust repos'd in a God crucify'd,
 Weigh all together, and great God you'll praise,
 Who in pure Weakness such a Pow'r displays.
 Deceivers may a while Impostures spread,
 Gain Profelytes by meer tyrannick Dread;
 May let Lust loose, and Lust for Bliss propose,
 Foul Men may with the beastly Offer close;
 God's Vot'ries, who on God alone depend,
 Pure Godlike Virtue only recommend;
 God infinitely Good, and True, and Wise,
 Can such Credentials ne'r permit to Lies,
 Which Men at his Tribunal might produce,
 And for a false Belief plead just Excuse;
 God's Wisdom, Goodness, Truth, when we resolve,
 We into these our Faith divine resolve.

A *Grecian* then, who *JESUS* Cross revild,
 And our Redemption a meer Folly styl'd;
 Cry'd out, as he rush'd tow'rd's him thro' the Ring,
 What strange new God does this loud Babbler sing:
 I sing that God, *Hymnotheo* made reply,
 Whom when you know, you'll sing as well as I;
 He's such a God, whom all the World must own,
 Must love, desire, adore, as soon as known;

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 Vol. II

Had all Mankind full Liberty to say,
 What should that *Numen* be they would obey ;
 Love infinite they for their God would choose,
 None to that Choice could their Consent refuse ;
 All must Love God, who study God to know,
 Must to the Source of Love re-overflow ;
 Our God is boundless Love, whom we adore,
 Our God is perfect Loveliness all o're ;
 A Love, and Loveliness Immense, inclose
 All the Attractives which to Love dispose ;
 To love Almighty, we in Dangers fly,
 On Love immensely tender we rely ;
 Love All-sufficient in all Needs, and prone
 To succour all who make to Him their moan ;
 To love God here below with utmost Might,
 Is our Souls Duty, Element, Delight ;
 In Love all our Religion is contain'd,
 By Love it o're the World the Conquest gain'd ;
 Saints of the Realm, of Love must Subjects be,
 And sing Love Hymns to the co-lovely Three ;
 If to the Christian Church you'll with me go,
 The Dwelling-place of Heav'nly Love below ;
 You there shall learn Love boundless to revere,
 And of the Realm of Love the Graces hear ;
 Our God has now Love infinite disclos'd,
 To Lovers, all Heav'ns Treasures are propos'd ;
 We thus first lov'd, should love the Love divine,
 And with his Church, in Hymning Love combine.
 The Name of Love Immense, made all the Throng,
 To hear a Hymn of that dear Subject, long ;

To the Church Porch they follow him, and there
 He takes his Stand, and sounds preludial Air;
 Ord'ring the sacred Quire to interpose
 Their Hallelujahs, when each Hymn should close;
 Ejaculations for Celestial Aid

He sent to Heav'n, e're to his Hymn he play'd.

Father, Son, Holy Ghost, to whose great Name
 I offer'd my baptismal Virgin Flame;
 How shall I love, and hymn Thee as I ought,
 Who dost exceed the utmost Flight of Thought;
 My Song would fly much loftier, could my Heart
 More clearly see how amiable thou art;
 Faith can reach farther than Thought comprehends,
 Aspiring Love our feeble Faith transcends;
 Love, thou immens'est Power of humane Race,
 Teach me of God Triune the Loves to trace.
 Great Godhead, Thou couldst never idle be,
 Thou art eternal, pure A&tivity;
 Of Life created, Motion is the Sign,
 And A&t co-eval is with Life divine;
 Couldst thou one Moment from pure A&t desist,
 Thou, Lord, wouldst cease that Moment to exist;
 What hadst thou from Eternity to do?
 What wond'rous boundless Thing didst thou pursue?
 Immense, Eternal, purely A&tive Might,
 Must needs exert some A&t that's Infinite;
 That A&t eternal must be from within,
 All out of Godhead must in Time begin;
 That A&t, we Self-Communication call,
 For nothing less exhausts thy boundless All;

Nothing but thy Self could Thee employ,
When by thy Self, Thou didst thy Self enjoy;
Justly we then, Great God, ascribe to Thee
Infinite Communicability;
What thus Thou always couldst, Thou must effect;
This from thy Active Nature we collect;
Thy necessary Acts eternal be,
Thou always art outflowing Deity;
Communication a Distinction makes,
For where one gives, another from him takes;
The Self-originated Father gave,
All that a Co-eternal Son could have;
The Son deriv'd, could not the Fountain be,
Though in the Self-same Godhead both agree;
Strange Generation this! Father and Son
Co-eval, two distinct, and yet but one!
As Light from Light, thus God from Godhead
(streams,
God still from God deriving is his Beams;
God flowing out, and God deriving join,
In Deity Complacing, and are Trine;
As the two Eyes, two Species entertain,
Which both make but one Species in the Brain;
Father and Son, by love Co-unal fir'd,
The gracious Co-eternal Dove co-spir'd;
He with both co-existent, from both flows,
And unto both co-equal Godhead owes;
God shines his Son, the Son God's shine reflects,
Love co-immense flows from their co-respects;

356 *Hymnotheo* : Or,

God Flows, Derives, Loves, is three Acts distinct,
A Three co-eval in one Essence link'd;
God can exist, nor more, nor less than Three,
'Tis Self-complacence bounds Infinity;
In our own Souls, which way they e're incline,
We may experiment how Three combine;
Soul actuates, Soul in desire propends,
Soul thinks on that, to which its Passion tends;
Co-eval Actuation, Thought, Desire,
In the same Soul, unmultipl'd conspire;
Thus Three Co-eval Acts, we God believe,
Three, which in God distinctly we conceive;
Thus should three Suns break out by Will divine,
They would emit distinct triunal shine.

The Power of God's Paternal filial Love,
The over-shadowing of the Heav'nly Dove;
To Honour humble *Mary*, all combin'd,
When for the Mother of God-Man design'd;
Thou Father, Word, and Spirit ever-blest'd,
Thy Unity in Heaven dost co-atteft,
With thy Triunal Name all Saints are seal'd,
At the Immersion of God-man reveal'd;
The Father's Love, the Son's redeeming Might,
And holy Spirit's Grace in Saints unite;
By Triune Rays, thy Union we discern,
By Life, Light, Love diffus'd, thy Presence learn.

Triune *I am*, forgive me if I aim,
In bounded Song to Hymn thy boundless Name;
I a firm Faith, yet Ignorance confess,
Faith that shall Curiosity suppress;

How

How the bless'd Three are one, how they proceed,
Are Mysteries appropriate to my Creed;
Each Plant, Worm, Mite, each Pebble we behold,
Strange Wonders unexplainable enfold;
And when God's meanest Works our reach transcend,
Shall we to fathom God Himself pretend?
Man here, Lord, darkly at a Distance sees
Thy Nature, thy Perfections, thy Decrees;
We Thee incomprehensible adore,
The Saints in Glory know, and hymn Thee more;
In being Infinite, Perfections are,
Of different Kind to what the Finite share;
Acts immanent, Modes, Persons, which in vain,
We strive by our own Model to explain;
For one born Blind, should you make labour'd

(Schemes,

And paint direct, reflex'd, refracted Beams;
Light he ne'er saw, and though he lends you Ear,
Can of those Beams have no Idea clear;
Though he perceive not what by Sun is meant,
Gives to the Being of the Sun Assent;
Thus we to God our scanty Terms apply,
Unable to explain Triunity;
We use them only the true Faith to fence,
Of Godhead Trine, unspeakably Immense;
One boundless God, whom all Mankind believe,
They can as little as Trine God conceive;
Enough we know, Love heav'nly to excite,
The more we Love, the more will be our Light.

Z 3

Thou

Thou thrice thy Self, thrice loving to Mankind,
 Thou thrice belov'd of each enamour'd Mind;
 Fontal, Deriv'd, Co-effluent, One, Trine,
 Mind, Mem'ry, Will, to hymn Thee shall combine;
 To the Co-une, Co-amiable Three,
 Co-ardent Love, Co-equal Praises be.

The Faithful then, who in the Temple staid,
 Which they endur'd no Pagan to invade;
 Trisagian sang in full harmonious Quire,
 'Till good *Hymnotheo* re-assum'd his Lyre.
 Paternal God, Thou Fontal Love immense,
 To love laps'd Mortals graciously propense;
 From thy free Love, all Gifts, all Graces flow,
 To that I all my Joys of Pardon owe;
 Since all I am, have, hope for, Lord, is thine,
 Exalt my Powers to hymn thy Love divine.

Great God, who all Things good and lovely made,
 And with Complacence all his Works survey'd;
 When in laps'd Man, and Angels he foresaw,
 Audacious Violations of his Law;
 His Order in the Universe disturb'd,
 The Outrages of Rebels when uncurb'd;
 When he beheld his Image quite defac'd,
 And all the Lines of Loveliness eras'd;
 His Love, which he engrav'd on human Mind,
 Turn'd opposite to all that he enjoin'd;
 While in his Place, Self-love the Heart possess'd,
 And to maintain its Empire held contest;
 How ev'ry hard'n'd Sinner had the Will
 God to dethrone, could he his Wish fulfil;

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Just Hatred, Wrath, Disdain, the Godhead seiz'd,
By finite Victims not to be appeas'd;
His Word, which out of nothing all produc'd,
Might strait have all Vitality unfluc'd;
But pure Annihilation would have been
Indulgence, more than Punishment for Sin;
And Sinners might securely God offend,
Should no dire Retributions Guilt attend;
God to assert his Honour was engag'd,
While by Propitiation unasswag'd;
God might, when He both Bands of Rebels ey'd,
To both have Bliss unmerited deny'd;
But while his Justice the fall'n Angels dooms
To live tormented in Sulphureous Fumes;
Pure boundless Pity yearn'd on Man alone,
On Man, full Ripe for his Aversion grown;
O wond'rous Love, beyond all Hope or Thought,
Which for fall'n Man such great Salvation
(wrought!

Lord, what is Man, compos'd of equal lay
With vilest Worms, but far more Vile than they!
Brutes by Instinct, their Nature's Law fulfil,
And 'till abus'd by Man, effect no ill;
Man, who has nobler Reason for his Guide,
Corrupts himself, and all the World beside;
Lord, what is Man, Thou should'st his Sight endure,
Vain, frail, abominable, proud, impure!
Lord, what is Man, Thou should'st this difference
(make,
And save him worthless for pure Mercy's sake!

Should thy soft Pity Angels raise from Hell,
 Their nobler Make, would Man in Hymns excel.
 But Thou who canst create unnumb'ed Kinds
 Of purer, nobler, God adoring Minds;
 Who Men and Angels should in Hymns exceed,
 Of Praise from Men, and Angels hadst no need.

Angels were pitch'd, at a celestial Height,
 They saw thy Glory by their Morning Light;
 Men form'd of Earth, to live on Earth design'd,
 Steer'd not by Sight, but Faith, were less refin'd;
 They at Creation were of Heav'n possess'd,
 Man languish'd here, to be with Angels bless'd;
 They out of wilful Malice were defil'd,
 Man by the subtle Tempter was beguil'd;
 They free from Clogs of Flesh, which Man depress,
 Fell from a greater Grace, and Man from less;
 They had converse with the supernal Quire,
 Might from their Ardors have refresh'd their Fire;
 Man was alone 'till God his Consort made,
 Who tempted first by Satan, Man betray'd;
 The Angels Sin, each singular respects,
 No Angel's Guilt Impurity trajects;
 But by the Guilt of the primeval Pair,
 All their Descendents in their Ruine share; (seiz'd,
 They when they sinn'd, with Rage, not Grief were
 Were for their Loss, not for their Sin, displeas'd;
 Man having fall'n, felt Conscience him upbraid,
 To fly from God, he seeks the thickest Shade;
 Remorse, Dread, Shame, the guilty Two torment,
 They their residuous Days in Mourning spent;

When

When thus fall'n Man and Angels I compare,
Men methinks most commiserable are.
Lord, what is Man, who could such Love reject,
The most thy providential Love neglect;
Some who their Cure well know, will not be heal'd,
From Lands brutis'd Salvation is conceal'd;
None shall be damn'd, but who have Love despis'd,
The more Degrees contemn'd, the more chastis'd;
And Christians, who redeeming Love oppose,
Shall groan in most accumulated Woes;
Of boundless Love Thou dost free Offer make,
'Tis our own Fault, if we our Bliss forsake;
To Angels fall'n, hadst Thou such Love proclaim'd,
Such Love might the worst Devils have inflam'd;
Their penitential Tears had quench'd Hell-fire,
Had strove lost Heav'n, and Love to re-acquire;
Thou, gracious Lord, in thy Omniscient View,
Saw that thy boundless Love would gain but few;
And of the Few, who Love for Love return,
Many are oft Lukewarm, and rarely burn;
May I among those Lovers be enroll'd,
Who feel an ardent Love, which ne'er grows cold.

Apostate Spirits had just God blasphem'd,
Had he without a Ransom Man redeem'd;
God Filial, who in Mercy takes delight,
With Fontal God in Love co-infinite;
Offer'd himself at his dread Father's Throne
A Sacrifice, his Justice to atone;
God's Justice then, and Mercy had full Scope,
To work his Glory, and the Sinners Hope;

Paternal

Paternal God, with complacential Eyes,
 Accepts the free, the boundless Sacrifice;
 Unfathom'd Love and Wisdom then decreed,
 Incarnate God should for the Sinner bleed:
 Though thy Perfections, Lord, no Limits know,
 Thou couldst not greater Love on Man bestow;
 The Infinite could nothing greater give
 Than his Co-infinite, that Man might live.

To save us by pure Love, was thy Intent,
 Pure Love, my God, which should our Love pre-
 (vent;
 Pure boundless Love, which should our Love exhaust,
 And nobler Love excite, than that we lost;
 Since 'twas much greater Love fall'n Man to save,
 Than that which first unspotted Being gave
 In Man's Formation all Things Thee obey'd,
 The pliant Clay no Opposition made;
 But when Thou would'st a-new create Mankind,
 Concupiscence, which had enslav'd his Mind,
 All the soft yearnings of thy Love repell'd,
 Against pure, infinite, free Love rebell'd;
 Thy Attributes, by Sin were all defy'd,
 Thy Love, by Man's Resistance magnify'd;
 Love, which from nothing would our Love renew,
 And strong Repugnance by soft Love subdue;
 O Love! which would the more to Man abound,
 The more it hateful Aversion found;
 God could not save us a more Godlike Way,
 Or more Benignity of Love display.

But

But since Love should be free, our Love to gain,
 Thou, Lord, wouldst Love attract, but not constrain;
 Thou didst the chief Inflammatory provide,
 Which ever kindles Love when 'tis apply'd;
 To keep Love always tender, free, in Fear,
 Meek, humble, watchful, and in filial Fear;
 Resign'd and Patient under thy light Yoke,
 Abhorring Sins, which thy dread Wrath provoke;
 Thou of our Fall hast left sad Marks behind,
 For constant Exercise of Love design'd;
 Toil, Misery, Sicknefs, Death, Temptation, Care,
 Of Sin, and of thy Wrath, Memento's are:
 And inbred Lust, which wars against the Mind,
 Which only Love divine in Chains can bind;
 All sweet'ned, and all conquer'd by thy Aid,
 All of victorious Love the Trophies made;
 All to the endless Good of Lovers tend,
 Who feel no Pain, but when they Love offend;
 All for Contrition, and for Hymn dispose,
 Combining our Deliv'rance and our Woes.

When I thy Love revolve, my Soul runs o're,
 I love thee, Lord, but fain would love thee more;
 Love, which gave filial God for me to die,
 To thy true Lovers nothing can deny:
 Give me as boundless Love as I desire,
 In Love to think, speak, live, and to expire.

The Chorus saw *Hymnotheo's* Song conclude,
 And sounded the harmonious Interlude:
 They sang the Hymn in a sweet solemn Tone,
 Which twice twelve Elders sing before the Throne.

But

But strait *Hymnotheo*, who could never Tire,
In hymning Love divine resum'd his Lyre.

Eternal Word, when I thy Love remind,
My Verse, my Thought, my Love, are too confin'd;
I strive to sing, desponding I give o're,
In Silence then thy boundless Love adore;
Love will not with my Silence rest content,
I strive again my Love in Hymn to vent;
How to begin my Hymn, I do not know,
This Line too scanty is, and that too low;
Love cannot long lye on this am'rous Rack,
Into a melting Silence I fall back;
With *JESUS* Name I then begin my Strains,
That Name sweet Soul-transporting Love contains;
On that dear Name, my Thoughts inhabit long,
And Admiration steals away my Song;
Love when admir'd, will greater Love excite,
Greater the Love, less able to indite;
Yet to indite, it still makes fresh Essays,
And when it cannot hymn, it softly prays.

Lord, who the Tongue didst of the Dumb un-
(loose,

The Grace of Hymn into my Lips infuse;
Hymn is the native Speech of Love divine,
Pure Love and Hymn, in blissful Spirits join;
The Prayers of Love, God's tenderest Bowels pierce,
My Soul brake out into Christ-Hymning Verse.

Great Filial God, who art enthron'd on high,
With Fountal God of equal Deity;

By

The Penitent.

365

By mighty Power Thou all Things didst produce,
And with Benignity alike diffuse;
Dost all thy Works agreeably sustain;
And over Heav'n and Earth extend thy Reign;
The Angels Thee in Songs eternal Praise,
Saints strive to emulate their ard'rous Lays;
Nor Saints, nor Angels, can their Subject reach
Above the Force of all seraphick Speech;
Each Hymn they sing, exhausts their hymning Store,
And they in Silence would thy Love adore;
But Thou, Great Source of Love, dost feed the
(Stream,
Supply'd by Thee, they hymn their glorious Theam;
'Tis Thou alone, who giv'st them Power to sing,
Their little Rills add nothing to the Spring;
Thy Creatures can no Drop to Thee impart,
Thou to thy Self, Lord, All-sufficient art;
Thou fillest all imaginable Space,
Earth is thy Footstool, Heav'n thy Dwelling-place;
What mov'd Thee, Lord, thy heav'nly Throne to
(quit,
And on thy Footstool condescend to sit;
Didst Thou intend thy Glories to display,
And shew this World thy Majestick Ray;
To make low Earth a beatifick Sphere,
And give the Vision of thy Godhead here;
That all thy Creatures might thy Glory own,
And in loud Hymns pay Homage to thy Throne;
To make Hell-Powers revere thy awful Name,
And their rebellious Outrages disclaim?

No,

366 *Hymnotheo: Or,*

No, Lord, Thou didst this wond'rous Change em-
Thy Self not to exalt, but to debase; (brace,
To wear our mortal Flesh, was thy design,
And humane Nature wed to the Divine.

Lord, what is Man, had he continu'd pure,
Thou should'st thy Godhead in his Flesh immure;
Form'd by thy Self, of like terrestrial Oar,
Of which vile Worms were form'd by Thee before?
A Thing of nought, than Vanity more light,
But since the Lapse, a foul, a loathsome Sight;
Sin, Frailty, Fear, Lust, Misery, and Shame,
Ingredients are of his Apostate Frame;
What, O my God, could thy pure Godhead sway,
To stoop to the Assumption of our Clay?

Was it from Love, such Condescension rose?
Love, Loveliness is wont to presuppose;
And sinful Man, who his pure Nature stain'd,
Not the least Line of Loveliness retain'd;
He nothing had, but what should Wrath excite,
And damn his Race to everlasting Night.
O it was Love, nothing but boundless Love,
To such Dignation could thy Godhead move!
Thy Love, all human Thought and Love exceeds,
Infinite Love no Motive ever needs;
Divine Benignity admits no Bound,
And pities those whom Justice might confound;
But Thou, All-gracious, didst a *medium* find,
Which Love and Justice amicably join'd;
Thou to thy Father didst thy self present
A Mediator, Vengeance to prevent.

My

The Penitent

367

My God, when thy Benignity design'd,
To take on Thee the Nature of Mankind ;
Since in Creation of our Fontal Sire,
The Co-essential Three would all conspire ;
Much rather should the Three Co-une combine,
To build a Temple, Godhead to enshrine ;
A Form most lovely, glorious, and refin'd,
Like Man Ideal in Eternal Mind ;
But, Lord, thy Love had a much humbler Aim,
And chose a Form expos'd to Grief and Shame ;
A Form, which though immaculately pure,
Should all the Wrath due to curs'd Sin endure ;
A Form, not of a Sovereign, but a Slave,
Which all Prerogatives of God should wave ;
Of Woes Thou hadst a confluent Train,
Reproach, Contempt, Want, Sorrow, Weakness,
(Pain ;

Perpetual Contradictions were thy Lot,
At Thee all Hell their fiery Arrows shot ;
Thy Miracles were Diabolick styl'd,
Thy Holiness unblameable revil'd ;
Thy Heav'n-attested Doctrine disbeliev'd,
Thy Love by Hearts hard and ungrateful griev'd ;
Judaick, Pagan, and Infernal Spite,
To Outrage, to torment Thee, spent their Might ;
'Till Thou wert nail'd, wert crucifi'd for those,
Thou saw'st thy Love, and their own Bliss oppose ;
What wond'rous Love is this, to stoop so low ?
Too great for any but God-man to show ;

Such

Such was the Cup Thou didst for Sinners drink;
 But thy internal Sorrows, who can think?
 The boundless Load of Guilt upon Thee laid,
 God's dreadful Wrath, which down thy Spirit
 (weigh'd;

And the Infinity of thy Distress,
 In Deity withdrawn, who can express?
 In Silence we thy inward Grievs bemoan,
 Verse cannot Sorrows sing which are unknown.

Such mighty Woes thy Love for me sustain'd,
 I'll now recount what Love for me has gain'd;
 My Sins are pardon'd, and God's Wrath pleas'd;
 My Weakness strengthen'd, and my Conscience eas'd;
 My Guilt from everlasting Torments freed,
 All Blessings promis'd which my Soul can need;
 My Sorrows sweeten'd, inbred Lust restrain'd,
 Death conquer'd, and the Tempter's Malice chain'd;
 A gracious Answer to each faithful Prayer,
 Entire repose on God's Paternal Care;
 My Duty to congenial Frailty siz'd,
 God's fully'd Image in my Soul repris'd;
 The Holy Spirit Templing in my Heart,
 All Super-human Influence to impart;
 The Joys, the Glories of the Heav'nly Sphere,
 Bestow'd on Love imperfect; if sincere;
 From JESUS's Love, these Blessings take their rise,
 The Purchase bears proportion to the Price;
 My Lord, what wondrous Things dost Thou require
 Of those, who to thy endless Love aspire?

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 Vol. III

But Thou dost nothing difficult enjoin,
We only are to love the Love divine;
And thy own Love, Thou to our Love hast made,
Reward, Example, Object, Motive, Aid.

Love! thy Infinity to me disclose,
With love to hymn Thee; all my Pow'rs dispose;
Thee only I invoke, Thou best canst teach
Thy own pure Love, transcending Angels reach;
Should Seraphs into me their Love inspire,
I by God-man Redeemed should yet want Fire;
They for creating them love God; but I
Love God, who out of Love would for me die;
O Love; thy Bounty infinite remains,
And human Need thy Treasure never drains;
Yet at thy Throne I make but one Request,
And 'till 'tis granted, ne'er will give Thee Rest;
With penitential Love my Spirit fill,
Such as Thoughts of thy outrag'd Love instil;
Which rate my Sin; more from thy dol'rous Cross,
Than from the Sense of endless Pain and Loss;
I would weep much, but not for selfish Fear,
Love only sheds the true Heart-breaking Tear;
To grieve thy Love, is antedated Hell,
No Torments those of outward Love excel;
I would my Love in Lamentations spend,
That I so long could boundless Love offend;
Hymn with my Lamentations shall keep Pace,
When I recal thy dear preventing Grace;
In weeping Love, there Water is and Fire,
Both Elements harmoniously conspire;

370 *Hymnotheo* : Of,

By sweet Antiperistasis they strive
Each other to foment, and keep alive;
All-lovely, and all Love, I live in Pain,
'Till I first lov'd, become all Love again;
To rise from Love to Love shall be my Aim,
From Penitent, to beatifick Flame.

BOOK XIII.

Hymnotheo then, a while his Hand withdrew,
The Quire took from his silent Strings their Que;
And sang the Song Saints sing to the Lamb slain,
Which rais'd this fresh inflammatory Strain.

Come Holy Ghost, and on my Spirit rest,
With Love and Admiration fill my Breast;
Of sacred Poetry, the native Springs,
Of sacred Poets, the appropriate Wings;
Help me, from thy own Breath, in thy own Lays,
At thy own Pitch, thy Love immense to Praise.

Eternal Spirit, Glory be to Thee,
Third of the Blessed Co-everlasting Three;
By Filial and Paternal God co-spir'd,
By Lovers co-ador'd, and co-admir'd;
In Wisdom, Goodness, Power, co-infinite,
Co-hymn'd by all Inhabitants of Light;
Who at Creation didst from Heav'n descend,
Life-giving Plumes o're Chaos to extend;
The great Terraqueous System co-produce,
To all Things co-assign their Place and Use;
The various Orbs Celestial co-expand,
Adorn'd with Stars by thy Almighty Hand;
And into Man, to Rule this World design'd,

Co-

The Penitent. 371

Co-breath a pure, immortal, God-like Mind;
Thee, Lord we praise, to our unworthy Race,
Co-effluentia Source of Heav'nly Grace;
Thou didst in ancient Saints and Prophets dwell,
Thou didst inspire them *JESUS* to foretel;
Thou Sov'reign Truth, didst fill each hallow'd
Enlarge his Soul, thy Dictates to imbibe; (Scribe;
They rais'd by Thee to super-human height,
Could Sacred Writ infallibly indite;
Thou, when Tradition could not Truth ensure;
Celestial Laws by Writing didst secure;
All that of God or Heav'n we clearly know,
We to thy gracious Inspirations owe.

Thou in the Womb of *Mary*, ever-blest'd,
Didst Form a Temple by God-man possess'd;
Thy boundless Love unmeasurably fill'd,
With Gifts and Grace, the Temple Thou didst build;
Thou didst at *Jordan* rest on *JESUS* Head,
By Thee He was into the Desert led;
Thou of the heav'nly Unction wast the Spring,
To consecrate him Prophet, Priest, and King;
And from the Womb, 'till He his Throne regain'd,
Thy Love his Soul conducted and sustain'd;
With Filial God thy Goodness co-inclin'd,
To perfect the Salvation of Mankind;
From *JESUS* Fulness Thou in Rills dost Stream,
To cherish all whom *JESUS* Wounds redeem;
Thou, on the Chaos of laps'd Man didst spread
Enliv'ning Wings, to raise him from the Dead;
Who lay in Sin and Error dark and rude,
Deform'd, confus'd, 'till by thy Might renew'd;

372 *Hymnotheo* : Or,

Thou Fontal Holiness dost Souls incline,
 To Copy the Original Divine;
 By Thee we at the Font are born again,
 Thou Ghostly Life dost kindle and maintain;
 The vital Love which Souls from Thee derive,
 Thy Lovers actuates and keeps alive;
 All Praise to Thee, our Love, our All is Thine,
 Bless'd Third of the Co-amiable Trine;
 Lord, when thy Wings o're *JESUS* were display'd,
 New milky Way through the Expanse they made;
 The Father's Love to his beloved Son,
 That complacential Track of Glory run;
 Through the same Track of Light, on me descend,
 From Love Paternal, through Love Filial tend;
 No Way but this thy boundless Love can find,
 To pass the Gulph of Wrath to laps'd Mankind;
 Sow in my Heart the Truths thou hast reveal'd,
 That they a Hundred-fold of Love may yield;
 O may thy Love all Sensual Love destroy,
 Raise languishing Desire and Heav'nly Joy;
 Fervent Devotion and assiduous Prayer,
 God-hymning Zeal, and a Self-jealous Care;
 A deep Contrition, and Heart-breaking Tears,
 An humble Self-distrust, and tender Fears;
 True Wisdom, Wiles Satannick to oppose,
 And underminings of Self-love disclose;
 A Faith as firm, as if I walk'd by Sight,
 Entire Recumbence on thy gracious Might;
 A lively Hope, antipathy to ill,
 A perfect Resignation to thy Will;

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Give me a Love meek, lowly, and content,
Soft, Sympathizing, and Beneficent ;
Be Thou my Comforter in all my Woe,
Dispose me Martyrs Pains to undergo ;
Be Thou my Advocate, my Cause to plead,
With Sighs and Groans for me to interceed ;
Check and convince me when I go astray,
Lead and uphold me in the narrow Way ;
May I thy Motions thankfully receive,
O may I never more thy Goodness grieve ;
Thy Inspirations never more repel,
Or 'gainst thy Love confederate with Hell ;
Thy own Impressions on my Spirit seal,
May I all filial soft Affections feel ;
Call God my Father, with a Conscience clear,
And call Thee Witness, that I am sincere.

Thou, Lord, art Heav'nly Fire, by flame divine,
Our Spirits to illumine, melt, refine ;
Life-giving Streams from Thee their Fountain roll,
To satiate sacred Thirst, and wash the Soul ;
Thou precious Ointment art, to ease our Pain,
And troubled Souls with Cordials to sustain ;
Thou on the Spouse's spicy Beds dost blow,
'Till od'rous Breathings o're the Garden flow ;
Be Thou, my God, Fire, Water, Ointment, Wind,
To warm, cleanse, supple, fertilize my Mind ;
My Soul Guide, Quicken, Fix, Support and Heal,
Let me thy Presence in my Spirit feel ;
When I of Heav'n have had this previous Taste,
Ah this short Life will then too slowly waste !

O may my Love, of *JESUS* ever sing,
 And tow'rd's his Throne be always on the Wing;
 In Heav'nly Virtues, and in wond'rous Powers,
 Thou on thy Saints cam'st down in radiant Showers;
 No Raptures I, no wond'rous Gifts implore,
 O give me Love, and I will ask no more;
 Thou from the Father and the Son dost flow,
 To Thee we all Co-equal Praises owe;
 We to thy Fontal Love, Love-drops repay,
 And faint Reflections of thy boundless Ray.
 When *Solomon* the stately Temple rear'd,
 A Cloud of Glory through the Arch appear'd;
 From *Israel*, Lord, Thou didst thy Glory shroud,
 They only saw thy Presence in a Cloud;
 Enter, my God, unvall'd, into my Mind,
 Spirit with Spirit join, leave Cloud behind;
 Thou, Lord, wilt drive, at thy first gracious Ray,
 Sin, Error, and Impurity away;
 Soon as Thou in thy little Temple art,
 The Sacrifice shall be my broken Heart;
 Thy Throne my Will, the Incense, Pray'r, Alms,
 On pure Intention I'll thy Altar raise; (Praise,
 My Fire of Love tow'rd's Thee its Flames shall point,
 Thou wilt my Spirit for the Priest anoint;
 So shall I be all that Thou dost require,
 Priest, Temple, Throne, Lamb, Altar, Incense, Fire.

Hymnotheo paus'd his Ardours to recruit,
 The Saints, the Chorus to his Song to sute,
 Began the Hymn, the Apostolick Quires
 Sang, when upon their Heads fell Tongue-like Fires,

To

To their last Hallelujah when they came,
Hymnotheo re-enforc'd his Heav'nly Flame.

Eternal Spirit, boundless Source of Grace,
Help me thy influential Love to trace ;
That I in humble Verse may Heav'n ascend,
And o're the Realm of Love my View extend.

Paternal God, in Love to laps'd Mankind,
Had his lov'd Son for Sacrifice resign'd ;
And Filial God upon the Cross had bled,
With human Guilt translated on his Head ;
Had dy'd, had been entomb'd, had rose again,
To perfect Love, nothing could now remain
But that the Spirit should his Beams disclose,
And on the Saints, as on their Lord, repose ;
The wish'd for Morn expanse began to guild,
When *JESUS* Promise was to be fulfill'd

The Saints all Meeting in the upper Room,
Their Pray'r flew up like odorif'rous Fume ;
The Pray'r flew first of *Mary* ever-blest'd,
Her Love invigorating all the rest ;

To the third Hour they Hymns and Pray'rs extend,
All wait to see the Holy Ghost descend ;

With longing they the Kingdom there expect,
Which *JESUS* was by Promise to erect ;

When He sent down the Co-eternal Dove,

To found the universal Realm of Love ;
Down from high Heav'n rush'd a strong gracious
Dispelling Mists, unclouding ev'ry Mind ; (Wind,
The Holy Ghost, in cloven Tongues of Fire,
Fell on the Saints, Truth Heav'nly to inspire.

God, who *Betzaleel's* Soul with Wisdom fill'd,
The Ark for his dread Shechinah to build;
Now for a nobler Work his Vot'ries chose,
And would with nobler Wisdom them dispose;
And unto all He to the Work inclin'd,
He proper, choice Celestial Gifts assign'd;
The Gift, all Tongues to speak, and to expound,
Which rose at *Babel*, Sinners to confound;
That to all Climates, in their native Speech,
Of Love Triune, they might the Wonders preach;
The Gift of Miracles to help Distress,
To heal the Sick, and Devils dispossess;
In which Benignity, with Power Divine,
To charm Man's Love, should in sweet Concord join;
The Gift, all human Spirits to inspect,
And false Imaginations to detect;
All Tendencies, all Tempers to descry,
All Truths to Time proportion and apply;
To rectify the Mind propense to ill,
And to Celestial Love reclaim the Will;
The Gift of Prophecy, which should foreswear
All needful future Things which Saints should
(know;
To teach them constant Heav'nly-minded Care,
And Lovers for all Trials to prepare;
The Gift of Knowledge fully to conceive,
And to expound the Myst'ries we believe;
Dim Types, and dark Predictions to explain,
And Souls to love, by lovely Motive's Train;
That

That Lovers guided by unnerring Light,
Should live by Faith, but languishing for Sight;
The Gift of Wisdom, all Things to contrive,
Love to enkindle, heighten, and revive;
And the Apostates, who have Love despis'd,
To Satan, to yield up to be chastis'd;
The Gift of Utterance, Slander to o'recome,
Baffle Blasphemers, and strike Tyrants dumb;
The Gift, fit Instruments of Love to choose,
And their own Powers miraculous transfuse;
Such and all supernatural Gifts beside,
Souls to Illuminate, Conviſt, and Guide;
Such were the Gifts which down God's Spirit
(show'rd,

When He the Heralds of his Love empow'rd.

The wondrous Gift which from the Spirit came,
Serv'd rather to enlighten, than enflame;
Love takes from Love connaturally Fire,
And Lovers Love Divine can best transpire;
To actuate the Gifts which He instill'd,
With Heav'nly Love He then his Vot'ries fill'd;
Love, which should influence their capacious Sphere,
Love, which surmounted all degen'rate Fear;
Love, which was warm'd with pure unwearied
(Zeal;
Love, which could triumph on the Rack and Wheel;
Love, which concupiscential Rage could quell;
Love, which victorious was o're Death and Hell;
Love, which kept God still in the Lover's sight;
Love, which all others would to love invite;

The

The Grace of Hymn all others to compleat,
 To sing God's Love with God-enamour'd Heat;
 Which Lampent Love should o're all Regions spread,
 In Hymns should super-effluences shed;
 And raise in all the World's remotest Parts,
 A Conflagration of Heav'n-kindled Hearts;
 From Love soft Souls Inflammatories took,
 And living in the World, the World forfook;
 All Truths Divine, which Lovers sang or preach'd,
 With gracious Might attentive Hearers reach'd;
 Truth fir'd by Love, unnumber'd Conquests gain'd,
 God-hymning Love in ev'ry Nation reign'd;
 Hearts philtred by Concupiscence impure,
 Would not the Force of Heav'nly Love endure;
 As when an Arch-Magician tries his Skill,
 To make an *Adder* pliant to his Will;
 The Brute his warbled Murmurs will not hear,
 Nor in his Circle Magical appear;
 His Hell-assisted Incantation flights,
 And for his Charm the very Charmer bites:
 Self-loving Dotards, thus to Heav'n averse,
 Resist that Light which should their Clouds disperse;
 Enslav'd by Lust, their Freedom they abhor, (war;
 'Gainst Love immense, which should redeem them,
 And by fierce Hellish Persecutions strive,
 Out of the World Celestial Love to drive;
 But Love, the more its Empire they oppose,
 By Opposition more Illustrious grows;
 The impious World unbounded Goodness hates,
 God, Souls by Love, and not by Number, rates;

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He in each Age will Lovers have Eleſt,
Who will his Love with mutual Love reflect.
The Saints inſpir'd, at God's ſole Glory aim'd,
And that the World might be the more enſlam'd,
By the Idea which Bleſſed JESUS gave, (ſave;
They built the Ark which ſhould lapſ'd Mortals
At *Salem* they the Realm of Love began,
Of the diffuſive Church they form'd the Plan;
Of Love Divine Saints there the Temple mold,
Which ſhould in Gifts and Grace outſhine the old;
God-man, ſole King, ſits in his Realm enthron'd,
Whoſe boundleſs Love offended God atton'd;
The Love Triune, which to fall'n Man inclin'd,
When the fall'n Angels were to Wrath conſign'd;
God for the great Inflammative decreed,
Which ſhould Man's Love with conſtant Fewel feed,
That no ſtrange Fire their Holocauſts ſhould burn,
And Love for Love they might in kind return;
And as their daily Sacrifice conſum'd, (perſum'd,
Their Pray'rs were with ſweet JESUS Name
All-lovely JESUS, none but Lovers choſe
For Subjects, his Empire to compoſe;
He Trials gave of Love to ev'ry Soul,
Whom He vouchſaf'd for Subjects to enrol;
Love is the firſt, the great Command, the Teſt,
The Sov'reign Law, including all the reſt;
The Evangelick Code on Love depends,
That Syllable all Duty comprehends;
Love's the Propenſive Fontal of our Wills,
From that all Paſſions are but various Rills;

Our

Our Love can never rise to an Excess,
 Within no Bounds can ever acquiesce ;
 Love to Perfection ever strives to soar,
 When it loves most, grieves it can love no more ;
 Loves God with all the Heart, Soul, Strength, and
 (Mind,

Loves boundless Love, with a Love unconfin'd.

When first we to Bless'd JESUS Sceptre bow ;
 To keep the Statutes of his Realm we vow ;
 We to our King a firm Allegiance Swear,
 To love Triune we all devoted are ;
 We all are seal'd with the Triunal Name,
 We all the Enemies of Love disclaim ;
 Firm Faith we give to saving Truths reveal'd,
 By Miracles and Resurrection seal'd ;
 All Truths a correspondent Love excite,
 They as congenial are as Heat and Light ;
 Paternal Godhead's providential Care,
 In which Mankind have the most lib'ral share ;
 The Love of Filial God lost Man to save,
 And raise him up to Glory from the Grave ;
 Love of the Spirit, who in Saints abides,
 And sweetly Hearts enflames, refines, and guides ;
 All who believe must Lovers strait commence,
 As their Faith strengthens, Love grows more in-

(tense.

Love is the Badge which JESUS Lovers wear,
 Cemented daily by their mutual Pray'r ;
 To all who from our first form'd Sire descend,
 Our Loves, like God's, soft Mercies should extend ;

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But Saints to Saints by Heav'nly Love ally'd,
Are to a nobler Love more strictly ty'd;
The Church like one sole-Family appear'd,
The young, like Fathers, aged Saints rever'd;
Old Saints of JESUS Lambs took tender Care,
Equals, like Brethren, might in Love compare;
For publick Sins they weekly Stations kept,
They Fasted, Pray'd, gave lib'ral Alms, and wept;
What one enjoy'd, was common to the rest,
One Purse, one House, one Table they possess'd;
One Spirit seem'd to actuate the Frame,
One Faith, one Love, one Joy, one heav'nly Aim;
All stranger Saints found Home where e're they
(went,

All would with Tears the Lapse of one lament;
They nurs'd the Sick, they ev'ry Want reliev'd,
Condol'd and comforted the Souls who griev'd;
With charitable Kisses seal'd their Pray'r, (pare;
The Rich, Love-Feasts would for the Poor pre-
Even Infidels their mutual Love confess'd,
While they the Grace which they admir'd oppress'd;
They visited the Jayles and Mines, where Saints
Felt loathsome and calamitous Restraints; (Chains,
Warm Pray's they made for Martyrs, kiss'd their
Brought Ghostly Cordials to allay their Pains;
Meek Martyrs, who no Outrage would provoke,
And for the Villains pray'd, who gave the Stroke;
Saints dress'd the Martyrs Wounds, and cleans'd the
Gore,
Honour'd the Marks of JESUS which they wore;
They

They fearless them attended to the Stake;
 Of their dear Reliques sacred care to take;
 With Spices to embalm their hallowed Clay,
 And to their Graves with Rev'rence to convey;
 Of Death Saints liv'd in View, but not in dread,
 Bless'd *JESUS* Body was their daily Bread;
 They who the same both Faith and Love profess'd;
 Liv'd in dear sweet Communion like the Bless'd;
 To Praise, Adore, Love, Hymn the Love divine,
 Like Saints in Glory, was their chief Design;
 Heresies, Faith which Love excites, confound,
 Schism, Discords, rais'd Loves Harmony to drown'd:
 But *JESUS* in his Realm Vice-gerents plac'd
 To keep Faith uncorrupted, and Love chaste;
 Who should of *JESUS* Pastoral Love partake,
 And feed his Flock beloved for Love's sake;
 Who should from Him alone Commissions hold,
 And be successive Pastors to his Fold.

By *JESUS* Rules, his Substitutes select,
 The Hierarchy determin'd to Erect;
 They all inspir'd, by universal Vote,
 Our Lord's own Kinsman to the Chair promote;
 The Humble *James* o're *Salem* to preside,
 And for that Flock Celestial Food provide;
 God to his *Israel* one High-Priest assign'd,
 While to one Nation He the Church confin'd;
 With Priests, the Temple who in Course supply'd,
 And Levites, to more servile Stations ty'd;
 Of all the Church o're *Palestina* spread,
 Their great High-Priest was God's vicarious Head;

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His hallow'd Unction influenc'd the Land,
And of their Union was the sacred Band;
All the united Members thrice a Year
Commanded were before him to appear;
He was their Oracle, and He alone
Deputed was God's Anger to atone;
One Temple, Priest, and Altar, God ordain'd,
Which Unity of Faith and Love maintain'd;
God-man, whose Love in gracious Oceans Stream'd,
Which had no Shoars, but the whole World Re-
deem'd;

Our great, our sole Archetypal High Priest,
When from the Grave his Body was releas'd,
Made through the Vail supernal his Ascent,
His Blood and Intercession to present;
A numerous High-Priesthood then decreed,
For ever should His Sov'reign one succeed;
In great resorts to fix a Past'ral Chair,
To which the Flock might for due Aids repair;
The Spirit He on the first Mission breath'd,
To the whole Race, his Truth, Peace, Love, be-
(queath'd;

They in the Mother Church the Fabrick rear'd,
James first at Helm the Church *Judaick* steer'd;
Parochial Priests were fix'd in ev'ry Vill,
Who under him should saving Truth instil;
Deacons next chosen were on Priests to tend,
And on the Poor their pious Labours spend;
All were oblig'd their Pastor to revere,
The sole Intelligence who roll'd their Sphere;

And

384 *Hymnotheo: Or,*

And while with him in Union they remain'd,
Their Faith, Peace, Love, were steddy and unstain'd.

With the Primeval Church thus *Salem* blest'd;
The lovely Model gave to all the rest;
Soon o're the Empire, and in Lands remote,
High Priests were fix'd in all Resorts of Note;
And while all Souls to their High Priest adher'd,
Sweet mutual Love their Spirits co-endear'd;
Each Bishop had blest'd *JESUS* Keys to lock,
Or open, the Church Entrance to his Flock;
He faithful Care of Catechumens took,
Their growth in Faith and Love to overlook;
And when he thought them for Communion fit,
Would to the Font Love's Candidates admit;
He, that their Faith and Love might grow adult,
Though Lust, the World, and Hell, should them

(insult;

Impow'r'd by *JESUS*, to their Souls convey'd,
By Confirmation, supplemental Aid;
He Lovers to the Altar would invite,
To raise their Love to a Triumphant height;
Their Love by that immortal Banquet fed,
To Torture and to Martyrdom was bred.
When wanton Souls, who brake Baptifmal Pact,
Would Leagues with Sin, the World, and Hell con-
The Prelate the Adulterers would call, (tract;
Then meekly mind her of her dang'rous Fall;
It warn'd, the Spouse of *JESUS* would abjure,
And mourn for her Adulteries impure;

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Vol. III.

He Penances restorative enjoin'd,
To mortifie the Sin, and purge the Mind;
True Lovers with their Tears her Lapse bewail'd,
And for her Pardon humbly Heav'n assail'd;
When all her Satisfaction were compleat,
She begg'd her Absolution at his Feet;
All Lovers seeing her rekindled Love,
Joy'd for her here, as Angels joy'd above;
But when bold Sinners wholly Love disclaim'd;
Gave publick Scandals, and the Truth defam'd,
Defy'd all sacred Pow'rs, and would endure,
No one Restorative to work their Cure;
He, the Apostates, jealous for his God,
Devoted to the Sin avenging Rod;
Against their Entrance shut the Temple Door,
And to Infernal Fury gave them o're;
Just Doom of Souls to Heav'nly Love unchast,
Down to the Diabolick State debas'd.

Each Pastor, that in his large Flock he might
Raise and augment Celestial Love and Light;
Choice Under-Shepherds carefully Ordain'd,
Their Chief and they the Burthen co-sustain'd;
They Sheep and Lambs with sacred Doctrine fed,
They nourish'd them with Eucharistick Bread;
They in Assemblies offer'd Pray'r and Praise,
In studying Holy Writ spent all their Days;
They bright Examples of true Lovers gave,
They strove all others to enflame and save;
They, as they saw the Tempers of their Sheep,
Would Comfort, Warm, Reprove, Pray, Joy, or Weep;

The State of ev'ry Soul they justly weigh'd,
 And to their Wants due Applications made;
 Wont tenderly Saints dying to frequent,
 Their Love, by their own Fervours, to foment;
 Saints Tears were by their Absolution dry'd,
 And Lovers in their Arms Resign'dly died;
 They of each Soul committed to their Trust,
 Gave their High Priest accounts minute and just;
 Each Bishop Rules took care, to his own Tribe,
 For Decency and Order to prescribe;
 And of his Priests a Council oft to hold,
 The endless Bliss consulting of his Fold;
 All might advise, his Voice Superiour sway'd,
 All to his Negative due defence paid;
 When needful, he would solemn Fasts indict,
 Religiously observ'd in his District;
 Of all the hallow'd Treasure he stood charg'd,
 Which by their Weekly Off'ring Saints enlarg'd;
 The Priests, Church, Poor, due Portions from him
 Himself he to just Competence restrain'd; (gain'd,
 What Lovers gave, on Lovers he bestow'd,
 But Alms to Lovers in Distress o'reflow'd;
 Pride, Av'rice, Pomp, Ambition, then were fled,
 Wealth never was a Prelate's Aim, but dread.

Good Prelates shall Love Catholick maintain,
 In Aristocracy spiritual Reign;
 Till the Church East and West asunder start,
 And into various Subdivisions part;
 Baptismal Faith shall yet be kept entire,
 Though all Hell-Powers to ruine it conspire;

Some

Some Pastors their Commissions may exceed;
 Unnecessary Things may be decreed;
 Mens Minds may differ, yet in Faith agree;
 From damning Error, not from Frailty, free;
 Two Sister Churches may have diff'rent Rite,
 While in Love Catholick they both unite;
 The Saints primeval the Idea are,
 By them the Church must all her practice square;
 They came together, for God's Guidance pray'd,
 Choice of *Matthias* for curs'd *Judas* made;
 And Pastors, when they saw a vacant Chair,
 A Lover for Successor chose by Pray'r;
 And if a Bishop Faith or Love betray'd,
 True Bishops met, the *Judas* to degrade;
 All Vacancies with Lovers they supply'd,
 Who the lov'd Flock with tender Zeal should guide.
 Apostles, though inspir'd, when Doubts arose,
 A Council summon'd, Diff'rence to compose;
 Conducted by the Spirit they implor'd,
 Faith, Peace, and Love, they to the Church restor'd;
 The future Church shall the same Method use,
 When Error shall its Pestilence diffuse;
 And should Inferior Councils strive in vain,
 Bold Errors to suppress; or to restrain;
 The Synods Catholick were all convene,
 Shall still the Storm, and keep the Church serene;
 For Order's sake, One Primacy may claim,
 But none at a Supremacy must aim;
 All like Vice-gerents of bless'd *JESUS* are,
 And in fraternal Love have equal share;

388 *Hymnotheo* : Or,

From *JESUS*, Bishops equal Keys derive,
And *JESUS* like, must not for Empire strive.

The Realm of Love shall soon enlarge its Bound;
Faith arm'd by Love shall Hellish Powers confound;
Love void of Fear, shall o're all Tortures reign,
And o're fierce Tyrants glorious Conquests gain;
Till the curs'd World, when it of Force despairs,
Strives Love to undermine by Wile and Snares;
Baiting the Church with Honour, Pomp, and Gold,
As they prevail, Love Heav'nly will grow cold;
And as Love cools, Zeal for the Faith will freeze,
And Errors Spring by unperceiv'd Degrees;
Priests for dumb Images more Zeal will shew,
Than to retrieve God's Image, they bestow;
Loose Pastors, void of Love, will fall asleep,
Love, which their Hearts would ever watchful keep;
And as they sleep, Mankind's infernal Foe
Among the Corn his baneful Tares will sow;
Schism, Superstition, Heresie, and Vice,
Will from the Enemy of Truth take rise;
Rome will in Time Canonick Bounds disdain,
Faith Catholick with novel Errors stain;
Anathema's against the Faithful breath,
Draw *Peter's* Sword, which *JESUS* bad him sheath;
Yet holy Souls her Thunders shall not fear,
But firm to Apostolick Truth adhere;
Vile Interest, Novelty, Self-love, and Pride,
May Christians into num'rous Sects divide;

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The Penitent. 389

But still God's Lovers shall the Faith retain,
Inflammatives of Love shall still remain;
Sect-Leaders their own Visions may impose,
And the Instable with their Dreams will close;
But all that is in their Professions new,
Men must conclude is needless or untrue;
Should Councils opposite Decisions make,
The humble Souls shall not the Truth mistake;
All-gracious God to all will guide the Way,
Who like *Cornelius* Fast, give Alms, and Pray;
Weeds may a while spring on the Spouse's Beds,
The Flowers amidst those Weeds will raise their
Heads;

And Love will at first Glance discern those Weeds,
From the sweet Lillies where the Bridegroom feeds.

All Lovers Souls are to blest'd *JESUS* dear,
To them He gives Illuminations clear;
No Lover with God's Love preventing fir'd,
In damning Error ever yet expir'd;
May I upon the World no Love transfer,
I then am sure ne'er damnably to err;
No Souls God's Truth abandon or pervert,
But they who first Celestial Love desert;
Our God, their Father, will be styl'd by none,
But those who his pure Church their Mother own;
May I to both live an obedient Child,
And die to both through *JESUS* reconcil'd;

Hymnotheo's Song the Quire harmonious clos'd,
With the same Hymn which *Moses* once compos'd;
B b 3 Sung

Sung still below, sung by the Saints on high,
 Who o're the Beast have gain'd the Victory;
 And to their various Mansions all retreat,
 As Saints the last Doxology repeat;
 Love on their Souls soft deep Impressions made,
 Its gracious Force 'twas irksome to evade;
 God Reigns in Hearts below, in Saints above,
 Not so much by Omnipotence as Love;

When with his double mourneval of Eyes,
Tarantula, a poor *Apulian*, spies;
 And with a fierce Antipathetick spite,
 Has gor'd his Muscles with his venom'd bite;
 While by the Gorings in his Muscles made,
 Through all his Joints strong Poison is convey'd;
 His Friend, a known Musician to him brings,
 To work his Cure by his melodious Strings;
 The Skilful Artist, e're he strikes his Wires,
 The Kind and Colour of the Foe enquires;
 And to the Wretch the Notes specifick plays,
 Which in his Joints exilient Motions raise;
 He falls a Dancing to the pleasing Sound,
 And thus perspires the Poison of his Wound;
Hymnotheo thus, with Observation nice,
 Search'd what foul Fiend, what Error, and what Vice;
 Put ev'ry Rank of *Smyrneots* to distress,
 And suted Hymns their Rage to dispossess;
 And while the proper Hymn and Tune he play'd,
 Conversions num'rous in each Rank he made;
 A Conquest nobler than proud Heroes gain,
 A Subject worthier of heroick Strain;

Well-

Well-meaning Souls, who the glad Tidings heard,
Felt their Lusts quell'd, and Intellectuals clear'd;
The Serpent's Bite by sacred Baptism heal'd,
Grace, Pardon, Glory, to their Faith reveal'd;
At which their Hearts in Exultation danc'd;
The more their Faith encreas'd, Joy more advanc'd;
Their Love grew more inflam'd the more they joy'd,
And they their Days in hymning God employ'd.



Woe-mourning souls who the glad things heard,
 For their faint heart, and intellects clear,
 The serpent's bite by sacred Baptism heal'd,
 From pardon, glory to their faith reveal'd,
 At which their hearts in raptures dance'd
 The more their faith encreas'd, for more advance
 Their love grew more constant, the more they joy'd
 And they their days in hymning God employ'd.



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ANODYNES;

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Alleviations of Pain.

*My Song shall be always of the Loving Kindness of
the Lord, Psal. lxxxix. 1.*

Anodynes. I.

PAIN, tho' what thou art I cannot tell,
Yet I by sad Experience know thee well;
Thy strong Efforts I in my Muscles feel,
Strong as the Tortures of the Rack and Wheel;
Physicians only at thy Nature guess,
They cannot reach the Cause of my Distress;
Their Med'cines, which in vain my Flesh repeats,
Ne're enter their invisible Retreats:
They my Distemper often misconceive,
And irritate, when striving to relieve;
Vain is their Succour, vain is all their Skill,
They may condole, but cannot cure the Ill.

Since human Aids, me in my Grief forsake,
The Aid divine, I my sole Refuge make;
Upon my self, when sadly I reflect,
I of my Anguish the true Cause detect;
Pain and Disease, your Origin you took
From Sin, when our First Parent God forsook;
Sin,

Sin, Pain, Disease all coetaneous rose,
We read our Guilt in our corporeal Woes.

Good God, who of our Heads counts ev'ry Hair,
Of all our Pains takes a peculiar Care;
'Tis from his Hands we all our Pains receive,
Who causelessly will no one Sinner grieve;
God is my Father, I in him confide,
He ne're Paternal Pity lays aside;
His Justice oft gives an awakening Stroke,
I, while he strikes, paternal Love invoke;
While I invoke, his Love Paternal yearns,
My Soul his Pity in each Stroke discerns;
My Sins the Source of Sorrow I bewail,
My Prayers in JESUS Name for Aid prevail;
They sweetly my offended God appease,
He sends refreshing Intervals of Ease;
He me vouchsafes in Measure to chastise,
Permits not his whole Anger to arise;
To but one Sin, if Pains proportion'd were,
No Sinner of one Sin the Weight could bear;
My Pains, tho' most afflicting, most acute,
His tender Bowels to my Good transmute.

Welcome Disease and Pain, you both descend
From God, not to destroy, but to amend;
▲ lively Sense of Sin, and God's fierce Ire,
Preludial Scorplings of eternal Fire;
My Impotence to my own Soul display'd,
Entire Dependance on God's gracious Aid;
A Charity with others to condole,
Loye re-enchanted in my frozen Soul;

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Alleviations of Pain. 395

Conjectures at the Woes God-man sustain'd,
When for my Sins, he Victim was ordain'd;
Concupiscence disarm'd, Temptations quell'd,
The Love of this vain helpless World expell'd;
A Will to God's Benignity resign'd,
A Spirit from low sensual Dross refin'd;
Pangs momentaneous by God's Goodness sent,
On purpose endless Torments to prevent:
Gracious Memento's of my latter end,
Pray'rs which to Heav'n with Fervency ascend;
Soft Languors for supernal Ease and Rest;
All these the Graces are you have impress.

Welcome Disease and Pain, which God endears,
While you are raging, God my Spirit cheers;
He Patience gives, when he my Pangs prolongs,
I in my Pangs sing Eucharistick Songs;
I unrepining his soft Strokes endure,
They, while they grieve my Flesh, my Spirit cure;
Pain your divine Commission then fulfil,
I'll do and suffer JESUS-like God's Will.

II.

Pain keeps me waking in the Night,
I longing lie for Morning Light;
Methinks the sluggish Sun,
Forgets he this Day's Course must run;
O heav'nly Torch, why this Delay,
In giving us our wonted Day?

Sure

Sure some new Spots your Face besmear,
 And you're asham'd to re-appear;
 Or Clouds surround your Head,
 And damp the Rays you would have shed;
 Or some Eclipse now masks your Beams,
 And intercepts your Morning Gleams.

Or Night your rising now restrains,
 Till it the ten Degrees regains
 It lost, when back you went,
 And the sick King learn'd Heav'n's Intent;
 Assur'd of Supplemental Years,
 By your re-measuring the Spheres.

I feel my * Watch, I tell the Clock,
 I hear each crowing of the Cock;
 Ev'n Egypt, when three Days,
 The Heav'n's with-held the solar Rays,
 And all in thickest Darkness dwelt,
 Night more afflicting never felt.

With Joy and Light the Saints are blest,
 Thick Night and Pain the Damn'd molest;
 My Dolours to excite,
 Pain and Darkness both unite;
 Yet in my Darkness and my Pain,
 Some Gleams of Joy and Light remain.

God's

* His Watch was purposely so contrived as that he could by his Finger discover the Time, to half a quarter of an Hour.

Alleviation of Pain.

397

God's Favours darkeſt Clouds expel,
By Pains he frights my Soul from Hell;
Melts me to humble Tears,
And his ſoft love each Pang endears;
While gracious God I ſtrive to pleaſe,
I never want of Light, or Eaſe.

Sun, mend not then for me your Pace,
But at your Will defer your Race;
I am reſreſh'd by Light,
Than you ten Thouſand times more bright;
I, when towards Chaos you decline,
Shall have both Light and Joy divine.

III.

When Pain me of my Reſt bereaves,
And no one Medicine me relieves;

When in my crazy Frame,
I feel ſtrong ſcorching Flame;

When red hot Needles in my Breſt,
With conſidential Gorings me infeſt;

When painted Flames within me pent,

Rack all my Nerves to force a Vent,

Unable to tranſpire,

Enrage my inward Fire;

Raiſe by compreſſion dol'rous Groans,

And a tremendous Earthquake in my Bones.

My Friends, who with me ſympathiſe,

To *Opium* warmly me adviſe;

Which

Which strongest Pain abates,
 And Indolence creates;
 And far beyond *Peruvian* Balms,
 Impetuous inbred Hurricanes becalms.
Opium, alas! may for a while,
 By stupefaction me beguile;
 May rob me of my Sense;
 But can no Cure dispense;
 'Tis dear-bought Ease my Flesh wou'd gain;
 Shou'd I for that deliriate my Brain.
 Opiates my Pow'rs internal doze;
 For Pray'r my Spirit indispose;
 I shou'd the Graces lose,
 Pains sanctify'd infuse;
 In a Fool's Paradise remain,
 And gracious God forget, as well as Pain;
 My God, O let it never be,
 That I should damp all Sense of Thee;
 'Tis Ease in my Distress,
 Sin sadly to confess;
 'Tis Ease to mention *JESUS* Name,
 And to thy Pity to lay humble claim.
 'Twas *JESUS* Sov'reign Anodyne,
 To sacrifice his Will to thine;
 He still is in my Eyes,
 And while I agonize;

Alleviations of Pain. 399

I oft repeat his filial Pray'r,
And feel the Meltings of Paternal Care.

Let impious Souls, who God disown,
Who never prostrate at his Throne,
To Opiates have recourse,
Of Conscience damp the Force;
And *inter-mundian* Slumbers take,
'Till they in Hell to full Conviction wake.

Necessity may Saints constrain
To *Opium* in outrageous Pain;
Their Med'cine they lament,
Glad when the Stupour's spent;
Contented Anguish to endure,
For God their Intellectuals to secure.

IV.

Pain, wheresoe'er you change your seat,
I soon discover your retreat;
When you move to and fro,
I your Meanders know;
You cannot march so swift about,
But I can nicely trace you out.

When you an Ambuscade project,
I instantly the Plot detect;
You can have no reserves,
In Membranes or in Nerves;

But

But of the Foe, my watchful Sense
Gives me minute Intelligence;

When a pitch'd Battle you design,
To storm a Limb, or spring a Mine;
With Number to assail,
Or by long Siege prevail;
The Spies I o're my Limbs diffuse,
In half a Pulse will bring the News;

Soon as my Soul the Foe descries,
I view the Post in which he lyes;
I seek to foreign Aid,
The Danger to evade;
To the *Galenick* Host I flie,
Auxiliaries to supply.

All the Artillery of Drug,
In subterraneous Bowels dug;
Or gather'd on the Ground,
Or in the Ocean found,
To carry on the War with Care,
They in their Arsenals prepare.

When my Allies the Foe engage,
To quell his Tyrannizing Rage;
They only Fight by guess,
Uncertain is Success;
One while of Pain they get the Field,
One while to Pain are forc'd to yield.

Yet

Alleviations of Pain.

401

Yet still with Obstination I,
To win the Battle restless try;
 I still the Foe pursue;
 I still the Fight renew;
All the Elaboratories drein,
And use all Means the Day to gain;
As thus I with my Pains contest,
A sudden Thought starts in my Breast;
 Within your Soul repose,
 More formidable Foes;
They there exert their mortal Force,
You them permit to take their Course;

There deadly Sins fierce Ravage make,
And you of them no notice take;
 I on the Thought reflect,
 Convinc'd of my neglect;
That I should tamely Sin sustain,
Which arms against me all my Pain:

I then with a confounding Shame,
The Madness of my Conduct blame;
 I strive the Cause to find,
 Which thus perverts my Mind;
Ah! while I outward Opiates quit,
All Ghostly Opiates I admit:

My stupid Conscience slumb'ring lyes,
While me my Ghostly Foes surprize;

It Enemies conceal,
 And no one Outrage feels ;
 O ! that I thus should take the part
 Of God's curst Rivals in my Heart !

But, Lord, now I my Danger know,
 And Malice of my inbred Foe ;

I'll all my Force employ,
 That Rebel to destroy ;
 I'll from the Heav'nly Magazine
 Fetch Arms, to fight the Foe unseen.

With penitential Tears and Pray'r,
 I'll War against my Sins declare ;

With them the Fight maintain,
 'Till I the Conquest gain ;

And when I shall my Sins disarm,
 My Pains can never work me harm.

V.

My Guardian, you I know condole,
 With my afflicted Soul ;
 You with my dol'rous Cries,
 Benignly sympathize ;
 You are my Heav'nly Friend,
 Your Comforts to my Sorrows co-extend.

From Pain though you your self are free,
 Yet you can pity me ;

God

Alleviations of Pain. 403

God, whom you keep in sight,
In Pity takes delight;
Soft Pity springs from Love;
Which from its boundless Source you draw above!

Since in your Friendship I confide,
And you my Pains have ey'd;
O fly the World about,
Some Med'cine to seek out;
And never rest your Wing;
'Till back a Sov'reign Anodyne you bring.

Fly to the Trees on *Gilead* Hills,
Where od'rous Balm distils;
From thence bring precious store,
To cure my angry Sore;
O chase it on my Breast,
And never leave 'till it creates me rest.

Or if you pass the shady Soil,
Which yields Balfamick Oil;
By *JESUS* Vot'ries us'd,
Which on the Sick diffus'd,
Chac'd all Disease away;
O bring me that, and 'twill my Pain allay.

But neither Balm nor Oil, I fear,
Can my sad Spirit cheer;
Pains from my Sins arise,
In them the Anguish lies;

And of a broken Heart,
Nor Balm, nor Oil, can ever cure the Smart;

O rather take your Heav'nly Lyre,
Strike your melodious Wire;
Of Love Divine I long,
To hear an Angel's Song;
It will my Soul compose,
Beyond or Balm, or Oil, allay my Woes.

My Blessed Angel me obey'd,
Divinely sang and play'd;
A Hymn he sang well known,
Sung at God's gracious Throne,
When first a Sinner weeps,
And Heav'n a Jubilee that Mortient keeps.

O! while I heard his charming Strain,
No trace was left of Pain;
I when he ceas'd rethought,
The Wonder Hymn had wrought;
And when my Pains revive,
From Hymn sweet mitigations I derive;

VI.

My Guardian, if you cannot tell
What Medicine will my Pain expel;
Fly swift to Heav'n, and there you'll find,
Some gracious Ray for me design'd.

But

But now I on your flight reflect,
Methinks I your return suspect;
Lodg'd in the Beatifick Sphere,
You'll never more to me appear.

Yet since God charg'd you with my Care,
You must to me again repair;
Your Fill of heav'nly Joys you'll take,
And not my Guardianship forsake.

When you in Heav'n have took your Fill,
Return to execute God's Will;
But while in heav'nly Blifs you stay,
Procure me Joys which Pain allay.

Present this Prayer at th' awful Throne,
Bedew'd with penitential Moan,
In JESUS grateful Name 'tis made,
And sues for efficacious Aid.

With that my Angel launch'd in Air,
And carry'd up to Heav'n my Pray'r;
When it was at the Throne disclos'd,
Great God to grant it was dispos'd.

The Heav'nly Dove to help me flew,
And from his Wings a Viol drew;
Bidding my Angel to make Speed,
With wish'd for Succour in my Need.

Thy Angel flying down I spy,
 His Splendour and his Haste descry:
 Both sudden Ease o're me diffuse,
 I knew he brought me gracious News.

See, see, said he, the wondrous Love
 Of the Benign Eternal Dove;
 Your Sins you more than Pains lament,
 And God has Oil of Gladness sent;

Like that from Heav'n immensely shed,
 On God Incarnate's sacred Head;
 Which all his boundless Pangs endear'd,
 And on the Cross his Spirit chear'd.

Then o're my Heart he wav'd his Plume,
 Dipp'd in the Lenitive Perfume;
 It sweetly enter'd all my Pores,
 It instantly cur'd all my Sores.

I felt the Sweets of Will resign'd,
 Celestial Joys o'reflow'd my Mind;
 And ever since, when Pains me seize,
 The Oil of Gladness gives me ease.

VII.

While over me Pain domineers,
 My Angel my sad Spirit cheers;

He

Alleviations of Pain.

407

He takes his Harp, and to his Strings,
With sweet Harmonious Voice thus sings;

E're since Antediluvian Time,
And Men bewail'd the Fontal Crime,
And God shed penitential Grace,
On pious Seth's religious Race;

Kind Heav'n was pleas'd me to engage,
In Guardianship in ev'ry Age;
And in my Thought are still compris'd
All Souls which I have patroniz'd.

I mark'd the various Lives they led,
And their allotted States when dead;
I many safely lodg'd in Bliss,
Many fell down to the Abyss.

I from Experience can relate,
The Causes of their different Fate;
They in their Lives Antartick were,
And must antartick Portions share.

The Souls, which down to Tophet sank,
Concupiscential Philtrums drank;
They soon intoxicated rav'd,
And to the World themselves enslav'd.

Themselves they to the Snare betray'd,
Plenty and Ease their Idols made;

He

Cc 4

Plenty

Plenty and Ease, which they abus'd,
And Poyson by degrees infus'd.

Plenty and Ease I saw gain Ground,
And all the Thoughts of Heav'n confound;
They Pride excite, and sensual Joy,
And Myriads of Souls decoy.

I, when I saw them in the Toil,
Warn'd them themselves to disembroil;
No Notice they of Warnings took,
And I their Guardianship forsook.

At last, to drein the ireful Cup,
Long-suffering God quite gave them up;
And they abandon'd to the World,
Were into endless Burnings hurl'd.

But holy Souls, on Heav'n intent,
On whom my tender Care I spent,
Of Ease and Plenty had a dread,
Lest they by them should be misled.

Most of the Bless'd by Pains were sav'd,
Unnumber'd Souls by Ease deprav'd;
I scarce one of a Thousand knew,
Who from full Ease to Glory flew.

God's Children, by instructive Pain,
Contemn the World, and Bliss obtain;

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The greater Pangs they here endure,
They sooner grow for Heav'n Mature.

JESUS acquainted was with Woes,
JESUS a Cross perpetual chose;
And all who in his Footsteps tread,
By some one Cross to Heav'n were led.

I heeded what my Angel sang,
Jealous of Ease, I welcom'd Pang;
My Pains God's Mercy most display,
And are to Heav'n the surest Way.

VIII.

When Pangs my Spirit restless keep,
And hinder or disturb my Sleep,
To various Anodynes I fly,
And for my Cure apply;
I see the Help of Med'cine vain,
It cannot reach the Seat of Pain.

A Book I oft my Refuge make,
And hope from that some ease to take;
But soon as I begin to read,
I scarce one Line can heed;
My pointed Pains their Force exert,
And my Attention soon divert.

My

My Friends, who with me sympathize,
 With their kind Visits glad my Eyes;
 But while my Pains my Spirit wast,
 I scarce a Friend can tast;
 And while my Anguish they deplore,
 They only irritate the Sore.

On Meditation then I fix,
 But while with that my Anguors mix,
 My Thought will not be long confin'd,
 They dissipate my Mind;
 And while I feel these fiery Darts,
 I cannot pray unless by Starts.

When I had other Methods us'd,
 On *David's* Anodyne I mus'd;
 He, sore distress'd with Griefs and Pains,
 Compos'd Celestial Strains;
 I strait resolv'd that Course to try,
 To see if that would Ease apply;

To Hymn I made my last recourse,
 Soon felt of that the gracious Force;
 I some Remission of my Woes
 Feel, while I Hymns compose;
 'Tis sacred Poetry alone
 Gives vent and ease to dol'rous Moan.

Sweet

Alleviations of Pain. 411

Sweet Poetry, you in Distress
Devout Affections best express;
You Heav'nly Things in Picture paint,
To recreate a Saint;
In you Delight and Duty join,
Hymn is the Style of Love Divine.

Of Hymn, since I perceiv'd the Might,
Amidst my Pangs I Hymns indite;
And when my Pains begin to rage,
I them with Hymn assuage;
God in Afflictions Love displays,
And I afflicted sing his Praise.

On God I fix my Ghostly sight,
I draw his Love in ev'ry Light;
His Truth, Power, Wisdom, I revolve,
And into Hymn dissolve;
'Tis the sole Ease of Spirits bless'd,
In Hymning God to take no rest.

IX.

The Man, who constant Ease enjoys,
To please himself his Age employs;
To Sensuality he sinks,
Of God, Death, Judgment, rarely thinks.

Spirits of Slumber him o'repower,
Allow him no considerate Hour;

To

To Sin they his propensions sway,
And on his Intellectuals prey.

Heart-sick of worldly Lusts he grows,
Nor his Disease nor Med'cine knows;
No faithful Friend he can endure,
Who him by kind Reproof wou'd cure.

Sick though he is, he cries he's well,
Deluded by the Wiles of Hell;
To Heav'n he no Petitions sends,
His Life he in delirium spends.

He falls a Singing in his Fits,
And no one serious Thought admits;
Such Lives in Ease the Sensual lead,
Who feel of gracious God no need.

'Tis Pain can only them revive,
'Tis Pain must keep the Sots alive;
Of Dereliction 'tis a Sign,
When Pains with-held by Wrath Divine.

Both Lives, when they in Prospect are,
Painful and Sensual, I compare;
From Pain Men Heav'nly Life commence,
And ghostly Death enslav'd to Sense.

Pain to propitiate God invites,
Lust cheats us with short-liv'd Delights;

Alleviations of Pain!

413

Pain turns our *Pondus* to God's Laws,
Lust from our Duty us withdraws.

God is the Centre of the Mind,
Men out of God no rest can find ;
While then they out of God remain,
The Sensualists must live in Pain.

When I with them Conditions vye,
They live in Violence, not I;
The less they feel their Guilt, the more
Incurable abides the Sore.

Lusts me from God and Joy divorce,
Pains guide to God, of Joy the Source ;
When Souls are to the World depress'd,
They ne'er attain their native Rest.

The only Ease which Worldlings know,
They to their Obduration owe ;
And shou'd they from their Stupour wake,
Soon as they start, their Hearts would ake.

Let sensual Souls then covet Ease,
Pain rather shall my Spirit please ;
Ease their Eternal Pain will be,
And Pain Eternal Ease to me.

X.

Guardian, while on my Bed I lye
 Sweetly condoling, you sit by;
 You my sad Sighs to Heav'n direct;
 You holy Thoughts inject.

You kindly give me on your Lyre;
 An Air set for the Heav'nly Quire;
 You gently cheer me while you play;
 My Anguish you allay:

By your harmonious Sounds, methought;
 Pain and Pleasure in me fought;
 But soon I felt you Chords prevail,
 And Pleasure turn'd the Scale:

Your Musick through my Vessels thrills;
 And a transporting Calm instils;
 I'll welcome the return of Pain,
 To hear that Air again.

If single Air such Ease inspire,
 Add Voice to your melodious Wire;
 The Tyrant will be dispossest'd,
 He'll me no more molest.

I long for some supernal Strain,
 Sung on the Lamb unspotted Slain;
 From JESUS Souls, when pain'd, derive
 Their Sov'reign Lenitive.

'Tis you your self, said he, must sing,
And to your Voice I'll join my String;
You your own Griefs can best compute,
And Songs to reach them suit.

Charm'd by his sweet Angelick Air,
I Voice and Thought for Song prepare;
Of *JESUS* I this Song design'd,
He best could ease my Mind.

JESUS, who kept his Cross in Sight,
Was pleas'd upon the Paschal Night,
The Feast Immortal to ordain,
Memorial of his Pain.

He all the future Woes fore-knew,
Which he shou'd bear from Hell and *Jew*;
Yet on his Father's Love repos'd,
With Hymn the Feast he clos'd;

The Force of Hymn he best cou'd tell,
That best his Anguors cou'd dispel,
He sang his mighty Father's Praise
In Soul-fereming Lays.

O wondrous Force of sacred Verse,
All Sorrows able to disperse;
By you we sweetly Pains resign,
To tenderness Divine.

JESUS was for my Sins oppress'd,
 And I am for my own distress'd;
 Hymn was the Anodyne he chose,
 Hymn will relieve my Woes.

When raging Pain torments my Limbs,
 I'll sing like *JESUS*, sacred Hymns;
 Hymn best will boundless Goodness please,
 Hymn best procures my Ease.

I'll hymn the tender Love of God,
 Who for my Good has sent his Rod;
 And ev'ry Pang I feel within,
 To mortifie a Sin.

While I shall sing of Love immense,
 No Pain can over-pow'r my Sense;
 Nothing but Joys from Love can stream,
 Of Heav'n the constant Theme.

My Angel, when my Song I sung,
 His Harp up in my Closet hung;
 And when my Pains Insults renew,
 With Hymn I them subdue.

XI.

Friend, for my Pain your Moan forbear,
 It comes from God's Paternal Care;

From

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From Pain I ghostly Health derive;
It is my Soul's Restorative.

When you Observe a Father mild,
Correct his dear beloved Child;
You see the Yearnings he betrays,
At each soft Stripe he on him lays.

If Fathers here, who Sons chastise,
Thus with their Children sympathize;
Thence estimate the boundless Love,
In our bless'd Father, God above.

All Love's Paternal here below,
From Fontal Love Paternal flow;
If finite Nature is thus kind,
What is the Love that's unconfin'd?

You by the Rills the Source may guess;
You'll then less Pity my Distress;
Love Infinite my Med'cine sends,
And nothing but pure Love intends.

Let Love Immense his work fulfil,
My Pains instructive cure my Will;
Love saw me cool, I by his Rod
Shall re-enamour'd be of God.

XII.

By Day and Night, in Bed or Dress'd,
 When from my Pains I have no rest,
 My Flesh impatient grows,
 Despairing of Repose;
 Fain it aloud would roar,
 And tell my Anguors all the Village o're.

 My Spirit intercepts my Cries,
 E're they t'articulation rise;
 My Restlessness upbraids,
 Minds me of heav'nly Aids;
 Bids me submissive wait,
 'Till God is pleas'd my Anguish to abate.

 Reluctant Flesh th' Advice rejects,
 It less on God than Pain reflects;
 In my divided Breast
 Begins an hot contest;
 Flesh strive to vent Complaint,
 My Spirit keeps my Flesh in strict Restraint.

 My Flesh at the Restraint recoils,
 And me by striving more embroils;
 You, Spirit, have no share
 In the Agonies I bear;
 And you from Anguish free,
 Shou'd from our Union learn to pity me.

Dear

Dear Flesh, my Spirit then replies,
In all your Pains I sympathize;
Against me you rebel,
My Warnings you repel;
From that Rebellion rose,
All that can cause or aggravate your Woes.

I oft in Sin your Madness check'd,
You treat my Warnings with neglect;
Conscience was on my side,
You its remorse defy'd;
You still to God averte,
Your fond Affections in the World immerse.

The World you have your Idol made,
See now if that can give you Aid;
If that your Grief forsakes,
And no Compassion takes,
Learn then to God alone,
And not to the vain World to make your moan.

My Flesh, which by Experience knew,
It from the World no succours drew,
Convinc'd of Folly past,
To Spirit vail'd at last;
Lamenting Rebel Lust,
Which beards the Darts into my Muscles thrust.

My Spirit made my Flesh relent,
And both conspiring to repent;

Down from mine Eyes did glide,
Which had till then been dry'd,
Soft penitential Tears,
Bewailing all my past rebellious Years.

My Spirit saw my dropping Eyes,
And made with Flesh this compromise;
In an outrageous Fit,
Cries dol'rous to permit,
Conditioning each Cry,
Couch'd in a darted Pray'r to Heav'n should fly.

Ejaculations Heav'nwards sent,
Procure sweet Ease, and Sorrow vent;
Pains, fervent Pray'r excite,
Invigorate its Flight;
Saints never pray in vain,
Their Sighs move God to mitigate their Pain.

But when the Pray'rs which Saints rehearse,
Fly Heav'n-wards vehicled in Verse;
A Vigour sweet and strong,
Is in God Hymning Song;
It Anguish best allays,
With sad Petition mixing joyful Praise.

My Flesh then with my Spirit join'd,
Themselves to gracious God resign'd;
While their Contentions cease,
I live in charming Peace;

My

Alleviations of Pain.

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My Tears great God attone,
With grateful Hymn I sweeten ev'ry Moan.

XIII.

O cruel Pain, you break the Truce,
And all your lambent Fires unsluce;
In vain I strive from you to turn,
By Motion you more raging burn;
Ten Thousand Atoms with sharp Points
Now poignard my restless Joints.

As in the Night I restless lie,
I the Watch-Candle keep in Eye;
The Innocent I often blame,
For the slow wasting of its Flame.

In Bed Pain makes its first Attack,
Ah! you are not my Bed, but Rack.

Rest heretofore on you I took,
While Pain and Sorrow me forsook;
Now you in Pangs me wakeing keep,
And banish all my Hopes of Sleep;
Sweet Ease, O whither are you fled?
With one short slumber rest my Head.

My Curtain oft I draw away,
Longing to see the Morning Ray;
But when the Morning gilds the Skies,
The Morning no Relief supplies:

To me, alas! the Morning Light
Is as afflictive as the Night.

My vig'rous Cries to God ascend,
Ah! will not God my Cries attend?
Can God paternal Love forbear?
Can God reject a filial Pray'r?
Is there in Heav'n for me no Cure?
Why do I then such Pains endure?

My Flesh in Torture oft repines
At what God for my Good designs;
My Spirit the Repiner chides,
Submissive to God's Will abides,
Who Patience for each Pang bestows,
Which over-weighs the heaviest Woes.

Pain, then exert your last Effort,
Since God proportions his Support,
I your insulting shall not dread,
Though you torment me in my Bed;
The greater Rage you on me vent,
God will his Aids the more augment.

XIV.

The Church, bold Sinners to restrain,
Was wont to lay upon them Pain;
They long sharp Penances endur'd,
Till ghostly Health was re-assur'd;

And

Alleviations of Pain.

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And when they holy Church obey'd,
Sin was subdu'd, and Pain allay'd.

My Penance God himself impos'd,
And to Repentance me dispos'd;
Strong Pains for Penance he decrees,
That I by them may purchase Ease;
While to their Rage God me consigns,
He by their Fires my Soul refines.

I'd rather God my Flesh should grieve,
Than Pains for mortal Man receive;
My ghostly Sickness God best knows,
His Wisdom best can dose my Woes;
God my Disease and Temper weighs,
No Pang superfluous on me lays.

God all my sad Petitions hears,
Amidst my Pangs my Spirit cheers;
And when strong Pains my Nerves invade,
Recumb'g on his gracious Aid,
He blunts the Point of ev'ry Dart,
Left it too deeply gore my Heart.

Why should I then my Pains decline,
Inflicted by pure Love divine?
Let them run out their destin'd Course,
And spend upon me all their Force;
Short Pains can never grievous be,
Which work a blest'd Eternity,

XV.

In Trouble pray, I'll hear your Cry,
 And you my Love shall glorifie;
 This Promise God to Vot'ries made,
 When Troubles their Repose invade.

I in that Promise claim a Share,
 To gain it, strive by humble Pray'r;
 While I to God for Succour sue,
 I find God to his Promise true.

On Trial of God's Truth fulfill'd,
 My Faith on God I firmly build;
 I know his Word to be more sure
 Than are the Pains I now endure.

My Faith is on God's Love reclin'd,
 His Pow'r, Truth, Wisdom, unconfin'd;
 Who sweetly pities all my Pains,
 And for my Good each Pang ordains.

On Goodness, which in pressing Needs,
 All my Petitions far exceeds;
 Which transitory Woes decrees,
 To purchase endless Joys and Ease.

Alleviations of Pain.

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In Pain I on these Anchors lean,
And keep in Storms a Soul serene.

No dismal Wo can me surprize,
But Rays from God will glad my Eyes.

I, who in Pains experienc'd grown,
Ne're made to God successle's Moan;

Have often wonder'd by what Arts,
Atheists in Pain relieve their Hearts.

To Apathy none make Pretence,
Their Cries betray their tender Sense;
To wise good God they cannot fly,
Since his Existence they deny.

Either they strongest Opiates drink,
Resolving never more to think,
Intoxicated to expire,
Regardless of God's future Ire;

Or they with Poison, Halter, Knife,
End an intolerable Life;
Which when the impious Wretches close,
They sink into eternal Woes.

When they in Hell their Dooms receive,
They'll then too late just God believe:

They'll

They'll meet no Atheists in Hell Flame,
There Devils tremble at God's Name.

The Devils, God in Shew confess,
Yet want Supports in their Distress;

Their God has ne're reveal'd his Will,
No Promise made to help in Ill.

They cannot in a God confide,
Who gives no Promise, Law, or Guide;

They cannot please a God unknown,
Or, should he angry be, atone.

If Opium fail, impunely they
May by Self-Murder Pain allay;

There God is form'd to their Caprice,
They may from Pains themselves release.

Or if they live, and waking lie,
Their God they'll at each Pang defie;

BlaspHEME his tyrannizing Reign,
And curse the Author of their Bane.

O Succours, miserable, vain,
Which Souls obdurate have in Pain;

They sharpen Woes which they deplore,
Enrage and eternize the Sore.

On me, when Anguish works its Spite,
To God I take a speedy Flight;

From

Alleviations of Pain.

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From God I Ease or Succour find,
And Quietation to my Mind.

O Unbelievers, did ye know
What Suavities from Mercy flow;
With what soft Love God deigns to treat,
Pain'd Suppliants prostrate at His Feet?

How surely they in Pray'r succeed,
When they the Name of JESUS plead,
You would believe, as well as I,
And on good God in Pains rely.

O I could with you Pain like mine,
To make you taste the Truth divine;
He who my Pains and Succours feels,
Can't disbelieve what God reveals.

XVI.

When I a Heart-quake feel within,
And Pains, Memento's of my Sin,
Kind Friends, like Job's, their Visits pay,
And strive my Anguors to allay.

They tenderly my Pangs bemoan,
Condoling ev'ry dol'rous Groan;
They Counsels lenitive apply,
To ease me as I restless lie.

Their

From

Their Visits me a while relieve,
 But I from them fresh Pain receive;
 And while each sweetly me bespeaks,
 My Pain on me its Fury wreaks,
 If faithful Friends can do no more,
 Than me thus barely to deplore;
 Friends, who in all my Sorrows share,
 And greatest earthly Comforts are;
 Ah! what is all this World below,
 Which yields no Help in Time of Woe;
 No Help! O it my Pains renews,
 When I upon it make Reviews.
 Its Memory my Spirit gauls,
 To Conscience it displays my Falls;
 Its sensual Love caus'd all my Ills,
 And nought but Horror now instils.
 When thus the World my Grief foment,
 And Schemes of endless Pangs present;
 When Friends with Kindness strive in vain,
 But for one Pulse to ease my Pain;
 I then on my best Friend reflect,
 Whose Love I outrag'd with Neglect;
 JESUS, who would my Friend be styl'd,
 Invites me to be reconcil'd.

His Mercies, which my Love prevent,
Incline me sweetly to repent;
I for my past Rebellions grieve,
And beg He would my Tears receive.

JESUS receives me in his Arms,
His Love immense my Spirit charms;
Of Guilt He cancels all my Scores,
And to his Friendship me restores.

I now a mighty Friend obtain,
From whom I tender Succours gain;
Friend, who Himself a Ransom gave,
In Pity, his Most Friend to save.

He sympathizes with my Grief,
He suits to ev'ry Pang Relief;
He with my Failings mildly bears,
Bottles my Tears, accepts my Pray'rs.

My Wants I to my Friend disclose,
I on his boundless Love repose;
His Love, which me in Pain supports,
And softens all its rude Efforts.

XVII.

Like various Winds, my circling Pains
Flie all the Compass of my Veins;
Yet

Yet while they rend my trembling Frame,
Still at my Breast their Pointings aim;
There all the fierce Tornadoes meet,
There Anguish fixes its Imperial Seat.

I nicely then the Cause enquire,
Why Pains should in my Breast conspire;
Why, since they have so free a Range,
And may their undulations change,
They all their Fury there should vent,
And choose that Region chiefly to torment.

While thus the Cause I strive to find,
My Conscience brings it to my Mind,
That in the Region of my Smart,
Is lodg'd my false Backsliding Heart;
My Heart, which is the Source of Sin,
From which all mortal Ills their Course begin.

'Tis there all wicked Thoughts arise,
There the old Serpent lurking lies;
There Passions 'gainst great God Rebel,
There cursed Leagues are made with Hell;
There Reign the World, and Lusts impure,
There Sinners their baptismal Vow abjure.

Self-Love and diabolick Pride,
And Obduration, there abide;
Concupiscence the Sceptre sways,
God's Laws at Pleasure disobey;

There

Allegations of Pain.

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There God is impiously dethron'd,
And darling Sin the Sov'reign Idol own'd.

My Conscience the true Cause express'd,
Foul Legions had my Soul possess'd;
Long there they had combin'd their Force,
From God my Spirit to divorce;
A confluent Pain was just,
To dispossess a confluent Lust.

Since that into my Heart I pry,
My Sins to search, arraign, and try;
But their Confusion me obstructs,
I there meet labyrinthal Ducts;
Turnings and Windings, dark Retreats,
Where Sin disguises, or conceals its Cheats.

I sooner cou'd of shifting Wind,
The Rise, Recess, and Wheelings find,
Than of my Heart detect the Wiles,
By which it daily me beguiles;
Its strange reserves black Guilt to hide,
Left by Repentance it shou'd be descry'd.

Thou, Lord, sole Searcher of my Heart,
Seest all my Thoughts before they start;
Sins which my Observation fly,
Escape not Thine All-seeing Eye;
O guide my Intellectual Views,
To trace the Traytor in all Avenues.

At

At ev'ry Avenue I'll stop,
 O're ev'ry Sin my Tears I'll drop;
 He whom Hydrophoby infests,
 Fair Water of all Things detest;
 Thus watry Eye-lids Sin affright,
 And force it from the Heart to speedy flight.

Soon as the Traytor disappears,
 And I shall cleanse my Heart with Tears;
 Lord, re-devote it to thy Will,
 Lord, into it thy Love infil;
 Love Templing in my Heart again;
 Will quell, allay, adulse, or hallow Pain.

XVIII.

When I of God a Song design,
 Pains intercept my leading Line;
 My Membranes they surprife;
 My Thought monopolife;

The Dolours then which me distress,
 In Lamentations I express;

But Lamentations vain,
 Not cure, but quicken Pain.

Fond Many thy Dolours to declare,
 To stupid Walls, or fleeting Air;

Yet since my Pain will cry,
 To God my Voice shall flie:

And

Vol.

To God I will an Hymn begin;
Who Pain inflicts to chasten Sin,
Sets to the Fury bound,
Lest it should me confound.

Jacob receiv'd a halting Slight,
When vying with the Angel Might,
He Anguish soon allay'd,
By Blessings was o'weigh'd.

I wrestling with God's Envoy, Pain,
By Pray'r and Hymn a Blessing gain;
Endearing all the Woes
My Spirit undergoes.

When I in Hymn God's Loves repeat,
They are so charming, numerous, great,
That I in them have Store
Of Cures for ev'ry Sore.

XIX.

In Ignorance I careless lay,
And squander'd all my Age away;
Amus'd with sensual Dreams,
Of Heav'n I had imperfect Gleams;
My everlasting Good,
And God's dear Love, I little understood.

Wise gracious God was pleas'd to send
 Afflicting Pain me to attend;
 Pain streight my Teacher grew,
 Expos'd me to my own Review;
 It ev'ry Duty taught,
 Neglected Truths to my Remembrance brought.

From Pain I heav'nly Light deriv'd,
 It Faith, Hope, Love, in me reviv'd;
 At God's celestial Stroke,
 All my internal Pow'rs awoke;
 It gave Idea's just
 Of Sin, the World, Damnation, Death, and Lust.

One Day of Pain improves me more,
 Than Years of Ease could do before:
 By Pain God me instructs,
 By Pain to endless Bliss conducts;
 Resembling the Lamb slain,
 I by my Cross shall heav'nly Joys obtain.

In Pain God's Justice I revere,
 My Will I by his Wisdom steer;
 To boundless Love I fly,
 On Love omnipotent rely;
 By Promises fulfill'd,
 Firm Faith on Love Infalible I build.

Pains me of all Self-Love divest,
My self they move me to detest;
Things worldly to despise,
And for Eternity grow wile,
In Pains the more severe,
I the more firmly to my God adhere:

XX.

I oft had in my Mind revolv'd,
How *Paul* should long to be dissolv'd;
Death is of Terrors the Supream,
How could it such a Blessing seem;
That longing of Desire, the utmost Height
It should in Souls excite?

Thus on my Bed in Pain I mus'd,
And the Solution Pain infus'd;
While in continued Pang I lay,
Felt dol'rous Night, and tedious Day;
The World to me seem'd irksom, helpless, vain,
And rais'd my just Disdain.

I sigh'd, I panted after Ease,
I sick of Life grew by Degrees;
Ah! were I with my God at Peace,
I then should welcome my Release;
Death would eternal Ease create,
And Joys which ne're abate:

Pain, e're I was aware, thus taught,
 What seem'd a Riddle to my Thought;
 For while I in strong Anguish lie,
 It seems an easy Thing to die;
 Loos'd from the World, where I should take no
 I languish'd to be blest'd. (rest,

My God, the Pains which thou hast sent,
 Sweetly constrain me to repent;
 They elevate to Heav'n my Mind,
 They keep me to thy Will resign'd;
 They make the Faithful lingering Death upbraid,
 That he their Blifs delay'd.

XXI.

When all, my God, thou hast reveal'd
 Of Woes, to which the Damn'd are seal'd;
 Of Worms which gnaw, and ne're expire,
 And of eternal Ire,
 Flote on the Superficies of my Mind,
 And slight Impressions leave behind.

Thou dost rheumatick Pains revive,
 That I from them might Light derive;
 In them the Plagues for Sinners due,
 Thou paintest to my View;
 And while I in my Pangs thy Justice read,
 Smart makes me the Instruction heed.

Alleviations of Pain.

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I lie imprison'd in my Bed,
Scarce able to erect my Head;
My Curtains drawn exclude the Light,
And make continued Night;

And tho' I hear no neighb'ring Wretches groan,
I yet ingeminate my own.

I restless in one Posture lie,
In vain to change I often try;
Friends, who with Sighs my Bed attend,
Can no Assistance lend;

Methinks the sluggish Minutes drop too slow,
While I wear out whole Weeks in Wo.

The Sun, which for two Lustres past,
Faint and consumptive Ardours cast;
At present of his sickly Years,
Pays us the full Arrears;
And ten-fold Beams now in his Orbit joyn,
Scarce hotter 'tis beneath the Line.

The scorching *Syrius* too now raves,
Melting dead Bodies in their Graves;
Th' *Horizon* is a Furnace grown,
Fresh Winds away are flown;
The Earth and all its Summer Pride is burn'd,
Men seem to *Salamanders* turn'd.

While others seek for cool Retreat,
I lie condemn'd to dol'rous Heat;

Flames scorch without, and Rage within,
 Occasion'd by my Sin:
 Of Angry God I now have lively Sense,
 And how I outrage Love immense.

The Damn'd, Lord, in their Pains despair,
 I in thy Mercy hope to share;
 Thy Wisdom all my Pains contrives
 For my Preservatives;
 With transient Flames thou dost my Spirit grieve,
 My faded Graces to retrieve.

The deepest Wound my Heart receives,
 Is that it Love unbounded grieves;
 Fixt in that Thought, I agonize,
 Till Tears flow down my Eyes;
 From the first Tear my Love sheds for my Sins,
 My Claim to endless Joy begins.

XXII.

When Pain rheumatick Onsets made,
 And in my Limbs the Tyrant play'd,
 At Midnight, when no Rest I took,
 And worldly Succours me forsook,
 I sent to God soft Tears and humble Cries,
 And he indulg'd sweet Slumber to my Eyes.

Immers'd in Sleep, methought I saw
 Two frightful Creatures tow'rd's me draw;

A hideous Serpent on me glar'd,
With Sting and Teeth, for Harm prepar'd;
An ugly Fury with the Serpent joyn'd,
And both in my Destruction were combin'd.

The Serpent strove to sting or bite,
And at my Heart still aim'd his Spite;
His slimy Carcase oft he wreath'd,
His Poison on me would have breath'd;
Fain would have on my Bed and Bosom leapt,
But still my Guardian off the Monster kept;

The Fury then his Room supply'd,
And near approaching my Bed-side,
Methought she star'd me in the Face,
My Guardian let her take the Place;
In all my Life, no Witch I ever knew,
So ghastly as that Fury, to my View.

The Monster prey'd on either Sex,
Created sinful Race to vex;
Her Vest was wove of various Hair,
Which from their Heads the Damned tear;
Torvid her Visage, threatning was her Eye,
Trajecting Torments in her passing by.

She seem'd of various Forms compos'd,
Which into female Shape were clos'd;
Gnat, Viper, Adder, Scorpion, Snake,
Young Serpents, Wasps, were in her Make;

Cantharides, Tarantala's, and all such (gaul,
Which with their Teeth or Stings laps'd Mortals

All were together strangely knit,
And all each other stung or bit ;
The Hag all over Wound and Smart,
Fain wou'd to Sinners both impart ;
A Girdle round her curf'd Waste was flung,
Where all th' Artillery of Torture hung.

Saw, Bodkin, Fish-hook, Wimblet, Dart,
To stab, tear, jag, or gore each Part ;
And Vials fill'd up to the Brim,
Of Poisons proper for each Limb ;
Which through the Pores would to the Muscles
And Anguish raise in Artery or Vein. And strein,

Deaf Adders lay in either Ear,
That she no dol'rous Groans might hear ;
For me a Vial she unstopt,
The Dregs she on my Members dropt ;
With red hot bearded Needles it was mix'd,
Which in my tender Nerves and Fibres fix'd.

This done, I agonizing lay,
While she insulting flew away ;
I to my Angel then complain'd,
That he had not the Hag restrain'd ;
I must obey, said he, what God thinks fit,
Who this Assault for Trial would permit.

The

The Serpent's Sin, the Fury Pain,
Both in Confederacy reign;
While I your Soul from Sin secure,
You Pain must for a while endure;
'Till you to full Repentance it incline,
And to propitiate the Wrath Divine.

I waking, call'd my Dream to Mind,
Which to instruct me Heav'n design'd;
Sin is the Cause of all my Smart,
Which I must tear out of my Heart;
I instantly decreed a strict divorce,
And then began a Penitential Course.

For my Sins past, soft Tears I shed,
And as each Tear fell from my Head,
Out of my Joynts a Needle came,
I by degrees transpir'd my Flame;
And soon as I had all my Sins deplor'd,
I sweet Vacation gain'd from being gor'd.

Shou'd God renew my painful Days,
He'll Patience give, which Pain outweighs;
Since I my Peace with God have made,
No Anguish can my Soul invade;
But his Supports will sweetly me sustain,
Will consecrate, endear, and soften Pain.

XXIII.

O had I Wings of a swift Dove,
 That Hov'ring in Expanse above,
 I might some Place descry,
 Instantly thither flie;
 Where I abiding in sweet Rest,
 No Pain, no Sorrow, might my Soul infest,

But when my Eye the Earth surveys,
 Sin there th' Imperial Sceptre sways;
 O're all the World around,
 Impieties abound;
 No Region where Sin Reigns can be,
 From its Attendants, Pain and Sorrow, free.

I then would higher soar, and cast
 My Eyes o're the Ethereal vast;
 One Place is in my Thought,
 O were I thither brought;
 Though my frail Flesh I still retain'd,
 I shou'd love God, sing Hymns, and not be pain'd.

It is the Sphere of endless Day,
 Where *Enoch* and *Elias* stay;
 Where they can Sin no more,
 Where they great God adore;
 There at their sacred Feet I'd kneel,
 And kindle from their Hymns Celestial Zeal.

Devout

Devout and happy both live there,
In that Angelick thorow-fare ;
Angels, as down they flie,
Or re-ascend the Skie,
Familiar Visits to them make,
High mutual Joy they in each other take.

Ascending Guardians there relate,
Of Saints below the various State ;
And Angels, who descend,
God's Errands to attend,
Sing of Heav'n's Joys, which never cease,
And how the Number of the Bless'd encrease.

But O, I fear my feeble flight
Wou'd never gain that rapt'rous height ;
No one the Region knows,
Where that bless'd Pair repose ;
I in expanse may be way-laid,
Or fall into aerial Ambuscade.

Down then I'll to the Earth return,
'Till God commands me to my Urn ;
I'll strive my God to please,
Choose what my God decrees ;
I'll at God's Will expos'd remain,
To Sorrow, to Temptation, Care, and Pain.

They are Love's Trials, and excite
Sweet Languors for Eternal Light ;

Though

Though they their Force combine,
 I'll yet maintain the Line;
 Almighty Love will me support, (Fort;
 Though they may storm, they shall not gain the

I'll never envy that bless'd Pair,
 Saints here on Earth, like Bliss may share;
 Saints free from wilful Sin,
 Feel the like Joys within;
 And while they copy the Lamb slain,
 God sweetens all their Sorrow and their Pain.

XXIV.

Since 'tis God's Will, Pain take your course,
 Exert on me your utmost Force;
 I well God's Truth and Promise know,
 He never sends a Woe,
 But his Supports Divine,
 In due Proportion with th' Affliction join.

Though your Stillettoes gore me deep,
 And you the Wounds still festring keep;
 Into my Veins, though you transpire,
 A circulating Fire;
 Though you your Weapons Point,
 To raise peculiar Tortures in each Joint.

Though I am frailest of Mankind,
 And apt to waver as the Wind;

Though

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Though me no feeble bruised Reed,
In Weakness can exceed;
And of my Ghostly Foe,
Am able no slight Shock to undergoe;
Yet I the Conflict will maintain,
You never shall the Victory gain;
My God will guide me by his Light,
Give me victorious Might;
My Soul on God relies,
And I your fierce redoubled Shocks despise.
Patient, resign'd, and humble Wills,
Impregably resist all Ills;
And if God would a Soul dispose,
To suffer Martyrs Woes;
By using him to Pains,
God to endure the Cross a Vot'ry trains.

XXV.

Thou, Lord, hast Promise made of Old,
To all thy faithful Fold,
When from the Heav'n-ward pointing Line,
Of Duty they decline;
They shall a Voice behind them hear,
This is the Course the Blessed steer.

I daily, Lord, from Thee deflect,
To Courses indirect;

Thy

Thy Mercy sweetly me recalls,
 And minds me of my Falls;
 My Conscience with thy Voice conspires,
 To reconfine my loose Desires.

Oft I, nor Thee, nor Conscience, hear,
 But towards my Ruine veer;
 Thou, Lord, may'st justly give me o're,
 And never call me more;
 But Thou in Pity hast design'd,
 By louder Calls to rouse my Mind.

Thou hast my Pains reviv'd, and they
 On all my Fibres prey;
 By them each Atom in my Make
 Is now grown broad awake;
 Thy Hand, which heavy on me lyes,
 Awakens Mind, Will, Ears, and Eyes.

Pain welcome, while God calls by you,
 I give Attention due;
 I then warm Pray'rs to God present,
 And of my Sins repent;
 When your Commission shall be out,
 Full Ease may make me devout.

Lord, when Lethargick I remain,
 O rouse me, though by Pain;
 Sharp Methods rather I'll endure,
 Than want my ghostly Cure;

That

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That I to Thee may stedfast cleave,
And need no Pain me to retrieve.

XXVI.

'Tis thou, my God, who dost restrain
My cruel Adversary Pain;
This Day the Fury seiz'd no Limb,
I for my Ease thy Goodness hymn.

Sweet Ease, the Portion of the Bless'd,
Who from Tears, Cares, Pain, Labour, rest;
May I with them employ my Ease,
In studying God to praise and please.

Though of my Foe the Coast is clear,
Of her return I live in Fear;
Methinks the Fury haunts my Track,
With a fresh Quiver at her Back.

Her evil Eyes rage extromit,
Her Cross-bow's levell'd me to hit;
Seven bearded Arrows on it lie,
Which at one shot she can let flie.

While thus of Pain I am afraid,
My Conscience oft will me upbraid;
That dread of Pain my Soul should seize,
While under Sin I live at Ease.

Pain

Pain for a Time may me torment,
 But all its Force at Death is spent;
 Sin, when it domineering grows,
 Subjects me to Eternal Woes.

Against my Flesh Pain vents its Might;
 Against great God Sin vents its Spite;
 In Pain my Spirit may have Peace,
 Sin Horrors breeds which never cease.

Sin infinitely Pain outweighs,
 And shou'd proportion'd Terror raise;
 My Soul true inward Ease to gain,
 Must dread curs'd Sin much more than Pain.

XXVII.

O cruel Pain, I must submit,
 And for your Rage my Author quit;
 You frequently each Day
 Upon my Muscles prey;
 If a few Minutes me you leave,
 'Tis your spent Malice to retrieve.

You on the Couch your Captive throw;
 And unprovok'd, create me Woe;
 God made my Frame erect,
 You downwards me inflect;
 Not only force me from my Book;
 But wou'd from Heav'n divert my Look.

My

My Soul your Origin well knows,
 From Diabolick Sin you rose;
 While you to grieve me strive,
 Revenges I'll contrive;
 Though to your Spite I subject am,
 I'll flie on your Infernal Dam.
 With stabbing Sighs I'll Sin assail,
 And to the Cross the Monster nail;
 There while she gasping hangs,
 Amidst her dying Pangs,
 I'll Gall of bitter Tears provide,
 And down her Throat the Potion guide.
 Each Wound the Monster shall receive,
 Will through her Sides her Offspring grieve;
 I, while I Sin subdue,
 Shall disenvenom you;
 A peaceful Conscience sweetens Pains,
 And Victory by Patience gains.
 While to my Couch you me confine,
 I'll importune the Aid Divine;
 Each Dart you at me shoot,
 I'll to a Pray'r transmute;
 Soon as a bearded Dart I feel,
 Redarted Pray'r the Wound shall heal.

XXVIII.

Conscience awake, the Fury Pain,
 Who for a while has slumbering lain,
 Now reassumes his Spite,
 Her Looks my Soul affright;
 Tell me, I charge you, whether she is sent,
 By God for Trial, or for Punishment.
 If for my Punishment, reflect,
 My Provocations to detect;
 You, of my mispent Time,
 Of ev'ry wilful Crime,
 The Records keep, say, when you them peruse,
 Of what late Sins you can my Soul accuse.
 Soon as my Guilt you shall disclose,
 I'll give my Spirit no repose;
 'Till from my Heart I rend
 The Sins which God offend;
 I'll then bewail, till I my Pardon gain,
 A Penitent's warm Pray'r will Ease obtain.
 If Pain for Trial is design'd,
 Then I conjure you, call to Mind
 What Sins you can descry,
 To which expos'd I lye;
 The Graces which God's Image forme survey,
 In each my Non-proficiency to display.

God

God Pain employs those to prevent;
And these to quicken or augment;
I'll at all Avenues
Entrance to those refuse;
I'll keep great God in View, I'll guard each Sense;
And with no one rebellious Thought dispense.

Aided by Heav'n, I'll these refine
To the Similitude Divine;
I'll purifie my Aim,
Child Love I'll re-inflame;
My Charity shall more diffusive grow;
Alms shall a larger Compass over-flow.

I'll Hymn God more, I'll humbler live;
My Will to God entirely give;
From mortal Sins when pure,
With Graces grown mature;
No matter then, Pain will to work on see;
And God my Soul will from the Fury free!

XXIX.

With Will resign'd, my God, I Pain
'Till now cou'd entertain;
Though it fierce Ranges made;
And chose what Limb it wou'd invade;
Or wou'd ubiquitary be,
Yet still the Fortrefs of my Thought was free,

Now, Lord, the Tyrant storms my Head,
 I its approaches dread,
 If 'tis victorious there,
 'Twill damp or interrupt my Pray'r;
 And if its raging shou'd increase,
 My daily Sacrifice of Hymn will cease.

Hymn, which 'till now has with Success
 Reliev'd me in Distress;
 In Hymn I shelter sought,
 When Pain and Hell against me fought;
 Thy Love, Lord, I in Pains perceiv'd,
 And sang thy Love when med'cinally griev'd.

Thy Love, which oft my Spirit cheer'd,
 And ev'ry Pang endear'd;
 Which temper'd ev'ry smart,
 To wean from Vanity my Heart;
 In Hymn and Love to spend my Days,
 And Languors for thy beatifick Rays.

Shou'd Pangs deliriate my Mind,
 And Thoughts rove unconfin'd;
 If in acutest Pain
 I utter Things absurd or vain;
 My Sounds involuntary frame,
 To speak no Word injurious to thy Name.

When

When Reason re-assumes the Throne,
And I the Hours bemoan,
In which I uselefs lay,
And nor cou'd Hymn, nor Love, nor Pray ;
Look to me, Lord, lest I repine,
At that disposal of thy Will divine.

Bless'd JESUS Human Frailties felt,
When in our Flesh he dwelt ;
He Dolours underwent,
Too great for mortal Verse to vent ;
His Flesh strong Agonies sustain'd,
While his victorious Soul in Peace remain'd.

If, Lord, thy Wisdom shall ordain,
I still should live in Pain ;
Like JESUS, me chastise,
And while my Flesh shall agonize,
O may my Spirit keep the Sway,
And make my lower Powers thy Will obey.

But shou'd my Pain dam up the Source,
And stop my Reason's Course ;
Soon as the Dam shall break,
And I consistently shall speak ;
May Pray'r, Hymn, Love, in sevenfold Stream
Gush out, my Hours delirous to redeem.

XXX.

Pain, your your last insult delay'd,
 With trebled Force me to invade ;
 You rack me Day and Night
 With recollected spite ;
 You me of Ease, Sleep, Food, and Strength deprive,
 In vain I to resist your Fury strive.

Though you to torture me intend,
 I'll treat you not as Foe, but Friend ;
 You God's Permission have,
 And to your fill may rave ;
 Though Flesh abhors you, you'll a Welcome find
 From the Submission of a Will resign'd.

My Friend, this Secret I'll disclose,
 You never strove to work me Woes,
 But still you left behind,
 Some Blessing to my Mind ;
 Of Love, or of Devotion more intense,
 Of Sin, Death, Hell, a more affecting Sense.

You nauseous Bitterness infus'd
 In ev'ry Med'cine which you us'd ;
 And I through ev'ry Vein
 Felt the loath'd Potion strain ;
 But since for Med'cine 'twas, not Plague decreed,
 I God's Paternal Love cou'd in it read.

Amidst

Amidst my Pangs to Mind I call,
 Blest'd JESUS Vinegar and Gall;
 He drank it with design
 To damp or temper mine;
 His bitter Draught, each gulp I take endears,
 Turns my Aversion, my Despondence rears.

When John devour'd the little Book;
 Which from Angelick Hand he took;
 The Morfel was as sweet,
 As if he Honey eat;
 But soon as it cou'd in his Stomach melt,
 With strange surprise its bitterness he felt.

Pain moving in Antartick Ways,
 At Entrance bitterness betrays;
 But when the Soul distress'd,
 Shall humbly it digest,
 The Patient shall from bitterness be freed,
 And the sweet Taste of Love Divine succeed.

Pain, whom my Friend, I henceforth style,
 You may torment me for a while;
 But your tormentings raise
 Such Love, Repentance, Praise;
 I my Friend's Absence cannot long abide,
 Left I grow cold, or careless, or backslide.

XXXI.

Since in my Muscles, O Friend, Pain,
 You tyrannise again;
 For Friendship's sake declare,
 What your Instructions are;
 What is that Grace which God design'd,
 That you shou'd now impress upon my Mind.

You taught the Origin of Woes,
 That all from Sin arose;
 You of Memento's gave
 Of the devouring Grave;
 You by your Anguors made me guess,
 At the damn'd Souls unspeakable distress.

You oft rais'd salutary Fears;
 And penitential Tears;
 My Love you often fir'd,
 The Grace of Hymn inspir'd;
 Humility in me you wrought,
 You sympathy with all in Anguish taught.

God, you for some good Lesson sends,
 God nought but good intends;
 O say what Heav'nly Thing
 You must to Mem'ry bring;
 But this seems far above your reach,
 You may awaken, but 'tis God must teach.

God

No M

God taught me all I learn'd from you,
To God be Glory due;
To God I then address'd,
God knows his Pleasure best;
Soon as my Pray'r to God took Flight,
There stream'd upon my Soul a Beam of Light.

Beam! which a Prospect did create
Of the celestial State;
No Tear, no Cry, no Pain,
Can there an Entrance gain;
As I with Torture lay oppress'd,
It rais'd soft Languors for eternal Rest.

O 'twas that Prospect God decreed,
I should more lively heed;
Strait off the World I shook,
Would give it no kind Look;
And when my Pain makes re-assault,
I to eternal Joys my View exalt.

XXXII.

Two Lustres now are well nigh flown,
Since Pain was my Familiar grown;
She haunts me Day and Night,
Wounds me with Sting and Bite:
She on my tender Membranes preys,
No Med'cine can approach her where she stays.

In-

Invisible the Tyrant flies,
 Entrench'd in Nerves and Fibres lies;
 Her Magazine of Pains,
 Discharging in my Veins;
 Fierce Persecution heretofore,
 Of Tortures scarce had such afflictive Store.

While inward Pain me thus molests,
 Without the Tempter me infests;
 My Paroxysm he eyes,
 And then my Ruin plys;
 He strive Impatience to inject,
 And moves me God's sure Mercies to suspect.

I to his Whispers lend no Ears,
 And he confounded disappears;
 Though all Day long I die,
 I'll on my God rely;
 I his Benignity well know,
 My Trust in God I never will forego.

My God, when he fit Season sees,
 Will give both Flesh and Spirit ease;
 I'll wait the happy Day,
 He'll make no long Delay;
 God's gracious Will is wholly mine,
 And I at my own Will can ne'er repine.
 Guardian,

Guardian, when God my Wounds to heal,
Draws out the fiery Darts I feel,
Seize upon ev'ry Dart,
Dislodging from my Heart.
And ev'ry Dart directly throw
At the curs'd Tempter, who designs my Woe.

God-man, to free a Wretch possess'd,
Drove a whole Legion from his Breast,
Which by the Will divine,
Ent'red the filthy Swine;
And when my Fury from me flies,
I wish it may God's Foe and mine surprize.

All Pain from Sin deriv'd its Course,
The Tempter was of Sin the Source;
Incessantly all Ill
He labours to instil;
And since from him my Anguish sprang,
On him I would retaliate ev'ry Pang.

Distress'd with supplimental Pain,
He'll never me assault again;
I from Temptation freed,
The Life of Heav'n shall lead;
No greater Pains can Lovers seize,
Than to be tempted JESUS to displease.

XXXIII.

When I, tormented with strong Pain,
 Try ev'ry Posture, ease to gain;
 Seek in my Bed Repose,
 My Bed which irritate my Woes;
 When to and fro I roll,
 And tender Friends my Pangs condole;
 Condole, but can no Aid supply,
 To soften Pangs, in which I restless lie.

When Nature tells my sad Distress,
 Whose Voice I labour to suppress;
 While the my State bemoans,
 In uncommision'd Sighs and Groans,
 In languid Looks and Eyes,
 And in involuntary Cries;
 When in each Fibre sticks a Dart,
 And all their Points concentre in my Heart.

You treach'rous World, you helpless Thing,
 In Need you can no Succour bring;
 Dives in lowest Hell
 May a cool Drop expect as well,
 As I in my Disease,
 One Moment may from you of Ease;
 You transitory, wicked, vain,
 Can work me nothing but eternal Bane,

'Tis God alone who Pain employs;
To make me nauseate sensual Joys;
My Strength he nicely rates;
My Pain proportions or abates;
He gives me a Child's Share,
Inflicts no more than I can bear;
His Pleasure 'tis, I Ease shall find,
When they have wrought the Good he has design'd.

To thee, my God, I drop my Tears,
Bewailing all my mispent Years;
Lord number not my Pains,
To equal all my wilful Stains;
No Number can amount
To reach the Half of their Account;
O rather let my flowing Eyes
Strive in my Tears my Sins to equalize.

But since bless'd JESUS for me bled,
E're I the thousandth Part can shed,
He will for me atone,
And shorten penitential moan;
Forgiveness Tears will stop,
E're for one Sin enough I drop;
And I no longer shall be pain'd,
When Tear for Sin which caus'd my Grief is drain'd.

Soon as my Sins and Pains shall cease,
And I with thee am, Lord, at Peace;

I'll never more offend,
 Left thou provok'd, fresh Pains should send;
 Sin is the greatest Pain,
 Which here thy Lovers can sustain;
 An Age of Pain I'll rather live,
 Than to one wilful Sin Indulgence give.

Saints, who the Clogs of Flesh dismiss,
 As they pass up to heav'nly Bliss,
 Feel Boundless Joys and Rest;
 Amaz'd to see themselves thus blest;
 At their first heav'nward spring,
 They Hymns of Love begin to sing,
 And to Eternity prolong
 The heav'nly Grace of Eucharistick Song.

Heav'n's Joys in Minkature I see,
 From Pain when a few Minutes free,
 Methinks I am entranc'd,
 Into initial Bliss advanc'd,
 And big with Hymn I grow,
 Wrapt Blissfully with God below;
 From hence I guess th' immense Delight
 Of the eternal beatifick Sight.

While, Lord, I here in Flesh remain;
 I prone to Sin, am prone to Pain,

But from thy Love intence,
 Ease and Pardon both commense;

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For both I'll daily pray;
For both a grateful Hymn I'll pay;
A Hymn, which at thy Throne divine,
Shall be my Sacrifice and Anodyne.

XXXIV.
When Pains me waking keep,
And I am tir'd with courting Sleep;
And God at last accepts the Cries,
Which from my anguish'd Spirit rise;
Indulging soft Repose,
Which silences my clam'rous Woes.

No Language can reveal
The pleasing Trance which then I feel,
My Ease, my Sleep, strange Transports seem,
Of everlasting Joys I dream;
Congratulate the blest,
And long to share in heavenly Rest.

A thousand Times with Shame
I my past Guilt and Madness blame;
I sought my Rest on things below,
Which ease not, but enflame my Woe,
They fly me in my Needs,
My Heart at their Remembrance bleeds.

False Heart, bleed well you may,
Who thus on Vanities would stray;
Should

Should you in penitential Gore
Weep all the Blood you have in Store;
Alas, poor bloody Moan,
Could not for one sole Sin atone.

'Tis JESUS must condole;
And with his Blood wash clean my Soul;
When he one gracious Glance displays,
He cheers me by his healing Rays;
No Pang can me invade,
Beneath his Wings propitious Shade.

How can I e're offend
That mighty Saviour, God, and Friend?
Who from Distress will me secure,
Or temper all I shall endure;
Who pities ev'ry Groan,
When I to him make humble Moan?

Not short, but endless Smarts,
Are the just Plagues of Rebel Hearts;
Lord, by my Sins increase my Pain,
If I should outrage thee again;
Afflict, wound, rack me here,
To keep me from Hell Torments clear.

XXXV.

O Pain, you rendezvous your Rage,
With your main Force me to engage,

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Resolving, I shall be subdu'd
By Onsets long and rude;
Tho' you employ your utmost Might,
I'll be at length Victorious in the Fight.
In vain, in vain, my Flesh you wound,
My Spirit you can ne're confound;
That your collected Force excels,
And fiery Darts repels;
You in your Magazine can find
No Weapon, that can hurt a Will resign'd.

I oft have felt my Spirit frail,
With Ease you might o're that prevail,
Should I on my own Strength rely,
And wave divine Supply,
Th' Heav'nly Host is on my Side,
I'm leagu'd with God, and I in God confide.

Your Force has Bounds by God's Decree,
In all Attempts you make on me,
You never can your Bounds transgress,
In working my Distress.
When you have done your All, that All
Within the Compass of my Aids shall fall.

Most gracious God will Pity shew
In ev'ry Pang I undergo;
Omnipotence my Soul supports,
When Pain makes fierce Efforts.

And God All-wise, minutely knows
Propitious Seasons for instructive Woes.

God aiding me, what can I fear;
Tho' your insultings are severe;
In God's dispose I lodg'd my Willy;
He'll keep it safe from Ill;
'Tis God's, and 'tis no longer mine;
And God will guard his own with Care divine.

XXXVI

Pain, you my Duty to me shew,
Whether you will or no;
You rudely have my Joynts surpriz'd,
In them have tyranniz'd,
And then you make a short retreat;
When you esteem your Victory complet.

When you relax, I raise my Head,
And strive to leave my Bed;
Stay'd by my Staff, I to and fro,
Try tenderly to go;
Your Tremours in my Legs create,
They trembling, sink beneath their wonted Weight.

Down on my feeble Knees I slide,
And while I thus abide,
My Soul unwilling is to rise,
On Heav'n I fix my Eyes;

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I'm into praying Posture thrown;
And my Restorative by Pain is shewn;

O happy Lesson Pain has taught;
And its own Ruin wrought;

I on my Knees my Cure commence;
With Ardency intense;
Anew my Will to God resign,
Adoring the Benignity divine.

Th' Advantage which from Pain I drew;
My Guardian joy'd to view;
With grateful Hymn me to inspire,
He strait took up his Lyre;
He play'd an Eucharistick Air,
I strove in Song my Part with him to bear.

All-lovely God, Love is thy Name,
Thou dost my Heart enflame;
O could I flame to that Degree,
Thy Holocaust to be,
To Souls to thee when reconcil'd,
All thy Disposals gracious are and mild.

I worthless fear'd that thy Disdain
Made Mixture in my Pain;
But by Experience sweet I find,
My Pains by Love design'd;
From Weakness I new Strength acquire;
From Pains I to transporting Joys aspire;

O I can feel of Love immense,
 The dear, dear Influence;
 But when I Love immense would praise, O
 My Pow'rs I cannot raise
 To make a Hymn, which may express
 The least Affulgence of thy Loveliness.

XXXVII.

Fain I would more have read,
 But Pain has forc'd me to my Bed;
 While here entomb'd I lie,
 I to all Business seem to die;
 What's all the World to me?
 It from no Pangs my Limbs can free.

When in my Grave I rest,
 Ten Thousand Worms will me infest;
 They on each Muscle prey,
 Tear from my Bones my Flesh away;
 I, while my Joints they seize,
 In my dead Sleep shall be at Ease.

While on my Bed I'm thrown,
 I have quick Sense, the Grave has none;
 My tender Flesh sustains
 A Shoal of gnawing, stabbing Pains,
 Which while they me o're-pow'r,
 Torture my Flesh, tho' not devour.

The Spirit is releas'd,
While Worms on my dead Body feast,
That leaves its mortal Mate,
To spring into th' immortal State;
That mounts above the Skie,
And Hymns th' adored Trinity.

While Pains my Flesh surprize,
And to all Good it useleſs lies;
O may my Soul abide,
From all terrestrial Clogs unty'd;
And while it freed remains,
Praise God in elevated Strains.

I then should welcome Pang,
Endear'd by ev'ry Hymn I sang;
T'would me more useful make,
Than if it should my Limbs forsake;
No Pains my Soul affright,
Which to Devotion me excite.

I then Ideas clear,
From such glad Separations here,
Should of that Moment gain,
When Death my Spirit shall unchain,
Which soon as 'tis unloos'd,
Shall into God be retransfus'd.

There Pain shall be no more,
 In Raptures high I'll God adore,
 Zeal there shall feel no Chill,
 I'll love, and joy, and hymn my Fill;
 What here is transient Song,
 I'll there eternally prolong.

XXXVIII.

Long, O my God, my stubborn Will
 Persisted in Defence of Ill;
 My own Defence declin'd,
 My own self undermin'd,
 I strove thy Goodness to oppose,
 To gratifie infernal Foes.
 Thou, gracious God, me to reform,
 My Flesh with Colick Pains didst form:
 Pain humbled all my Pride,
 Which God in Ease defy'd;
 Soon as thou hadst thy Batt'rys rear'd,
 My Woe and Impotence appear'd.
 Pains me at first Attack subdu'd,
 Submissively for Peace I su'd;
 I put of God in vain
 Sought to allay my Pain:
 The World was total blank to me,
 Nothing but God could set me free.

JESUS

Alleviations of Pain. 471

JESUS with Cure and Pardon blest'd,
The Paralytick sore distress'd;
He spake to his glad Ear,
My Son, be of good cheer,

I from thy Sins thy Soul release,
Take up thy Bed, and go in Peace.

Thus God on me cast gracious Eyes,
Heard all my penitential Cries;

Pain instrumental made,
To glorifie his Aid,
He damp'd my Pangs, my Soul reclaim'd,
And by sharp Pain Love re-entlam'd.

I God by sweet Experience know,
I'll love, I'll hymn him here below.

'Tis God my Soul reviv'd,
Pains for my Good contriv'd.

Lord, if my Love should grow remiss,
Send Pain to re-assure my Bliss.

My Heart I for my God prepare,
That Love may in my temple there;

My Powers there Angel-like shall sing,
And Hallelujahs shall bring.

If to love God we are enjoin'd,
With all our Heart, Soul, Strength and Mind;

When we to Hymn his Love intend,
All Four should their Assistance lend.

Which shall the rest in Hymn exceed,
When

When David God's high Praise would sound,
He sent his little World around;
Conjuring all his Pow'rs to join
In singing Hymns to Love divine.

In Benedictions all had Share,
And should their Parts in hymning bear;
He suffer'd nothing to lie mute,
Awaked both his Harp and Lute.

I, who in Anguish long have lain,
Griev'd with disseminated Pain;
Since mighty Goodness Ease restores,
And now no Pains my Muscles gores.

Of Pains I summon all Resorts,
With all their most intense Efforts;
Nerves, Tendons, Fibres, Art'rys, Veins,
To sing with me God-hymning Strains.

My Heart I for my God prepare,
That Love immense may temple there;
My Powers there Angel-like shall sing,
And Hymns for daily Off'rings bring.

My Pow'rs, you oft God's Love have try'd,
You see his Promise verify'd;
Contend, now you from Pain are freed,
Which shall the rest in Hymn exceed.

Bless'd

XL.

Bless'd Guardian, you with me abide,
You watch'd by my Beds side,
Condoling Pangs which I endur'd,
By humane Skill not to be cur'd;
You on the Walls your Harp up hung,
And during my long Woe, 'tis now unstrung.

My Heav'nly Friend, string it again,
And play a charming strain;
Compose an Air with utmost Art,
To reach the Motions of my Heart;
Which may Love, Joy, and Praise express,
For my Deliv'rance from my late Distress.

But now I think on't, how can you,
Who Dolours never knew,
Contrive just Chords my Soul to suit,
Bas'd by my God from Pains acute?
Yet this suggestion but admit,
And you may then my full Exilience hit,

Remind how the Apostate Crew,
Up in Battalia drew;
How you with th' Heav'nly Host engag'd,
The Fiends; against great God enrag'd;
How you then trod them down to Hell,
In endless and tormenting Flames to dwell.

Of Guilt and Torture, sacred Fear,
 Seiz'd then your happy Sphere;
 Left you, like them, should God forsake,
 And plunge in the infernal Lake;
 Till God advanc'd you near the Throne,
 And you since that impeccable are grown.

Of Sin and Pain, in that suspense,
 You had a lively Sense;
 From that you may my Dolours rate,
 And form an Air to reach my State.
 Play me the same which you them play'd,
 When you high Praise for your Deliverance pay'd.

'Tis noble Air, but yet I find,
 It reaches not my Mind;
 'Tis lively, and my Spirit cheers,
 Yet is not lost enough for Tears;
 No Chords you play have yet express'd,
 The penitential Meltings in my Breast.

They give a Force to Love, Joy, Praise,
 And tender Passions raise;
 Which Angels, guilty of no Breach
 Of God's dread Law, can never reach;
 Lend me your Lyre, and I'll assay
 To sing a grateful Penitential Lay.

O' gracious God, who Love art styl'd,
 Benificent and mild;
 Two Rivers from my Eye-lids fall,
 When I my Outrages recall,
 That I should boundless Love reject,
 And Heav'n for false evanid Joys neglect.

LIX

In Pity my most tender God
 Now takes from me his Rod;
 Ah, shou'd my Dolours higher rise,
 Shou'd he my Anguish eternise,
 Shou'd he my Soul unpity'd leave,
 I shou'd no more than my just Doom receive,

To raise my Love, God Pains decreed,
 Then me from Anguish freed;
 And the transporting Ease I feel,
 Enkindles in me ardent Zeal;
 That Love, Joy, Praise, may all combine,
 To sing Infinity of Love Divine.

My Love, Joy, Praise, all Pow'rs within,
 Your Heav'nly Task begin;
 I'll David my Idea make,
 O may I of his Grace partake;
 Seven Times a Day, with grateful Sense,
 I'll hymn, and I'll rejoice in Love immense.

Though

Though on my cheerful Wires I play,
 And sing sev'n times a Day,
 My Love shall ever keep on Wing,
 Incessantly shall Heav'n-wards spring;
 Love, the Belov'd still keeps in Mind,
 Loves all Day long, and will not be confin'd.

XLI.

I pray'd for Ease with Will resign'd,
 Thy Mercy, Lord, to me inclin'd;
 Thou dost my Tyrant now rechain,
 I sweet Vacation have from Pain;
 A Sacrifice to Thee I owe,
 For this Deliv'rance from my Foe.

But, O! what Sacrifice can I
 Bring to immense Benignity;
 Some Off'ring yet I must procure,
 And offer with Intention pure;
 My Debt's so vast, no Off'ring less
 Than Holocaust can it express.

'Lord, 'tis my Heart Thou dost require,
 Send down from Heav'n seraphick Fire;
 Soon as thy Love shall it inflame,
 With th'Incense fum'd of JESUS Name;
 Though 'tis unworthy of thy Eye,
 Thou wilt not my poor Gift deny,

My

My God, to Thee I give my All,
My Off'ring never will recal;
Thy Holocaust shall always be,
In Languor off'ring up to Thee;
Love shall it fire, but not consume,
And it to Thee in Hymn shall fume.

While I thy Holocaust remain,
Shou'dst Thou, Lord, will return of Pain,
Which may or check, or damp the Flame,
Since, Lord, thy Glory is my Aim;
In Holocaust I gave up Ease,
Dispose of it as Thou shalt please.

Pain may the Vigour chill of Hymn,
Make Holocaust to burn but dim;
Thou, Lord, my Duty wilt abate,
For Lets Thou didst thy self create;
What Vigour, Love, and Hymn, may lose,
Pain into Languor shall transfuse.

XLII.

Come hither all who God revere,
What God did for my Soul to hear;
I pray'd, I prais'd God, and my Mind
To no known wilful Sin inclin'd;
To forfeit God's Paternal Care,
And He vouchsaf'd to hear my Pray'r.

Glory

Glory to God, who Mercy shew'd,
 And freely what I begg'd bestow'd;
 David call'd only Saints to hear,
 I all of God who have no fear;
 See and adore the Love Immenſe,
 My Joys ev'n from my Pains commence.

Though David's Grace I cannot reach,
 I all from glad Experience teach;
 That God will hear a Sinner's Cries,
 And ſend him opportune Supplies;
 If mix'd with Fraillties he retain
 But of Sincerity a Grain.

All-wise, All-gracious God withdrew,
 From ſublunary Aids my View;
 It was his Will to let me ſee
 Himſelf would my Phyſician be;
 It pleas'd his Goodneſs to ordain,
 Annihilation of my Pain.

At Hezekiah's ſad Complaint,
 God by a great prophetick Saint,
 Preſcrib'd a Plaster for his Sore,
 Which ſhou'd his Baſe and Health reſtore;
 And in God's Houſe, the grateful King,
 Made all his Realm God's Praiſes ſing.

I of a Prophet had no need,
No Plaster was for me decreed,
My God was All in All to me,
From Pain pure Mercy set me free;
And while I live I'll sing his Praise,
Reviv'd by his endearing Rays.

O all who Pain endure like mine,
Hymn God, and pray, and Will resign;
Sweet humble Violence prevails
With Heav'n, when humane Succour fails;
All Love, Joy, Praise, to tend'rest God,
Who at our Cries averts his Rod.

F I N I S.



I of a Prophet had no need,
 No Plaster was for me decreed,
 My God was All in All to me;
 From Pain pure Mercy set me free;
 And while I live I'll sing his Praise,
 Reviv'd by his enduring Rays.

O all who Pain endure like mine,
 Praise God, and pray, and Will resign;
 Sweet humble Violence prevails
 With Heav'n, when humane Succour fails;
 All Love, Joy, Praise, to tend'ring God,
 Who at our Crosses sets his Rod.

F I N I S

